

HARD ALEE
CRUISING FOREIGN



By G. PEABODY GARDNER



A Peabody Museum Publication

About the Book

WHEN G. Peabody Gardner sold his yawl, *Glide*, in 1955, it seemed an end to sailing as he had known it for sixty years, beginning with a skiff on Buzzards Bay at the age of seven and later cruising extensively in the waters of Maine and the Maritime Provinces as skipper of his own boats.

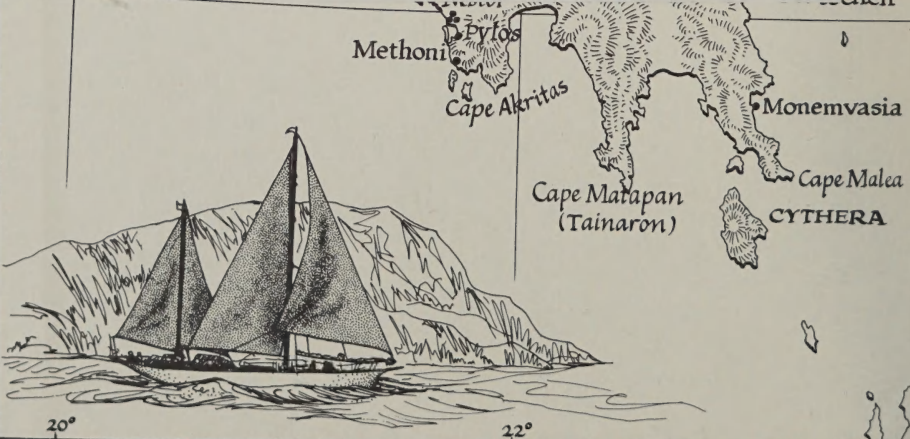
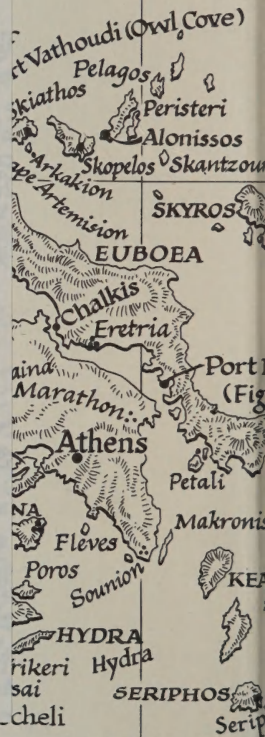
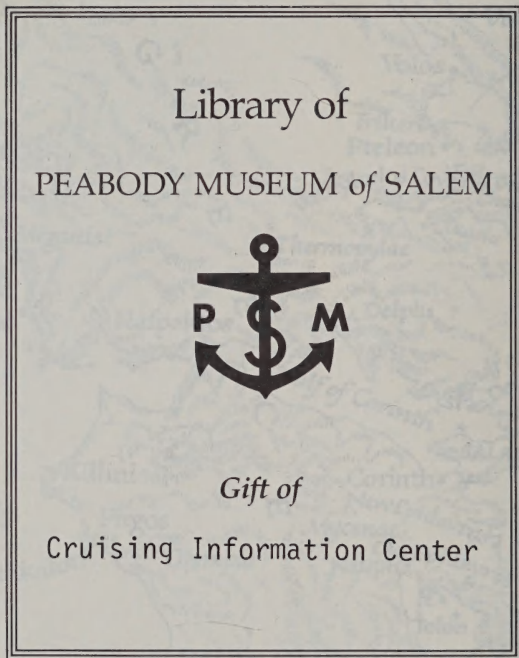
But those who knew "Peabo" Gardner or his other books such as *E ½ S* and *Ready About* were hardly surprised when such an end proved a new beginning, and this irrepressible yachtsman was off on another cruise the very next year. This time, he and his friends were "cruising foreign" aboard a chartered yacht, exploring the Baltic Sea for the first time. As on earlier cruises, though, there was the familiar combination of serious sailing and epicurean enjoyment of food and wine, scenery, and good fellowship.

The experiment was such a success that Peabo resolved to try the Aegean the following year—a happy choice indeed, for there he began the association with Horace W. ("Hod") Fuller that he chronicles in *Hard Alee*. An American resident of Athens, fluent in Greek, a knowledgeable sailor, and a congenial companion, Hod proved the ideal guide among the fabled islands of Greece. As the author reflects with satisfaction:

"...Grecian waters are the choicest cruising area anywhere: great beauty of sea and sky, water just the right temperature for swimming, innumerable cozy anchorages, untold remains of the civili-

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HARD ALEE

Other Books by G. Peabody Gardner

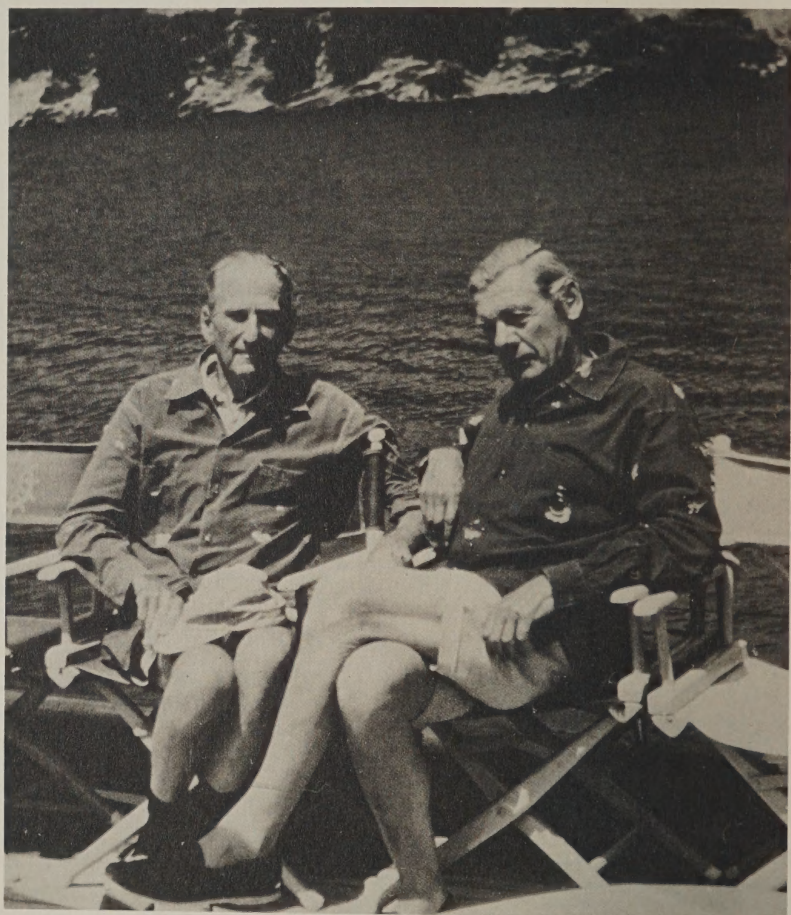
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BRAS D'OR AND BACK (1948)

E ½ S (1953)

READY ABOUT (1959)

TURKISH DELIGHT (1964)



Peabo and Hod

Hard Alee

CRUISING FOREIGN

By

G. PEABODY GARDNER



Salem

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The lines from Homer paraphrased on page xiii are adapted from the *Odyssey*, translated by Robert Fitzgerald (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1963), ii. 421-432, and are used here with the permission of the translator.

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TO
JAMES J. MINOT
DEAR FRIEND, FORMER PARTNER
AND
CONSTANT COMPANION IN MANY WATERS
FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Foreword

GEORGE PEABODY GARDNER—*Peabo* to a host of friends—embodied the virtues and complexities of the New England character. Born to social position and wealth, he deeply appreciated these advantages and strove successfully to fulfill the responsibilities which he felt that they laid upon him. Possessed of an able and lively intelligence, he was markedly successful in business and was valued on many boards of directors and trustees. At the same time, with a great zest for life, he enjoyed his endowments to the full. A superb natural athlete, he excelled both in team sports—football, hockey, and baseball—and in individual ones—tennis, golf, hunting, and, particularly relevant here, sailing. Though fully appreciative of feminine company, he blossomed in that of men, as in his various clubs, notably the A.D. Club at Harvard and the Tavern in Boston. In the latter he shone as companion, as actor, and as president. On his cruises, such as those described in this book, he preferred an all-male ship's company.

Peabo sailed all of his life, beginning with a skiff on Buzzards Bay when he was seven years old. He was deeply devoted to an inherited island, Roque Island, way down east in Maine, just short of Machias. There in his maturer years he kept a succession of yachts in which, before and after World War II, he cruised in Maine waters and down to the Maritime Provinces. His first cruise in European waters was in the Baltic in 1956, and during the following fourteen years he made ten cruises with Hod Fuller in the Aegean and Ionian seas. Those who were privileged to cruise with Peabo appreciated not merely his friendship but also his tact and firmness as "commodore." He found in Hod a remarkably congenial captain whose seamanship, which Peabo justly praises in his Preface to this book, is combined with great good fellowship as a member of the afterguard. He knows Greek waters thoroughly, particularly the small, isolated coves which Peabo preferred not only for their quiet beauty but also because of the opportunities they

offered to swim in the nude without shocking the still old-fashioned sensibilities of the Greek farmers and fishermen. Hod regularly indulged Peabo's great pleasure in taking the helm on entering or leaving port.

When Peabo died in his sleep on September 17, 1976, during his eighty-ninth year, he had already read over half the proofs of this book and had reviewed the manuscript with his editor, John Woodman. One editorial problem not fully resolved was the spelling of Greek place names. Peabo took these in part from the Hallwag map of Greece on which he traced the routes of the various cruises. Often, particularly for smaller places, he used Hod's British Admiralty charts, which derive from surveys made in the nineteenth century and frequently give names or spellings which have since gone out of use. For instance, Peabo calls the central cape of the southern Peloponnesus Cape Matapan, whereas modern maps, including the Hallwag, give it as Cape Tainaron. Familiar names like Athens or Corinth appear in their usual English spelling. Other names are given in the modern Greek forms, such as Limnos for the English Lemnos. This has inevitably led to some inconsistencies, e.g., as between English Nauplia and the modern Greek Nafpaktos. Such variations should not hinder identification of the places themselves, especially since Sam Bryant, in preparing the attractive endpaper map, has given the spellings used in the text.

Peabo's account of his cruises in the Baltic and in Greek waters will appeal to all who care for cruising or for Greece. The lively narrative flows easily and the descriptions are vivid. In speech Peabo was direct and matter-of-fact. His writing shows the same qualities, but in addition a fine feeling for style and a great sensitivity to natural beauty and to the monuments and literature of ancient Greece. He found Homer's Odyssey an especially appropriate companion for cruising in Greek waters. For those who participated in the various cruises, these chapters will revive memories of many pleasant experiences—of food and drink, of swims, of days at sea and nights in lovely harbors—and above all of Peabo's own delight in friendship, in a sailing yacht, and in the beauties of both

sea and shore. To paraphrase Robert Fitzgerald's translation of the Odyssey, which Peabo much admired, they will recall occasions fitting the description of Telemachus' departure from Ithaca, when

*. . . as they felt the wind, Peabo and Hod
called to all hands to break out sail.*

*They hoisted up the white sail on its halyards
until the wind caught, booming in the sail;
and a flushing wave sang backward from the bow
on either side, as the ship got way upon her,
holding her steady course.*

*Now they made all secure in the fast black ship,
and, setting cocktail glasses all a-brim,
they made libation to the gods.*

MASON HAMMOND

Preface

IN an earlier book, *Ready About* (published in 1959 by A. S. Barnes & Company, of New York), which had to do chiefly with cruises along the coasts of Maine and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, I explained that I had chosen that title "because of its nautical flavor and its implied warning that the skipper may come about and change his course at any moment." That moment in fact had already come, in 1956, when as if I had given the command "Hard alee" with the added force of a magician's wand, Jim Minot and I found ourselves aboard a chartered yacht in foreign waters—albeit with some tried and true companions to ease the transition to this unfamiliar way of cruising.

Thereafter, Jim and I, along with a number of choice companions (some of them repeaters) enjoyed ten cruises on three successive yachts owned by Horace W. Fuller, who as "Hod" has already had another book of mine dedicated to him (*Turkish Delight*, published by the Peabody Museum of Salem in 1964), which details our 1963 cruise from Athens along the Turkish shore.

The present book is devoted to seven of the cruises of the years 1956–1970. An account of the Baltic cruise, our first in foreign waters, was printed privately by Sidney Weinberg, and is published here for the first time. Of the cruises with Hod Fuller in the Aegean, six are detailed here; more for reasons of space than lack of intrinsic interest, it has been necessary to leave out the 1964 cruise along the coast of Dalmatia, another in 1967 along the Turkish shore, and one from Rhodes to Corfu in 1968.

To me, what I choose to call Grecian waters are the choicest cruising area anywhere: great beauty of sea and sky, water just the right temperature for swimming, innumerable cozy anchorages, untold remains of the civilization on which our own is so largely based, vivid reminders of the time of Christ. Hod Fuller's concern for his companions transforms these attributes into poignant experiences.

Indeed, a word or two about Hod himself might not be out of place here. Full of charm, he is above all a sailorman, having gained early experience with sail and engine in a cruise around the world as an engineer and hand on a friend's yacht. On board his own yachts he takes skillful care of his ship, fixing the engine or even the head when necessary. He is always willing to try out new anchorages, but with careful approach; eager to rely on sail whenever possible, but again a believer in not taking unnecessary risks—which, after all, is the mark of a good seaman.

Hod has a distinguished military record, which he can seldom if ever be persuaded to talk about except in flashes. Suffice it to say that he was dropped into France well before D-Day and subsequently took part in numerous amphibious landings in the Pacific. As a result of his outstanding service, he was eventually retired as a Brigadier General in the Marine Corps, a most unusual accolade for a Reserve officer.

By his friends—and there are many of them in all parts of the world—he is looked upon with admiration and affection. To them he is both loyal and tender, and I am proud to feel that I am one of them. My association with Hod has been one of the high points of my life.

G. P. G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am indeed grateful to Ernest S. Dodge, Director of the Peabody Museum of Salem, and to John E. Woodman, Jr., of Cambridge, without whose help this long-contemplated book would never have left its moorings.

HARD ALEE

Baltic Cruise

1956

IN the autumn of 1955 I came to the regretful decision to dispose of my 50-foot-overall yawl, *Glide*, and coincidentally Jim and I agreed to try cruising in the Baltic the following summer if we could charter a suitable boat. Jim's whole name is James Jackson Minot and, like myself, he is a Bostonian. There may be some old Boston family to whom he is not related but as yet none has come to my attention. The Baltic Sea had always sounded remote and romantic to me and of late years I had been hearing more and more about it as a happy cruising ground for yachts, both large and small. Naturally, therefore, from time to time Jim and I had discussed the possibility of going there.

We began making inquiries. It soon became evident that such a charter was not an easy thing to arrange. Everyone in Scandinavia who has a yacht, and a vast number do, wants to use it himself. We began throwing out feelers, but in spite of the cooperation of our friend Nat Parkinson, who had cruised and raced in those waters several times, nothing appeared on the horizon. Then almost by chance Jim heard through the vice president of one of the numerous companies of which he is a director that a friend of his, Wolfgang Thomas, an American citizen who has half American and half Swedish blood and lives in Belmont, Massachusetts, part of the year, owned a cruising boat and might be persuaded to charter it for a short time to an acceptable and reliable party.

It was not long before Mr. Thomas and I were lunching together. The picture he showed me of his 53-foot-overall ketch *Polar* looked just the ticket to me, and by the end of luncheon I apparently appeared acceptable and reliable to him, for we then and there mutually committed ourselves.

Jim and I were ready to go along as afterguard (it was understood that a captain and steward would be provided and that Thomas's son Henry, a student at Bowdoin College, would also probably come with us) but there was room for others. Of course we at first tried to persuade Parkie Howe, who had been with us on all or nearly all our other cruises and on whom we had always relied heavily for aid in piloting and for genial companionship, but he was buying a house at Wellfleet and could not go.

The previous summer on our *Glide* cruise we had by prearrangement cruised for several days in company with Paul Cabot and his crew of merry men: Charley Dickey, Charlie Cheston and Sidney Weinberg. It had proved highly successful and at times hilarious. Therefore, seeing Paul at some Harvard function, I told him of our charter and suggested that he and some of his boys join us as there was room for three more. To my surprise and delight, after looking over his summer schedule, he said the time was just right and he would like to do it in spite of the fact he was going to cruise in the Aegean earlier. He said he was going to see Dickey and Weinberg the next day in New York and would try to sign them up. To my further surprise and delight, word soon came through that the idea sounded "fust-rate" to them also.

This was in late February or early March. Delightful as the prospect seemed, the likelihood of our all being in Stockholm on July 1 seemed improbable to say the least. All were very busy men with considerable responsibilities: Cabot, the treasurer of Harvard College and the head of the State Street Investment Trust, one of the oldest and most successful of the investment trusts, and a director of a number of nationally known companies; Charles D. Dickey of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., director also of numerous large companies and charitable organizations; Sidney J. Weinberg, the head of the well-known investment banking firm of Goldman Sachs & Co., former vice chairman of the War Production Board and a director of and adviser to more big companies than you can shake a stick at. Minot, as I have already indicated, carried a big load and at times I was not wholly idle—so with all this plus the

possibility of sickness or some family crisis of moment (all of us being married with children and grandchildren) the odds were indeed against us. That did not make us any the less excited at the prospect. All our friends were told about it and numerous letters and communications both humorous and edifying were exchanged, so that the *Polar* file became quite thick before we started.

Jim and I found our way to Stockholm by first crossing the Atlantic on that all-time Queen of the Ocean, the S.S. *United States*, in company with my wife and our oldest grandson, George Herick, who had just graduated from St. Mark's School. After a day or two in London, Jim and I took an S.A.S. plane for Stockholm via Copenhagen. On the way the pilot announced that we would probably encounter rain and poor weather on arrival in Copenhagen; instead, as soon as we reached Denmark the sun was shining brightly without a cloud in the sky. We could see the fair land below us with its squares of well-tilled fields varying in color from brown to bright green, its dark green copses and red-tiled cottages and barns, all surrounded by a sparkling white-capped sea. It was a propitious welcome to the Baltic.

Flying from Copenhagen to Stockholm we had a few glimpses of the myriad islands, islets and rocks along the Swedish coast. The weather was just as fine in Stockholm, and although it was about 9 o'clock in the evening it was still broad daylight. On our way from the airport to the Grand Hotel we were immediately impressed by the number of new and modern buildings, many of them apartment houses, and the cleanliness and shipshape look of everything, both old and new. There were flowers wherever possible, even on lampposts and in the taxi—vividly bright flowers of a northern clime. The Grand Hotel did not belie its name. It was a stately dated structure facing on the—canal, I was about to say, for so the waters which wind in and out of Stockholm appear, but they are fingers of the sea. Our rooms were comfortable and clean with high ceilings, old-fashioned in appearance but with every modern convenience. After washing up we were soon down in the restaurant, which looks out on the waterfront with the street be-

tween. We could see the white hull and square-rigged masts of an old-time sailing ship (now used as a youth hostel) tied up to a dock nearby. Across the harbor were a number of large steamers and nearer at hand a cluster of smaller excursion steamers. Though it was then 10 o'clock or later, the dining room was active and small children were eating supper at what I would call long past their bedtime.

The following day, Monday, July 1, was warm and bright. After doing a few errands, Jim and I boarded one of the numerous sight-seeing launches which took us and a boatload of others, none of whom did we think was an American, on an interesting hour tour around the island which was formerly the royal deer park. On it now are museums, restaurants and various houses, among them one belonging to the brother of Ivar Kruger, the late infamous Match King. Off this house was moored a sleek aluminum-looking motor yacht said to be the fastest in all Scandinavia. The guide gave his information nicely in three different languages, Swedish, German and English. He pointed out many other points of interest such as the Royal Palace, a large, austere, uninteresting-looking structure, and the new American Embassy, a modern building utterly without charm but supposedly functional.

The most interesting part of the trip was seeing the people along the banks sunning themselves, walking about among the trees, or quietly fishing. In the narrower parts there were small launches, outboards and rowboats and in the broader reaches large steamers, sailboats, ferries and every sort of watercraft.

We lunched in the Grand Hotel restaurant overlooking the waterfront and like everyone else partook of smorgasbord—picking out our meal from a large table laden with many appetizing and delicious-looking dishes and some which to an unaccustomed eye looked dubious. We had hardly finished when Wolfgang Thomas appeared and greeted us warmly. In a few minutes we and our bags were in his Jaguar heading for his place in the country twenty miles from Stockholm. As we turned off the main road in Märsta, in which town his estate, Steninge, is situated, he explained that

in days of yore it consisted of 40,000 acres but now is about 2,000, of which approximately one-third is tillage, one-third woodland and one-third is used for such purposes as houses, barns, greenhouses, hen houses, truck gardens, formal garden, and roads.

It was a bright sunny day. The countryside was at its best, with the recently cut hay hung on racks so that if it rained it would not spoil. We saw his and a neighbor's fine herd of reddish-brown cattle, a strain that has been developed in Sweden and is called S.R.B. He pointed out a huge thousand-year-old oak, one of several at Steninge which because of their antiquity are marked as the property of the Crown.

We were tremendously impressed as we drove up to the castle, as it is referred to. It was built in 1694 by Count Carl Gyllenstierna, whose last name means Golden Star, hence a number of star emblems appear in the house and on the two dozen or more large iron urns on the terraces leading down to the lake which it looks out upon and in the back where there are further terraces in what must have been an elaborate formal garden.

The house itself is a formal *château* type, not ornate and not large but ample. It has two small separated wings in front of it and two flanking it. One of these serves as an attractive guest house. The architect of the building was Tessier the Younger, whose father was architect for the Royal Palace in Stockholm. The inside is impressive, especially those rooms which still have most of the old decorations, furniture and statuary. The entrance hall and stairway are especially attractive. The upstairs formal reception room has to be admired more for its sumptuous and ornate decor than for its charm. It dates from Victorian times and while in fact it is pretty appalling it would be a shame to change it.

We took a walk around the grounds adjacent to the house, visiting the greenhouses where mushrooms were being grown commercially, looked at a rune stone which had been moved by previous owners from another part of the property, and saw the tomb of Count Axel Von Fearsen, who was a lover of Marie Antoinette and who lived at Steninge at one time. He was murdered by a

mob in Stockholm who falsely believed he had poisoned the Crown Prince. His body was brought to Steninge and lay there for several months, hence the tomb built by his family.

We were hardly through inspecting the tomb and hearing the doleful tale of Count Von Fearsen when Henry Thomas drove up in a car and out of it stepped our cruising companions Cabot, Dickey and Weinberg. All doleful thoughts were swept away and then and there began an era of carefree companionship, congeniality and laughter which lasted throughout the *Polar* cruise.

That evening Wolfgang (we were soon on first-name terms) provided a banquet worthy of either the first owner Carl Gyllenstierna, whose name like so many other Swedish names we found ourselves totally incapable of pronouncing, or Marie Antoinette's lover, Count Von Fearsen.

The next morning, after a dip in the pool and a stout breakfast, we put our gear aboard *Polar*, which Henry and the crew were to take by lake and lock to Stockholm, and then proceeded by automobile to the same destination ourselves. Here we went in various directions to shop, sightsee or confirm airplane reservations. We all met in time to drive over to the Royal Deer Park Island and have lunch at a famous restaurant there which has a superb view of parts of Stockholm. We admired the view and had a glass of akvavit chased by beer and a good lunch. In the afternoon more shopping, wandering and last-minute details until about 5:30, when we boarded *Polar*, which was tied to the embankment at or on Stranvägen. Wolfgang and Ingrid Lind, an attractive young lady friend of Henry's, came on board and stayed while we engined down the harbor. We came alongside the dock at Biskopsudden, where there is a station of the K.S.S.S.—the Kungl Svenska Segel Sällskapet, in other words the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. I managed to come alongside the pier there without damage to pier or boat, which gave me confidence for future operations and showed me that she responded readily to the wheel.

At 6:00 P.M. we were off on our Baltic cruise under the pleasanter of weather conditions. All along the wooded shores were

camps, cottages and coves. Our destination, Velamsund, was a well-protected cove at which we were supposed to tie up at the dock of a friend of the Thomases, but we were not sure which it was. There was a small wharf way in, at which there were one or two small boats already, and a cottage almost on top of it and another tiny landing which did not protrude from the shore and which did not appear to have anything to tie to. When we decided against either of these alternatives and chose to anchor instead, it caused considerable consternation to Henry and the supposed Captain Nubum, pronounced Nybom, whose name was soon corrupted by Sidney into Stumblebum, Scuttlebut, Throttlebottom and various other derivatives. However, after much poking about trying to find a spot not too deep and considerable trouble releasing the anchor, indicating Scuttlebut was not on familiar terms with anchors, it was let go at 7:30, followed by fathom after fathom of chain. We certainly were secure from dragging when we sat down to our first cocktail session amid peaceful surroundings and in crystal-clear atmosphere. Our dinner in the spacious cabin was the first of our many fine meals prepared by our nineteen-year-old, fair-haired, blue-eyed, smiling young steward, Hanson.

All hands were in favor of retiring to their bunks early. I had the advantage of having the owner's cabin to myself, which was also somewhat of an advantage to the others for it muffled various nocturnal noises which I am told on good and varied authority are apt to emanate from me. I also had the luxury of a washbasin and tap, which was shared when needed with others. Paul and Sidney had bunks in the main cabin, a very spacious and handsome affair with desk, a table (hung in gimbals) which could be readily enlarged, and various cabinets and lockers. Everything was ample and comfortable about it except the bunks. These, we came to understand from more or less casual remarks made from time to time by their occupants, were a bit on the narrow side. In fact Sidney, in spite of his naval training in the First World War, ignored the term bunk and kept referring to his sleeping place as his coffin. Henry had a bunk amidships right opposite the engine room. He

seemed to sleep well, but there was none too much hanging space (and by that I mean there was none) and during the day his quarters were further encumbered by the mattresses, pillows, blankets and sheets of the two main-cabin bunks. Dickey and Minot occupied the Dâmen Cabine (ladies' cabin), which had two good bunks, a dresser and washstand. Its only outs were that it was under the big icebox on deck, so there was an occasional drip from the melting ice if the drain got temporarily blocked up, and for a while there was a leak in the exhaust pipe which at times made the cabin slightly fummy. There was only one head, which had a folding washbasin but definitely was not designed for the long-legged. Forward of the main cabin was a good-sized galley with an electric icebox and forward of the galley the forecabin. There was also a doghouse with two bunks or settees and a chart table which could be lowered.

All in all she proved a remarkably roomy and comfortable boat for her overall length of 53 feet. She is of steel construction, of 37 tons displacement, was built in Germany in 1925, her draft is 8½ feet, beam 14 feet, sail area 2,000 feet and she has a 75 h.p. 6-cylinder diesel which gives her a speed of 8 knots under power.

We were up bright and early the next day. Our objective was Mariehamn, which is the chief port in the Åland Islands (pronounced Oland). This very large group of islands are Finnish though Swedish is the language most generally used. It took some time to grind up the fathoms of anchor chain, but we were on our way by 6:30. It was familiar territory to Henry and the way was well marked by buoys. The buoy system is different from ours, for which side you leave a red or a black buoy is governed by the direction you are going. The reds are usually surmounted by one or more brooms, the opposite buoys are black-and-white, usually but not always without any marker. Both sorts are usually thin and hard to see, especially the black-and-whites. Red-and-black buoys indicate an obstruction and usually have a cross marker on them. They may be passed on either side if given a good berth. By looking carefully at the chart it can be determined on what side a buoy should be passed. The markings of the buoys on the chart are at

times hard to see and are easily overlooked. (It is almost imperative to have a magnifying glass ready at hand when studying a Baltic chart.)

The wind was so light that we wended our way between the islands under power. Just before lunch we stopped the engine, lowered the steps or gangway, and took a quick dip. The general opinion was that the water was warmer than Maine and almost fresh. In fact we all noticed the complete lack of salty smell and feel. The air was refreshing but did not have the tang or sting or smell of the Maine coast and Nova Scotia.

In many other ways it was reminiscent of those waters—many a Merchants Row or Deer Island Thoroughfare. There were noticeably more hardwoods and the islands were not quite as rocky and bold.

We had read and been told that it was not at all unusual for bathers of both sexes to forgo the restrictions of bathing suits, so we were on the alert to confirm the accuracy of these sociological statements, but to our regret we were totally unable to do so. I won't say that Mother Hubbards were worn or deny that the figures of Swedish women do not possess a high caliber of contour, but I do say that from what we saw on our trip the bathing suit yardage, footage or inchage was rather greater than would be found on a Florida beach.

About 10:30 we stopped at a little place called Furusand to clear customs. Our stay there was brief and then we were on our way again, hoisting main and mizzen in the hope that they would increase our speed and steady us, for by then we were out beyond the islands where there was an uncomfortable old sea, but neither object was achieved.

Mariehamn, for which we were headed, was famous as having been an important port for square-riggers, the most majestic and able wooden ships ever built, and the home port of one of the best-known of all the fleets, the Ericsson. As we approached, it was thrilling to imagine what it must have looked like when there were countless towering masts to be seen before the hulls came into

view. Alas, only one such vessel remained, albeit a noble one, *Pommern*, sailless and now a museum.

When we entered the harbor we of course did not know where to tie up. There was a spacious and empty quay in the middle of the town, but the steamer stopped there and we were waved farther in towards the yacht club where numerous small sailing yachts were tied side by side, bow on, to the shore in characteristic Scandinavian fashion. There were also a number of moorings but evidently not for us to use. Finally, with friendly assistance from the shore, we tied up to a small landing stage close to the bank although it was only one-quarter our length. This was shortly after 5 o'clock.

We then went ashore in batches, stretching our legs, visiting *Pommern* and trying to get into the marine museum, a new building near the waterfront, but without success. We had cocktails on board and then had dinner in the museum restaurant, which appears to be the swellest place to eat and proved very satisfactory. After dinner we were strolling along the sort of parkway of the main street and noticed six or seven men in a group talking together. Suddenly a police car dashed up and two or three uniformed men got out and took off two of the men. There was no sign of a fight and no resistance. We did not linger but headed for a small restaurant. Here we had a beer and tried to find out what the trouble was, but without the least success. It was rather eerie and we did not linger on our way back to *Polar* either.

The Fourth of July was a glorious one weatherwise. Just as we were finishing breakfast we heard a dulcet female voice inquire if it would be quite all right if she came on board to have a look around. Acquiescence on our part was immediate and proved instinctively correct, for a lovely slim creature in becoming shorts immediately made her appearance. She stood up gallantly under a barrage of quips and questions from Sidney while the rest of us merely looked at her in admiration. She was quite able to parry his verbal thrusts and assured him that although she had been in New York she had not bought all or any part of the Brooklyn

Bridge. Her visit aboard was a result of a chat Sidney had had with her and some of her companions on the dock earlier that morning. She was an Australian who had been a member of their swimming team in the Olympics held in Finland and had come back there for a visit. Evidently one reason for her return was her high regard for a young Finnish medical student with whom she was cruising on a smallish sloop, but let me hastily add, in company with another girl, two other medical students and the mother of one of them. Her young man also came aboard. We were much taken by them both and as they were going to Visby in a few days we said we would be on the lookout for them there.

We then went ashore, hiring a car to look about. There was not a great deal to see and Sidney and I were disappointed not to be able to find a place where we could have a Finnish bath. Apparently nobody bathes in summer except in the sea. On the way back we saw the ketch *Aloha* tied up to the coal dock and after asking permission of the captain went on board. We were favorably impressed by her comfortable and shipshape appearance. She was 60 feet overall, with 16-foot beam and 7-foot draft, had a diesel engine, and was designed with the thought in mind that the owners and some of their friends could make their way to America if things got too tough.

We shoved off about noon and when clear of the channel hoisted sail, taking departure from the light at the entrance. Then for twenty-five miles or more we had as delightful a sail as one could ask for—main, mizzen and genoa with sheets well started. With her tall masts *Polar* made good progress and handled well under sail in spite of her heft. Arkholma Island was the first land on the Swedish shore. We had intended to enter at Björkö but as there appeared to be only a pilot station and no customs there we kept on to our old friend Furusund. It was getting late, about 8:00 P.M., so instead of going to the dock we tied up at the last vacant mooring of those maintained there by K.S.S.S. It was well we did so, for several yachts came in soon after and had to anchor, and as I have indicated, anchoring for the *Polar* crew loomed as a maneuver of

major moment. No firecrackers or fireworks to set off—just a fine dinner with some Veuve Cliquot (goût américain), which by the way was excellent, much chatter and laughter and to bed betimes.

The morning of the fifth, although the sun shone early, soon became overcast and threatened rain as we left our mooring at 8 o'clock. The passage was a winding one, so it behooved us to keep a sharp lookout for buoys. Henry did most of the conning, with Cabot following the chart with care and Dickey checking also. Again summer camps everywhere but not conspicuous, most of them partly hidden by trees, always a boat of some sort nearby and always steamers plying to and from Stockholm or between the islands. The waterways are the roads. We arrived about noon at Sandhamn, a famous yachting center and the home of the K.S.S.S., which had celebrated its one hundred twenty-fifth anniversary the year before.

There was just enough room for us to squeeze into the dock with a shoehorn. Not an easy maneuver, for because of our dinghy and gangway on the starboard side, we had to come in downwind to bring our portside to it.

When I had arranged with Wolfgang Thomas for the use of *Polar*, he was insistent that as we were supposed to be his guests, we should be equipped with suitable yachting attire. This Sidney accomplished by going to a naval tailor who outfitted him impeccably. The rest of us decided to do the best we could with blue double-breasted coats and white flannel trousers. Obviously, Sandhamn was the place to break them out for the first (and as it proved, the last) time, for we feared that otherwise we might not be welcome at the venerable K.S.S.S. What therefore was our surprise to find that the only other yachtsmen there were in shirtsleeves or sweaters!

We were eagerly anticipating hot showers, but to our surprise these were not available although in other respects the clubhouse was attractive and well although simply appointed. We had lunch at the club, preceded by a glass of akvavit washed down with beer, then various kinds of herring and other delicacies with some fish

for the main course. After lunch we finally located a little hotel where we arranged to have the water heated so that each in turn could have a bath in the only tub. It was welcome even though the last users were hard put to it to find a dry section of towel.

There is sand all along the shore of the harbor, as the name Sandhamn indicates. The small sailing yachts were all tied by the bow to the shore with an anchor astern—people cruising on all of them no matter what the size of the yacht. There were several larger yachts in the 60- to 70-foot range, among them *Bris*, which we had already seen at Mariehamn.

We were heading for the island, or rather group of islands, belonging to the Thomas family. These were originally bought by Henry's grandfather, who was for many years American Minister to both Sweden and Norway, as a shooting preserve. They lie in restricted waters where the charts show no aids to navigation and only occasional soundings. Even the Thomases have to get permission to visit them. When we came into those waters Henry took entire charge and brought us through some intricate passages until he stopped among some wild and rocky islands and blew a blast or two on the horn. Although there was no sign of habitation, this was to summon Sture Anderson, the fisherman who acts as caretaker of the property.

Soon a small power dory appeared seemingly from nowhere and in it were Sture and his young daughter. Sture was dark and lithe with black eyes, Spanish-looking, quiet and keen. His daughter was blue-eyed, plump and fair. They climbed aboard and he piloted us through a narrow entrance, which had been hidden from our view, into a veritable smugglers' cove. Just before coming in, we had noticed two small masts showing over the rocks, so expected to see two boats, but they were not in our cove. We tied up carefully to a small pier on a rocky ledge. Bad weather was prophesied, so Henry was taking no chances. He ran out every line and hawser we had on board and fastened them securely at every angle. Let the hurricane roar, we would be safe in our landlocked shelter.

We soon stepped off onto a smooth rocky ledge, pinkish in color

and sprouting wildflowers from every crack and crevice. As we wandered about nearby, we noted three small cottages—one of them the Thomases' shooting camp, in which Henry sought relief from his restricted bunk while we were there. The other two belonged to Sture, as did some fish houses and a workshop near a small wharf on a tiny inlet. The only other structure was an observation tower belonging to the government. What struck us most strongly were the wildflowers. They were sprouting out of the rocks where no soil could be seen, and in places where there was a little soil they sprouted more profusely. They were not to be denied their place in the sun and were determined by their brightness to make up for their briefness.

None of us is an expert on wildflowers but between us we noted Johnny-jump-ups, vetch, wild chive, forget-me-nots, sedum, white spiral orchids such as are found in Maine, harebells, Queen Anne's lace, daisies, buttercups, dandelions, cowslips, strawberries and oh so lovely! wild roses and many more to which we could attach no names.

In threading our way through the islands the last few days we had been much impressed by the number of ducks we saw, especially eider ducks, attended by their ducklings. Poppa and Momma and sometimes two Poppas and two Mommas combining to herd their little ones out of harm's way. It was always fascinating to watch their maneuvers. Here among these islands the wildfowl were even more plentiful—eider, white-winged coot and many others including white swan.

The name of the island is Langviksskär, pronounced Long-veekshor. From it you can see innumerable small islands and rocks which are a part of the Thomas domain as far as one can readily see in all directions except to the westward.

After dinner we took a stroll ashore, clambering over the rocks to take a look at the two boats whose masts we had seen. From a ridge we saw two tiny little craft tied to the bank in the slickest little gunkhole that one could imagine. It did not seem possible that anyone could be cruising in them, for they were just little

canoes. We thought perhaps a couple of boys might be in them and camping ashore but soon two men and a woman appeared, the elder man seventyish and the other man and woman in their late forties at a guess. In spite of language difficulties they cordially invited us to inspect their craft. Cabot and I gingerly climbed aboard and into the little cockpit of one. Everything was shipshape and Bristol-fashion to the nth degree. A tiny stove and teapot and a few cooking utensils were neatly stored in a little box, all the rigging and accessories were the best, a canvas tent covering which could quickly be put up over the boom, little winches and cleats just where they should be. They showed us how they stowed their legs under the deck, which left only a small cockpit which the tent covered. I gathered that the older man had built these sailing canoes and was very proud of his boats, even tender in his feeling for them. I didn't blame him.

It stormed during the night and was raining still in the morning. We thought of our friends in the sailing canoes and wondered how they were faring under such unpleasant conditions. We spent our time writing letters and postcards, then all except myself put on oilskins and took a walk. To our surprise, for we had been led to believe by several authorities that thick fog did not occur in the Baltic, it not only rained but was foggy—really foggy, not just poor visibility.

After lunch the rain let up, so a fishing expedition was arranged. Sture took all except me through the fog to a nearby island and then came back for me. As I approached the island, a fantastic figure, hugely distorted by the fog, and going through unbelievable gyrations, loomed before me. Closer inspection proved this phantasmagoria to be Minot, who had become completely fouled up by backlashes and was vainly endeavoring to separate himself from the tentacle-like clutches of his line. His convolutions in the distorting atmosphere and wild surroundings made me feel for a moment that I was witnessing some ritualistic Nordic dance.

The fog gradually thinned out and the sun appeared. The outlines of the rocky islands became less weird but nonetheless fas-

cinating. Everybody in turn was trying his hand at casting. Dickey landed the first pike. Soon thereafter Sidney hooked a big one, but just as it was out of the water the hook parted from the line and the fish departed. A few minutes later I hooked one. Jim rushed to assist me with a landing net. He made a feverish lunge, nearly stunned the fish but not quite, but did knock him off the hook.

We then all moved to try our hand at another nearby island. This gave us a chance to see more of the archipelago and some of the numerous little bays and coves. For the most part the islands were rocky and bare except for patches of grass and abundant wildflowers, though some were wooded, mostly with pine. The Fish Derby was won by Charley with two good-sized fish. We barred Henry, who caught three, as a professional. I was in the runner-up spot with two smaller ones, Weinberg had one, Paul and Jim were goose-egged.

That evening it was pleasant enough to have cocktails on deck. We all agreed that this place was the high spot thus far and probably would be for the whole cruise. After dinner I went with Henry to telephone from Sture Anderson's cottage. In such wild surroundings and with only one family living there it seemed incongruous to have a telephone, but I assume it had something to do with national defense. Nearly all the inhabited islands, we noted, had telephone service, not radiotelephone but by cable. The cottage was neat and comfortable, Mrs. Anderson buxom and smiling. I asked Henry what they did about the daughter's schooling. He said she went to a school on another, more populated island about ten or fifteen miles away; that while the water was open her father would take her in his motorboat each week and she would stay with another family until he came to get her on Friday but that when the waters were frozen over, she would be called for by a helicopter (amazingly modern and amazingly paternalistic on the government's part!). I asked how they got about when everything is frozen and he said on skates or with sleds, standing on a runner with one foot and pushing with the other.

We were reluctant to leave the next morning and I think Sture,

who piloted us out, and his wife and daughter were reluctant to have us go, but we had to reach some convenient jumping-off place for Gotland.

A fresh and sunny morning with little or no breeze at first. Later it clouded up somewhat and blew S.W., changing in the afternoon to strong N.W. We went through a narrow passage at Dalarö and headed for Sävösund, where Henry felt we should stop and tie up as it would be a good departure place and he feared it was going to blow a gale. The place he at first indicated seemed to me to be an impossible one to get into with the wind blowing so hard and right on to the dock (if such the structure could be called), besides which there were a number of small craft which would have to be moved or be crushed if we went in. I declined to take her in. Henry was then all for tying up to a substantial oil dock farther along, but this looked unattractive and would have reeked of oil. Besides, we all wanted to find some sheltered cove in which to anchor, and there appeared to be several such in the near vicinity. Cabot, after studying the chart carefully, aided and abetted by Dickey, hit upon what looked to be a perfect place—a long, narrow finger of water almost completely surrounded by land, with ample depth well into the shore. Henry shook his head a bit but could not come up with any valid objection, so we crept into it as if it were bristling with rocks, although there was not the slightest indication of any. We dropped anchor in four or five fathoms of water about a cable's length from shore, completely protected and a soft bottom. We forthwith dubbed it Cabot's Cove, though it might more properly be called Luckebol, for that was the name of a little settlement near there shown on the chart. It was an altogether charming spot—meadows coming down to the water's edge and a house or two to be seen tucked away in the trees. It had a truly bucolic atmosphere which was borne out when a landing party consisting of Cabot, Dickey, Minot and Weinberg returned with some milk which they had purchased from a comely young milkmaid. It was a real satisfaction and delight to be anchored in such surroundings and not tied up to a dock, especially as the wind abated in an ac-

commodating fashion, enabling us to have our cocktails comfortably on deck.

We were called early the next morning and after winding in much chain were under way by 7:30. A fine day with a fresh N.W. breeze, which unfortunately we could not make use of until we were clear of the islands, as there were so many twists and turns it was necessary to make. By 8:45 we were clear, so hoisted sail and were soon doing about seven knots under main, mizzen and genoa. The wind, as time went on, began drawing more and more on our tail, which reduced our speed, as did an unwelcome swell from another quarter. When we were having lunch, Henry came down, he and Scuttlebum being on watch, and asked me to come on deck. I found that the mainsail had jibed over, but no harm done as the wind was so moderate. We could not hold our course, so I changed it about three points to starboard to keep the sails filled. After about three miles, when the wind dropped still more, we started up the engine, which compensated for our temporary slant off course, and then headed once again right for Visby on the island of Gotland.

We had all made bets on taking departure from a lightship as to our time of arrival at Visby, so naturally there were a few complaints and queries about turning on the engine, but they were not too vociferous as everyone realized there was still a good distance to go. The times selected were as follows: G.P.G. 6:24; J.J.M. 6:31; C.D.D. 6:37; P.C.C. 6:45; S.J.W. 7 and H.T. 7:15. When Gotland hove in sight, and for some time thereafter, it looked as if it might be a photo finish between Sidney and Henry, but distances are deceptive and Henry won in a walk. The arrival time was 7:30. We tied up alongside a large mole, in behind a lumber schooner. The harbor is a made one, formed by the mole and/or breakwater. There are several parts to the harbor, including a basin for small yachts and fishing boats—all in all, a lot of room for large and tiny yachts to tie up to in a comparatively small area. The town is striking in appearance as you approach it from the sea—red

roofs, battlements, towers and spires clustered around and rising abruptly from the harbor.

Hanson, whose family and six girl friends (he claimed) lived nearby, was promised a day or two off to see them, so we decided to have our dinner at the Hotel Snackgärdsbaden—whew! what a mouthful—a very attractive hostelry about fifteen or twenty minutes' ride from the center of the town. Sidney took a bag with him, as he wanted to sleep ashore and provide the rest of us with shaving and bathing facilities the next day. The dinner was very fine, as were the cocktails, Rhine wine, champagne and music. It was not surprising that young Henry felt the urge to dance and with one quick glance picked out an attractive young lady to dance with him. It was slightly more surprising that his elderly companions should also have found themselves, one by one, cavorting and whirling around the dance floor with attractive partners of varying ages, but candor compels me to relate that they did and some even found themselves competing in the musical chairs number.

W. C. Langley, an old friend of Weinberg and Dickey, and his wife, Jane Pickens of radio fame, joined our table, as did a few others whose names I do not recall. Our bedtime was several hours later than usual—about 2:00 A.M. What time Henry got to bed I don't know!

All was sunny and bright the next morning, so as Hanson was not there we took a taxi to the hotel, which hereafter I shall refer to as Snack, for a fine breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee.

After breakfast we all took turns at bathing and shaving. There was no tub in Sidney's room, but he had the keys to a sort of bathroom suite which provided every plumbing convenience. However, although he had a key, it was not Sidney's exclusive suite.

The hotel is on high ground above the Baltic Sea. Between it and the sea is a very large swimming pool into which the seawater is constantly running. We spent most of the morning in our bathing suits (I think that was what Sidney had on—anyway, he had

bought it as such although there was not much of it by which to make an identification), sunning ourselves, bathing, and looking at some truly beautiful girls. We all agreed that we had seen an amazingly high percentage of fine-looking girls in Sweden. They were fair, fresh, healthy and wholesome in appearance.

Our luncheon consisted of the usual "choose-your-own" dishes and beer. I noted that Cabot, who had heretofore been referred to as the human incinerator because of his capacity for consuming unlimited quantities of strange victuals and who seemed to have a particular yen for herring in its manifold reincarnations, was eschewing that versatile product of the deep. He refused to admit that large raw onions, dishes full of radishes, cucumbers and the like could possibly be a contributory cause of his malaise. He blamed herring as the culprit and from then on herring was not his dish.

After luncheon we took a taxi and arranged to have a guide meet us, who turned out to be intelligent, though somewhat boring, and who brought blushes to our cheeks by pressing a red rose on each of us. Imagine doing that to Cabot!

Visby's history is an interesting one, for it has changed hands many times and has played an important role in the maritime trade of the Baltic, both before and after the years of the Hanseatic League.

The harbor now is a made one, but we understood from our guide that there was an old harbor which is now filled in. It is also probable that in the very early days the ships were drawn up on the beach, although I must admit there are a great many outlying rocks. It is a walled city, but the main fortifications face inland rather than to the sea, indicating that the merchants were more afraid of an attack from the local inhabitants than they were of an attack by sea. There is an attractive park or arboretum which has many trees and shrubs from all parts of the world, many from much warmer climes and such as one would not expect would survive in so northern a region. I was particularly impressed with the size and number of laburnums. There were flower beds of all sorts and

arbors of roses, all a blaze of color. In fact, Visby, because of the beauty and profusion of its roses, is referred to as the City of Roses.

A great many tourists come to Visby, most of them I should judge from other parts of Sweden and other Scandinavian countries. They are off on a holiday, children and all seeking the sun and reveling in outdoors. On the way to the Snack Hotel there was a large tent colony, with lots of little tents among the trees and in among the wild shrubs. Were there not communal washing places and toilets provided, the sanitation problem would be an acute one.

We bade goodbye to our guide in the town. Most of the crew then wandered about shopping or window-shopping. I went back to *Polar* and was met on the dock by Henry, who told me in some distress that Stumblebum had been on the loose and when he, Henry, had come down about noon he was horrified to see *Polar* circling around the harbor, a little girl about eight years old at the wheel, Stumblebum stumbling and a few dilapidated-looking companions draped about the deck. Somehow by word of mouth and remote control Henry had been able to get *Polar* back to the dock without damage. Apparently because there had been some complaints about a nearby buzz saw on the dock disturbing Minot's and Dickey's sleep, Scuttlebutt had in the back of his mind the laudable intention of docking *Polar* in quieter surroundings. We decided to take no action, let him sleep it off, and see how things were then. As he was the only one on board who knew how to stop or start the engine, we could not afford to dispose of his services inadvisedly or lightly.

The day before, we had happily run into the Australian swimmer we had met at Mariehamn and her friends and had asked them to come aboard for cocktails and dine with us. This they now did, all except the mother, who could not speak any English. The girl's name was Denise Norton. The other girl was Isabella Cedercrentz, whose father was a pulp manufacturer. Denise's boy friend, who was a medical student, was named Anders Wangel and the other two young men, who were also medical students, were called Sven Hernberg and Johan Berggäbdh. Fortunately, we did not have to

introduce the last named to anyone. The young ladies, who preferred soft drinks to cocktails or whiskey, were both very attractive. We had instantly taken a shine to Denise when we first saw her in Mariehamn and it took no effort at all to do the same with Isabella. The young men were keen and intelligent, with a good sense of humor. They bridged the gap of years naturally and seemingly without strain. All three of them hoped they would be able to go to the United States for advanced medical training after they graduated.

After cocktails we drove them up to the Snack for an excellent dinner and interesting conversation. When the music started we imposed on the young ladies for a dance or two and then left them all to have a good time by themselves. This I think they did, for Sidney received a letter from Anders some weeks later to tell him that he and Denise had become engaged that evening. We think therefore, though they may have been puzzled by our inviting them to dinner, that they also enjoyed themselves.

Jim and Paul had decided to spend the night at the hotel along with Sidney, so Charley and I had *Polar* pretty much to ourselves. Together with Henry we joined them for breakfast the next morning, which was another sunny one with hardly any wind.

We sat around basking in the sun for a time and then hired a taxi to take a look at the countryside. On our drive we went out into the country to see some of the farms, a few of which were very large ones. What fairly bowled us over was the mass of flowers in some of the fields—waves of red poppies, brilliant blue cornflowers, purple lupin or the like and the vivid yellow wild mustard. All were of course in the nature of weeds but me-oh-my! What a palette of color they made!

Some of the country we went through was reminiscent of Cape Cod, with scrub pine and sandy soil; in other places there were much larger pine and good-sized hardwoods. Unfortunately neither Dickey nor I had a color camera with us.

We returned in time for a dip in the pool before lunch. After lunch all of us, except Sidney, who likes people and pavements

better than meadows and marshes, again went motoring. We first tried to see a museum which we had read about, but it was in a restricted area, so in spite of considerable time and effort expended by the driver and Henry in telephoning we were not permitted to go. Instead we saw more country, hoping to find some flowered fields as perfect as the ones we saw in the morning, but somehow we did not get just the right one to photograph, or if we did see something that looked worthwhile, the sun would disappear behind a cloud. We did, however, drive out to a high cliff to the south of Visby from which you can get a spectacular view of that attractive walled town with its red roofs, black towers and weathered battlements.

Back just in time for dinner at 7. Hanson was getting nervous, for like any culinary artist he did not like his viands to be kept waiting.

It was a perfect evening and many townsfolk and visitors were strolling along the quay and on top of the high wall protecting it. Most of them were gazing out to sea, and with good reason. It was an almost hauntingly beautiful sunset and twilight. The sun seemed to sink unusually slowly, keeping the last little lantern burning brightly until it was gently put out by the quiet sea. The sky in the west remained brightly red, while to the south it was soft and yellow, a cool light blue in the north, a cobalt-blue sea and blue-black clouds overhead. Around the end of the mole a little white-sailed sloop was heading unhurriedly out to the westward.

After so many days of sunshine it seemed unlikely that we would have another nearly cloudless day to greet us, but such it turned out. There was a light N.E. wind at first, so we resorted to power, leaving the dock and our near neighbor, the yacht *Bris*, by 6:30. This was the third and last time we encountered *Bris*. At eight bells the breeze had freshened, enabling us to hoist sail and turn off the engine—a blessed relief.

When we had rounded the Nora Udda, the north tip of Öland Island, and given Long John light a good clearance we changed course more to the south, thereby bringing the wind right on our

stern and forcing us to tack downwind to avoid jibing. At about 3:45 with a bit in our teeth we passed Bla Jungfrun (Young Mermaid), a high blue island to which you are supposed to doff your hat when you pass it for the first time. Two launch-loads of happy picnickers had recently left there and waved to us in cheery, friendly fashion as they crossed our stern.

Along towards the latter part of the afternoon the wind began to slacken and at 6 o'clock we reluctantly turned on the engine and furled the sails. We had thoroughly enjoyed our ten hours of perfect sailing.

Our table hung in gimbals had allowed us to partake of snacks at various times, but we were hungry for our dinner by 8 o'clock, the time we docked at Borgholm. This port has an artificial harbor with an outer basin for the steamer and larger boats and an inner basin for small yachts and fishermen.

We tied up between an oil barge and a large, tremendously powerful ketch (her two masts were about the same height) called *Triglav*. Her owner was a German scientist named Hans Domizlaff who is apparently a well-known authority on boats and was the author of *Dirk II* in German and *Dirk III* in English. After dinner I ventured to ask permission to come aboard, which was graciously given, and I was escorted by the distinguished and elderly professor and his personable young secretary all over the staunch and spacious vessel. She indeed looked capable of going anywhere anytime.

We strolled about the town, which seemed to consist mostly of several hotels. The small yachts huddled side by side in the yacht basin were all well kept up, as usual.

Before breakfast the next day Sidney and Paul set out to see if they could locate a hot bath somewhere, but in spite of there being at least five hotels the search was fruitless. They did look into a bathing place, but it was salt water and there was only a lone man there lying down stark naked in the sun. Sidney reported having seen daisies growing in the water—a statement which if it had not

been substantiated by Paul would have been listened to with charitable smiles. As a matter of fact, we all later saw the same thing. They may not have been daisies but they certainly were a small first cousin and there was no soil for them to grow out of—merely a light scum.

There is a large truncated castle in Borgholm, the Slottsruin, which all of us except Sidney walked to. Like most castles, it is situated high up on a bluff to command the entrance to the bight which forms the harbor. It was hard to guess just how old it is; probably some of it is very old, but a great part of it might even be nineteenth-century.

It was a longer and warmer walk than we anticipated, so we were glad to visit the bathing house for a plunge. Half of this structure is an area for men, carefully screened from a similar area for women. We could not bask in the sun, for we were planning to lunch at Kalmar, which is on the Swedish mainland about twenty miles away.

Borgholm is the largest town on the island of Öland, pronounced Erland, and is situated about halfway down on the west shore of this long, narrow island. Besides tourists its principal activity seems to be the mining and quarrying of Öland stone, which is a stratified rock not unlike slate but not as hard. For the most part it is reddish in color. It can be readily cut in various shapes and sizes or just broken irregularly. It is much in demand as flagging for gardens, courtyards and the like and is also pulverized and used for tennis courts.

We left Borgholm at 10:45 and arrived at Kalmar shortly after 1 P.M. Kalmar is an important manufacturing and shipping center especially for lumber products. The harbor is an ample one and protected by a breakwater. The channels leading into it are narrow but marked with a profusion of buoys. We went well in on the port side of the harbor and tied up alongside of some lumber piles.

We went for lunch to Theaterkallaren, which is a restaurant both indoors and outdoors. We sat down under the trees, and

after much confused and contradictory ordering we surprisingly ended up with an excellent lunch closely resembling what we had ordered and preceded by a glass of akvavit and beer.

Kalmar Slott is a magnificent old castle which is now partly a museum. While Sidney went to buy postcards the rest of us visited the castle and found it well worth the effort. The chapel, which is still in active use, alone is worth the visit. I had supposed that a Lutheran chapel would be rather stark and forbidding, but far from it. This one is beautifully decorated and full of color, the general tone being a lovely cool blue and gold. So-called King Eric's Chamber, dating from about 1560, is said to be the finest Renaissance interior in Scandinavia. Both the walls and ceiling are of marquetry and there is a sculptured frieze in stucco of hunting scenes. Many of the other chambers have carved and painted timbers and ceilings. The guidebook tells us that in ancient times Kalmar Castle was known as the Key to Sweden and that the first fortress was built towards the end of the twelfth century by King Knut Eriksson.

We could not linger as long as we should have liked, for we still had some miles to cover before we tied up for the night.

We left about 4:15 P.M. It was overcast and threatening, so the sails remained furled. We docked at the little town of Bergkava about 7:30. There is nothing particularly attractive about it, but it was a good place from which to take departure for the island of Bornholm, which is in Denmark. The customs officer came aboard to get our passports. After dinner he came back with them. His name was Oscar Haglund. He was pleasant and talked fairly good English but talked a little too long, for we were weary. It did cheer us up, though, to discover that he had never heard of Brooklyn. This stunned Weinberg and rendered him momentarily speechless. Nice feller to have around—Oscar!

July 13, and a Friday at that, produced nothing but pleasurable experience.

It was overcast with a light northerly wind when we cast off at 6:30, heading for Christiansö, a small town with a tiny harbor

formed by two islands, Frederiksholm and Graesholm. This would not be quite as far as going to Allinge on the island of Bornholm, but whether we could use it or not would depend somewhat on the weather.

About noon we sighted two steamers coming towards us, one black, one white, which looked at a distance as if they were in imminent danger of collision. As they came nearer, it became apparent that the black boat was towing the much larger white one. When they were close at hand, only a half-mile or so away, we saw that the black one was a powerful oceangoing tug flying the Hammer and Sickle and that the white vessel was a huge modern excursion steamer evidently fresh from some shipbuilders in East Germany. She was a magnificent affair, being rushed—for the propellers of both vessels were churning the waters of the Baltic at high speed—to its destination in time for some of the summer tourist season. Her name (at least we supposed it was her name), the Russian equivalent of Cotton Blossom no doubt, appeared in king-sized letters along her side. Her appearance was gay not grim, but there was a notable appearance of urgency—a feeling of “We must get there on time or else.”

Shortly thereafter we tried using sail alone, but it reduced our speed far too much. We again made bets as to the time of arrival, or rather of reaching the island. The times ranged from Minot's 4:14 to Cabot's 6:01. It had looked for a time as if Minot with low field would win, but about 3:15 we sighted the island and changed course sufficiently to be able to dispense with the engine. This elicited a moan or two from Minot but enabled us to have as fine a two-hour sail as one could ask for. Dickey won with 4:44.

The harbor of Christiansö is a honey. A very narrow entrance with rocks on each side of the channel right up to the channel markers. Once inside, there did not appear room to turn around. On one side there were some gaily painted fishing boats and shallow water; on the other a quay which was packed with small cruising yachts. One opening appeared at it, but it did not seem large enough for us to lie in even if we were able to turn around without

going aground. However, we backed and filled and were able to ease her into the restricted space with the volunteer help of a few willing hands ashore. It was then about 5 o'clock. We were all immediately enchanted with the prospect of things and were soon ashore wandering over the two small islands which form the slot that is the harbor. A footbridge connects the two islands and divides the slot into a northern and southern harbor.

We were told that when heavy seas come in either entrance, it is not a tranquil place to lie or an easy one to get out of. There is no sort of dock in the northern harbor but there are iron rings set in the rocks to which vessels could tie with an anchor astern.

On the westerly island are an old fort and thirty or forty stone or brick houses—very picturesque, with tiny gardens in the soil patches. The easterly and larger island has a rampart surrounding it with an observation tower on top. There is an inn and at least one restaurant. Many tourists come by boat to spend the day, but not many to stay. There are one or two good-sized houses with flower and vegetable gardens and there are some large and handsome trees. I saw the largest lilac I have ever seen; a huge trunk. It seems to be quite common in Scandinavia to train lilacs into standard trees. We had seen it in several parks and thought it not at all a bad idea.

The customs officer, J. P. Jacobson, who is also the administrator and about everything else in Christiansö, joined us for cocktails and stayed for dinner. He was both intelligent and interesting and restored Sidney's morale by having heard not only of Brooklyn but also of the Dodgers. He had been on the island for sixteen years. He told us some of the history of the place and said that the fortifications dated from 1685. He also told us that after the war was over there were many bombings by the Russians of vessels carrying refugees who were trying to get back to Germany. Some of the bombs came very close to Christiansö. Thousands of refugees were killed.

We all went to bed early—by that I mean the older folks. Not so

Henry and companions, who appeared to have a particular fondness for the place and expressed their sentiments both loudly and long and in song and laughter. It did not bother me in my insulated cabin, but Paul and Sidney bore the brunt of it. Maybe Friday the thirteenth accounted for the outbreak.

On the fourteenth, after a comfortable breakfast, we again strolled about, admiring the many picturesque scenes and taking pictures here and there. There was a snappy N.E. wind blowing and I stood on the ramparts for a time watching small yachts sail out of the little harbor and then, when free of the lee, heel over and bound away.

We left about 10:30. We had intended to go to Allinge, but with the wind blowing so hard from the N.E. it would have been a poor place to lie, and besides we would have gotten there too soon. We decided, therefore, to practically circumnavigate Bornholm and tie up at Rønne, its principal seaport, from which we were going to fly to Copenhagen the following day.

We engined out until we were well clear of the island so we could round up into the wind and hoist our sails. This was a rather prolonged operation, the masts being so tall, especially with the wind blowing hard. Once they were up we payed off and were soon high-stepping with our sheets well out at nine knots or better. There is not much to tell of the trip except that it was a mighty fine sleigh ride and we kept as close to the coast as possible so we could scan through our glasses and admire the lush fields and fat red cattle grazing. Bornholm supplies a large amount of the dairy products for which Denmark is famous. We passed only a few towns and about the only boat we saw until we had nearly reached Rønne was a trading ketch heading in the other direction under power. Her bow was coming out of the water so far you could at times see almost the whole length of her waterline and at others her nose disappeared in the froth of sea. She was, it seemed to us, making heavy weather of it, and so it must have seemed to them, for she turned around and headed back toward where she had

come from. We were rather thankful that we did not have to slog to windward in that sea with the wind blowing close to gale force at times.

We arrived in Rönne Harbor about 4:30 and turned to port to go into an inner basin where there appeared to be ample room, whereas the small yacht basin to starboard appeared choked with fishing craft and yachts. We were about to tie up when, for the first time, we were greeted by anything but helpful hospitality. A red-nosed, angry-looking harbor master came riding up on his bicycle, waving his arms and shouting at us. According to Henry he was telling us that we could not tie up anywhere there as some vessels were going to come in. This in spite of the fact that there was ample room for a fleet of them! He insisted we work in among some piles and tie alongside of the well-known Swedish banker Wallenberg's yacht. This did not look either sensible or feasible to us. He said we must do that or go into the crowded basin. We therefore pulled out and went over there, but seeing that there was no room we picked out another place which seemed out of the way and not a steamer berth. Before we could enter this he was again confronting us, again angry, again gesticulating. He insisted we go into the little basin. We did and my heart sank, for I did not see any place available or how we could possibly turn around without doing a lot of damage to other boats. It was blowing hard, and at dead slow it was impossible to swing our bow. Somehow we did turn around and came alongside of several small yachts with our lines going right across them. It was obvious that if we began bumping them we would crush them. Henry shouted some more and finally, because it was so evident to everyone around that our location made no sense, the red-nosed harbor master reluctantly allowed us to go out and tie to the end of the coal dock he had shooed us off of before. In going out I feared we would not be able to swing our bowsprit around in time to avoid hitting some fishermen moored on the other side of the narrow entrance, but we did—just.

One of the yachts against which we were temporarily lying was

flying an American flag. She was named *Fidelio* and hailed from Mount Desert, of all places. We did not have much time to chat with the owner, but the boys in the bow fending us off gathered that she was brand-new and that a man and his wife, two children and another couple were cruising in her preparatory to shipping her home.

In making our landing, because we had to lie portside-to, we had to do it downwind and crossing the bow of a destroyer lying at right angles and projecting slightly beyond the end of the dock. I have already mentioned that it was blowing hard—it was also blowing at a slight angle away from the dock. The fact that various naval personnel were watching our maneuvers with interest made the prospect even less inviting to us. I wished the damn harbor master was doing the job so I could sit and laugh at him making a mess of things but—"Only one thing to do, chin up! Stiff upper lip!" and we made it, all things considered, okay. I suppose, though, the naval personnel must have wondered why in hell we came in downwind.

In the First World War, Sidney told us, he had not only been a cook but had carried on a sideline of barbering other members of the crew and from time to time since then he had kept his hand in by cutting the hair of some friends, notably Floyd Odlum's. For some days he had been eyeing us all carefully to see which of us needed his services as barber most. While there had been no doubt in his mind, even at first glance, that Paul was the one, Sidney did not want to offer his services too hastily. Once his mind was made up, however, he pursued his purpose relentlessly. Day by day he would come down in his price until he finally offered not only to cut Paul's hair for free but to pay various bonuses for nicks and cuts of established length and depth. Paul adamantly refused, as did all the rest of us even after he took his equipment (all neatly rolled up in a white towel) out of his bag and showed it to us. There it was—two beautiful pair of shears, clippers, comb, brush, razor and even a styptic pencil. That evening, realizing it would be his last on board, Sidney made one final effort, but the best he

could do was to have a suppositious drawing of lots to see whose hair would have been cut if we had really been drawing lots. The drawing was made. Minot opened his folded paper first. It read "Haircut"—but then, so did all the others!

The Strandhotellet (Hotel Strandslot) in Sandvig, about twenty miles away, had been highly recommended to us for the variety and choiceness of its smorgasbord. It is also adjacent to Allinge, where we had intended to dock, so we decided to go there for dinner. This involved a motor ride of about thirty or forty minutes, giving us a glimpse of the countryside and of Allinge. We could readily see it would not have been feasible to lie there. The meal was satisfactory without being exciting. We left right after dinner, just as the music was tuning up for the dance. It is a popular place, so we had been lucky to be there early enough to get a table.

The wind was still blowing hard the next day, which was a fine one. The wind made no difference to us, as we were flying to Copenhagen at 10 o'clock, but it did make a difference to Henry, for it turned out he had to stay there instead of taking *Polar* across to a harbor on the Swedish shore, which we had tentatively planned that he should do. Something needed to be done to the engine exhaust pipe and to the lights in the Dâmen Cabine, but it being Sunday, nothing could be done. On our way to the plane we noticed that there was still not a sign of any ship in the basin where we had first wanted to tie up.

The trip to Copenhagen was about an hour. We hied immediately to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we had five rooms engaged, thanks to the good services of Henrik Kauffmann, Ambassador to the United States, who was a friend of Charley Dickey. It being early in the day, the rooms naturally were not available, but nevertheless we did need a bath. A note from Walter White, of the Business Advisory Council, who was staying at the hotel with his wife, awaited Dickey, saying that they were away for the day but hoped to see us all later. Weinberg immediately suggested we use their room for mass bathing. The clerk reluctantly turned over the key but suddenly discovered just in time that there was a single

room available after all. To this we all repaired and without undue haste made our ablutions.

The hotel has a sidewalk café on a busy street corner. It was here that we lunched lightly but well. After lunch we hired a car to see the countryside, not without some rather justifiable misgivings on Sidney's part that we might visit a museum or castle. The car was something of a museum piece itself, being a large 1930-ish German car with an almost Victorian body—everything sound if a bit on the shabby side. It was threatening rain when we started out and soon did rain, causing us to close our top. In fifteen or twenty minutes the sun was shining brightly again. Sun and rain kept alternating all afternoon.

We went along the road closest to the shore, passing many, many beaches and parks. The road was not choked but filled with bicycles, motorcycles and small cars; the beaches and parks were crowded also with holidayers young and old. Most of them were in bathing suits or the lightest sort of clothing and seemed to ignore the rain even when it was raining hard and even though it was by no means hot when the sun was out.

All along the road there were houses and villas, in some places substantial ones, in others just weekend cottages. Just off the shore could be seen many small sailboats and from time to time crews rowing in four- or six-oar wherries. Immediately before reaching Elsinore, our destination, we saw a very, very large three-masted yacht. I did not realize a yacht of its size (and it was clearly a yacht and not a training ship) existed. Our stop at Hamlet's castle, Kronborg, was brief indeed, for it was raining and getting late and the castle was thronged with people.

We went back to Copenhagen by an inland route. We had seen with interest all the people and activity which went on along the water and were glad to have the contrast of the peaceful countryside, the fields, the flowers, but above all the park-like stands and forests of beech trees. They have stateliness and charm—almost a romantic atmosphere, especially when there is a play of sunlight through the cool green leaves on the carpeted ground beneath.

One can easily imagine the hunting scene of some old tapestry suddenly coming to life.

That evening was to be our last one together, so we inquired with some care as to where we should dine. The choice was Wiwex, a famous restaurant just outside Tivoli. Its decor was of the magnificent variety—high-vaulted ceilings, huge and glittering chandeliers, tall columns and gilded mirrors. It should have been filled with officers in brilliant uniforms, ladies with white gloves, long trains, low necklines and sparkling jewels, and the orchestra should have played Viennese waltzes and mazurkas. As it was, there were not many people there—all of them were fully as drab-looking as we were and the only excitement was the filing in of twenty or thirty elderly females to a banquet-sized table, evidently the highlight of some “See Scandinavia” tour. The orchestra did play some waltzes and played them well, but it was mostly jazz. However, we were far enough removed not to have it interfere with us. There was no need of writing home about the food, either in praise or complaint. The cocktails were small and weak, but this was something that perseverance could overcome. Anyway, it was a memorable dinner, for besides much chuckling and laughter we heard bit by bit from Sidney a saga of cloak-and-dagger in high places, snatches of which we had all heard before but never its unbelievable entirety. That, and that alone, more than consoled us for not having eaten at one of the restaurants in Tivoli itself—Tivoli that belanterned pleasure garden, a mixture of Coney Island and the Bois, where we could have watched the throng of gay but decorous amusement-seekers and listened to the strains of tunes from various orchestras and bands and the unmistakable music of the merry-go-rounds while we ate our dinner.

We did go into Tivoli right after dinner. The impact you receive coming in from the street is quite startling. We were soon mingling with young and old, riding on carrousels, bumping and being bumped in dodgems, shooting at shooting galleries, throwing balls trying to break plates, and doing all the other silly and pleasurable things that children old and young enjoy doing at such places. We

stayed until the last bomb had exploded in the sky and then took a taxi to the hotel.

E. F. Knight in his book *The Falcon on the Baltic*, published in 1886, has various things to say about Copenhagen. Concerning Tivoli he wrote, "I took a stroll in the evening and retired early to bed my mind filled with profound astonishment that a city of two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants [there are now five times that number] should be so entirely free from any signs of dissipation. . . . Later on I somewhat modified my views for has not this city its Tivoli and its Opera House. . . . Still the amusements of Tivoli are rather childish, and it cannot be denied that this capital seems very dull to the trivial tourist."

It depends what he means by trivial tourist, but I am sure that most travelers do not find Copenhagen dull. I do agree, however, with his statement that when he arrived and found himself among broad boulevards he could have imagined himself in Paris, and I also believe it is probably still true that "in Denmark all classes mingle together quite naturally in places of public entertainment . . . and it says a great deal for all that this is possible."

Knight took a dim view of the Baltic weather, saying in one place, "But had we not had three fine days in succession? More than this cannot be reasonably expected in the Baltic." Reasonable or not, our luck in weather in the Baltic had been just about 100 percent and the following day was no exception. We all breakfasted at the sidewalk café and then dispersed in various directions to shop and window-shop. Paul, Jim and I convened at the hotel about 11 A.M. and taxied out to see the Zoo. I had always heard that it was one of the finest in the world and it surely must be so. It is zoo and public garden combined. The animals are housed in realistic and picturesque surroundings and wherever possible heavy fencing is done away with. The animals looked healthy and happy and there appeared to be an amazing number of animal offspring. The place was crowded—not uncomfortably, for it is so large and well arranged—but throngs were continually arriving and departing by bus and bicycle. All Denmark appeared to be

having holidays and spending them in Copenhagen at the Zoo.

Back at the hotel we again ran into the W. C. Langleys, who had been forced temporarily to abandon their cruise because their steward had a heart attack. We commiserated with them and then all of us took the Walter Whites to lunch at Oskar Davidsens, famous for the variety and succulence of its sandwiches—not the kind that get sand in them on picnics but meals in themselves—oh those sweet and tender, tiny shrimps!!

Then came the sad farewell. Jim and I were flying back to Rönne and the others were going to fly to New York. We had seen something of the Scandinavian seacoast in close companionship and we had bathed in laughter for the entire two weeks.

Henry had telephoned us Sunday night that he had made the attempt to cross to the Swedish coast but the going had been too tough to make it worthwhile. By the time Jim and I returned, the trouble with the engine had been found, but a new part was needed which would not be ready until the next day.

It seemed lonely without the others, but Hanson had a good dinner for us. After dinner we walked around the harbor and visited the owners of *Fidelio*, Mr. and Mrs. Vale G. Marvin of Hampden Highlands, Maine. They invited us aboard, where we met their two children, who evidently were having a marvelous time. We were greatly impressed by the layout, rigging and everything about her. She was built in Schleswig-Holstein by Mathiessen and Paulsen from Sparkman & Stephens's design and was much like Carlton Mitchell's *Finisterre*. She has a centerboard and her dimensions are as follows: 38½ feet overall, 27½ feet waterline, 11 feet 3 inches beam and 3 feet 11 inches draft. An ideal boat to cruise among the Swedish islands; for that matter an ideal boat for many purposes. Her owner came back to *Polar* with us and chatted over a bottle of beer.

The seventeenth was sunny and still blowing hard but not quite as viciously. We heard the fishing boats going out early and a little later saw the yachts leaving one by one. We would have liked to leave but we had to wait until repairs were completed. Jim and I

took a walk and noted that there still was lots of room in the place we had first picked out to lie at. Only one boat, a small trading schooner, had docked in that ample basin since we arrived.

By noon we were able to cast off. By then the wind had moderated but unfortunately it had also veered, so that there was no hope of carrying sail if we were to make our destination, Simrishamn on the Swedish shore, at a reasonable hour. As it was, we arrived there about 4 o'clock. It is a picturesque little port with an artificial harbor or basin filled with husky fishing boats. The entrance through the breakwater is 160 feet, the entrance to the inner harbor where we squeezed in 40 feet, and to the inner, inner harbor only 26 feet.

After entering and reporting to the police, we took a taxi to Glimmingehusborg, said to be the oldest castle in Sweden. It is peculiar-looking for a castle, being five stories high and not very wide. It contains an early statue of a caveman.

We returned in time to have supper and to admire the fishing boats as we walked around the jetty. They are kept up like yachts. Early to bed, for we had a long trip ahead on the morrow.

We intended to start early and we did. Many of the fishing boats went out ahead of us, but a number were still there when we started off at 3:55 A.M. It was a crystal-clear morning with only a faint breeze. The staccato noises made by the big diesels of the fishing boats filled the air and gave notice to fishes far and near to look out. There is something very stirring and satisfying being up and on your way at sunrise, especially when the weather is favorable. Our course at first was 62 degrees into what little breeze there was. At 11:45 we passed Utklippanlight and changed our course to 43 degrees. After the fishermen had disappeared we saw few if any ships or boats for many hours, which in our experience is unusual in the Baltic. A S.S.W. breeze which sprang up enabled us to augment our engine with the sails boosting us along at a fine rate all afternoon. We were doing so well that we had visions of being able to reach Borgholm or even Byxelkrok or possibly Oskarshamn, but as we neared Kalmar the engine began fading. Scuttlebutt fiddled

with it and it started again but soon stopped. It was blowing freshly by then right on our tail which, although helpful in a way, presented a problem if we had to go in under sail and get tied up at the dock in Kalmar, for the sails handled none too easily. But Kalmar it had to be, as there was a better chance of getting repaired there than at any other place. Fortunately we were able to lower sail and go in under power by nursing the engine. We docked at about 5 o'clock. It was too bad to have to stop that early with such favorable conditions, for it would mean really another day lost and pushing on instead of perhaps dawdling a bit when we got to the islands.

We dined aboard early and then Jim and I tried to visit the cathedral but it was closed. Instead we dropped into Theaterkal-laren, the place where we had lunched on the way down. A charming scene of tables, lanterns and dancers, with a full moon shining overhead, greeted our eyes and strains of music our ears. Just outside the enclosure there were people crowding to look on. We managed to get a table near the dance floor and indulged in a few dances with some young ladies sitting at a table near us. No beer, wine or liquor could be served at the outside tables, only inside with food. Jim ordered a ham sandwich or the equivalent at a table inside and we took turns going in to get a bottle of beer. We left early and on our way out saw Henry and the crew regaling themselves at an inside table.

There was no chance of an early start, for the repairmen could not or would not come until about 8:30. It was a pity, for the day was a fine one and in the morning there was little or no wind to buck. The trouble with the engine was that the strainer was all clogged up. (I had suggested this as a possibility the day before.)

By noon it had breezed up considerably, so we had a light lunch before leaving about 12:40. There was a two-knot current built up by the wind and sea running against us in the narrow channel outside the harbor. The wind and sea increased the more we got out in the open. We made good a speed of about five or six knots the first hour and a half and then began striking seas that knocked us

down at times to two knots or less. We decided it would be faster and more comfortable to hoist the mizzen and forestaysail and tack with the power still on. This we did about 3 o'clock. It worked well and gave us a good sail, for by overstanding on the starboard tack we were able to make a long tack to Borgholm without the engine.

We docked alongside an old oil barge at 4:35 and draped our wet clothes in the rigging and on the deck to dry in the sun and wind.

Jim and I decided that it was the night to have our ceremonial drink of very old National Distillers Reserve Bourbon, which we have for years referred to as "Mother's Milk" and have broached at least once on all our cruises. (This will figure in the cruises to be detailed hereafter, as well.)

The sky was bright, and at sunset and in the twilight all the populace, it seemed, was on the waterfront. After the twilight the moon took over and the populace lingered on. We walked over to the small yacht basin, where all sorts of small yachts were tied cheek to cheek. Nearly all of them were sailboats and all but one of the sailboats had tillers. This is something we had noted with interest—that most of even the larger yachts, 35 to 50 feet on the waterline, had tillers instead of wheels. All of the yachts there were freshly painted or brightly varnished—almost the only yacht I saw in the Baltic that looked in sloppy condition was lying at the wharf near us. She was an old spoon-bowed schooner called *Primrose*, one of the largest sailing yachts in Sweden, but she unfortunately appeared to have fallen on evil days.

The next morning I had everyone up at 4 A.M., as the day looked promising and both wind and sea appeared to have abated. We had breakfast before leaving at 4:55, for we feared that it might be uncomfortably rough. It was still blowing N.E. but the sea was much smoother. We were able to make good time. At 7:30 we hoisted main, mizzen and forestaysail, which with the engine still on enabled us to make seven knots or better for thirty-five miles to the Krakelund entrance of the archipelago. We had eagerly been

awaiting the moment when we would be winding our way through the islands. Our expectations had been high and were not to be let down. It was in truth an ideal cruising ground, especially for small yachts—narrow passages and countless islands. The islands seemed higher, there were fewer hardwood trees, and we liked them better than those we saw around Stockholm, but they were not as wild and remote-looking as the islands around the Thomases' domain. There were many signs of habitation—red houses with red roofs were particularly frequent and most attractive-looking. There seemed to be countless Leadbetter Narrows, Roque Island Thoroughfares, Merchants Rows, Deer Island Thoroughfares and the like. So many attractive spots! We particularly liked Ekö and Angö Islands and the surrounding territory, especially a cove near Alo Island. Alex Forbes, the well-known Arctic explorer, had written before we sailed, telling me of the beauties of this particular region. He was right.

There was a good deal of traffic, but the kind of traffic that added to the charm of the scene—white sails and more white sails. Time and again we would come round a sharp corner and see a cluster of six or eight of them going or coming. Every size of meter boat, nearly all long, thin and sleek, shining mahogany, with varnished pine or glistening white paint, and always tillers. Many of the smaller craft had outboard motors cocked up on their narrow sterns. Around other bends we would get glimpses of two or three boats with their sharp bows overhanging the shore with an anchor astern—picnicking or camping. We basked in the sun ourselves for almost the first time and gilded the lily by having a daiquiri at lunchtime. We used both engine and sail most of the time, as we had to push on to make our schedule. Also, the channel was narrow and tortuous, which would have made slow going for *Polar* under sail alone, but in one broad stretch between reaches we did turn off the iron horse and have a heartwarming sail for over an hour.

We contemplated anchoring in what looked like a well-protected cove before reaching Arkösund, but when we got there it

did not have good protection from the brisk breeze that was blowing, so we kept on and tied up at Arkösund about 7:30. We were glad we did, for it is an unusually attractive natural harbor with several coves. It seemed a popular place to stay, for there were many small yachts tied up to the docks, or shore, or anchored. There is a small village with a hotel restaurant on a cliff overlooking the harbor. It would be a tempting place to have a meal. It was a five-star day in five-star waters.

That night it rained hard, but by 8 o'clock the next morning, at which time we left, though the sky was still overcast the rain had stopped. Our winding course took us halfway around the city of Oxelösund, an important steel center. The inhabitants evidently appreciated, respected, and made use of their waterfront, for there were many small boats and the shore was unspoiled and uncluttered and the little camps well looked after.

From 9:30 on the sun was shining most of the time. Our surroundings were, and it seemed unbelievable, as beautiful as the day before. More little gunkholes than you could shake a stick at and many of them being made use of by cruisers.

Our course took us through some strait—not straight—narrow ways. One place there was a buoy so near a rock that we could not possibly believe the channel was between it and the rock until we were close to it and saw on the other side the sunken ledge it marked. The Vestern Stendörren (Western Stone Door), through which we made our way, is the most famous and spectacular of the passages we encountered, although Bergö Passage, a little farther on, is almost equal to it.

Another feature of the day was that at long last and on our last day I perceived through my binoculars a fair creature who was, or rather just had been, bathing “bare-ass” as Cabot would have crudely described her costume or lack of it. I could not get Minot on deck in time to share this feature of the voyage with me. The vision was only a fleeting one but Henry will verify my statement.

We were soon passing through Sävösund, near which lies Cabot's Cove, where we had previously anchored. I can truthfully say

that the stretch of cruising ground from the Kräkelund entrance to the islands to Sävösund beats anything I had ever encountered before. A ten-day or two-week unhurried cruise in a smallish centerboard yacht with one or more congenial companions would be "Paradise Found."

There was not time for us to get all the way back to Steninge, as it would have involved going through a lock at Södertälje and traversing the lake on which it is located, so we had arranged to leave *Polar* at the entrance to the lock, where Wolfgang would meet us. The last stretch of water from the cement works at Oaxen to Södertälje was lovely and more civilized than what we had recently been going through. Parts of it were reminiscent of the St. John River, New Brunswick—broad reaches and high rolling, wooded headlands and reedy marshes as the water became more brackish. All along the shores, whether the banks were high cliffs or sloping farmlands, there were habitations—a striking mixture of cabins and castles.

We slowly and majestically entered the harbor of Södertälje and gently came to rest at the jetty in the town square.

Mission accomplished!

Aegean Idyll

1957

OUR Baltic cruise in the summer of 1956 was so delightful that even before it was finished Jim Minot and I began talking about another cruise in foreign waters in 1957. Paul Cabot had recently returned from a cruise in the Aegean Sea. He was high in praise of its beauties and interests, which he had enjoyed immensely despite some cold weather and blustery winds, the ever-present language barrier, and the fact that the boat (which he had chartered from our mutual friend Hod Fuller, who lived in Athens) was more of a motor sailer than a sailing yacht.

Jim and I were fascinated by the thought of the Aegean Sea even though we were a bit foggy as to just where it was. We knew, of course, that it had something to do with Greece and Greek history but that was about all. We decided to make it our objective and did our best to persuade our Baltic companions to join with us if we could arrange an expedition, but much to our regret we could not get them to commit themselves.

Nothing daunted, we wrote to Hod Fuller immediately on our return and found that he would have another yacht next summer—a much better one for sailing—that he would be glad to go along with us, thereby avoiding linguistic difficulties, and that if we started about the middle of May he could practically guarantee pleasant weather. Thus all adverse points being taken care of, we signed up for a three-week cruise to begin May 15, 1957.

Hod's yacht, appropriately named *Aegean*, was a stout schooner with wide beam and had been built in Florida some years before. She was capable of good speed when off the wind, and with her brown sails made a pleasing picture.

The next thing was to sign up a congenial afterguard. This did

not prove difficult. We were disappointed that our longtime cruising companion Parkie Howe could not join us, nor could Harry Shepley, whose architectural knowledge and companionship would have been welcome, but we did sign up my friend and fellow trustee of St. Mark's School, Mason Hammond, professor of Classics at Harvard, who was on a two-year leave to be head of the Classical Department of the American Academy at Rome; my brother-in-law, Bill Grosvenor, of Newport, who had frequently cruised with me and whose ample measure of enthusiasm and gaiety would make his presence welcome anywhere (although his aptitude for misplacing his belongings such as clothing, cameras, spectacles, wallets and the like would involve many a search); and William J. Clothier of Philadelphia, Harvard '04, an old friend and famous tennis player, a former National Singles Champion with whom I had the privilege of being a doubles partner in by-gone years. It was by the greatest good fortune that I happened to hear he was going to be in Athens after a flight to the Far East almost on the day we were to start, so we signed him up.

We all arrived in Athens at different times from different directions. I had arrived several days before with my wife, daughter Kitty, and our mutual friend Joan Livingston, in time to do some sightseeing and pay a visit to Delphi. Bill Clothier had arrived by plane from Bombay, Mason from Rome, and Jim and Bill Grosvenor from London. In any event, by Wednesday, May 15, we were all in Athens ready to roll, or rather sail.

We piled ourselves and our impedimenta into two cars and were driven from the hotel to Passalimani Harbor in Athens, where we found *Aegean*, with Hod on board, anchored close to some steps at the quayside.

Once aboard, we quickly cast off and I had the pleasure, under Hod's guidance, of steering her out through the narrow channel. A few miles offshore the huge carrier *Forrestal* was anchored. Her great hull looked like an island and the numerous launches and pleasure craft hovering around like tiny water bugs.

There was not enough breeze to hoist sail as we skirted the coast on the way to Sounion. This gave us a chance to get settled. Jim and I had the main cabin. I chose the larger bunk on the port side known as the secretary's bunk (so-called because the former owner and some of those to whom he chartered *Aegean* brought along a secretary to help them with their accounts and take dictation no doubt). A roomy and well-working head adjoined our cabin, and forward were the galley where Baba Costa, our chef, in classic chef's costume, reigned, and the forecastle where he, Mateo the sailor, and Phillipos the steward abided. Aft of us was the engine room housing a diesel engine and another ample head; then a state-room with two berths which I assigned to the two Bills; finally, just in front of a large cockpit, a chart room with a bunk on one side which fell to Mason. Hod preferred to sleep on deck in a sleeping bag.

As we approached Sounion we could see from afar, perched high on top of Cape Colonna at the harbor's mouth, the shining white columns of the Temple of Poseidon. It was a striking sight in the late afternoon light.

We dropped anchor at 5:30 near a subchaser converted into a yacht and chartered by a French party. We were soon ashore and clambering up the side of the headland. Looking down we could see *Aegean* quietly floating on the blue water of this small harbor partially protected by an island and framed with hills. A village straggled at the water's edge. An atrocious villa on a conspicuous hill overlooking the harbor was the sole discordant note. We had only been at the temple for a few moments when we espied Rose, Kitty and Joan coming up the path from the road. They had come by car and were joining us for dinner. Close at hand, the temple did not seem as much intact as it did from afar, though ten of the columns of white marble, polished for centuries by the winds, were still standing and the outline of the temple could be clearly followed. Numerous carved initials and signatures scratched or deeply carved on columns and stones evidenced the fact that we

were not the first visitors since its building in 430 B.C. Among the names were those of Byron and alas! many of our fellow countrymen.

We all returned to the yacht together and several of us had a quick swim in the golden light just before the sun disappeared and cocktails appeared. Accompanying the cocktails was caviar, a gift from the girls, and other delicacies. The nine of us were just able to fit around the dining table in the main cabin. The menu, carefully written out on a handsome menu card by Baba Costa in his own version of French spelling, was as follows:

Potage aux Légumes
Poulet Rôti
Pomme de terre garni
Salade Tomate
Fromage
Fruit
Café

Everything was perfection, made yet more perfect by the unexpected appearance of a bottle of Cordon Rouge with a message of good cheer and good wishes from my secretary, Miss Rushton, and my office manager, Myron Wotton. At least another bottle of the same brew was found to have been properly chilled. After dinner we adjourned on deck for coffee and cognac. There was not a ripple on the water, lights dotted the shore, and the dark mass of Cape Colonna loomed on our starboard beam. We could see the outline of the temple dimly at first and then starkly and spectacularly as the moon, only two days waned, rose behind it. Having seen this dramatic sight, and as it was getting late, the ladies decided reluctantly to make the return trip to Athens. After they had left, we stayed on deck for a while longer until the moon bathed the glowingly white marble of the temple in its soft full light. Was this to be the top moment of our cruise or was it a harbinger of equal or even higher moments? I wondered but did not worry as I settled myself for sleep in the secretary's berth.

Our first morning found all hands stirring by 7:30 and taking a morning plunge in spite of an overcast sky.

Our appetites were good and so was the breakfast. We were under way soon after heading through the channel between Makronisi Island and the mainland, then along the coast to Petali Gulf, which is formed by the island of Euboea and the mainland. Euboea is a large mountainous island which played an important part over the centuries in the Peloponnesian, Persian and many other wars. The mountains, large ones some of them, were shrouded in mist most of the time but at times their summits were revealed. We soon began to learn that the aspect of the sky in the Aegean changes with amazing and inexplicable rapidity. Heavy cumulus clouds suddenly appear and then just as suddenly disappear or turn into thin wispy streaks which wrap themselves around the mountaintops. One moment it is bright sunshine, the next heavily overcast.

A light northerly wind prevailed all morning as we powered along the coast, catching glimpses now and then of ruined temples or Frankish forts. At one time we were able to get an excellent view of the Plain of Marathon whereon was fought the famous battle, about which Mason told us in interesting detail.

About 3 o'clock off Dipsa Rock a favorable breeze appeared. We hoisted sail immediately and turned off the engine. This lasted for only an hour, then under engine again we left Petali Gulf and entered Euripos or Negropont Channel. There were mountains everywhere—grey and barren. One wonders for how many centuries they have been barren. Have they always been so, or were they once heavily wooded, then denuded and then eroded?

As we neared the end of Euripos Channel the light was at its best, the colors and contours of the hills continually changing. There were more greens to be seen—wondrous greens they were, produced by the late light. Something I wrote long years ago describing the Bay of Piraeus would, it seemed to me, be apt for this scene as well: "... especially at sunset, when the clear water becomes bluer, and the many hills continuously change color in an

endeavor to keep pace with the sky." The mountains, like the clouds, no two at any time alike, stretched far in the distance, reminiscent of the backgrounds in early Italian paintings; while in the flatter foreground, bathed in even softer light, was here and there a grove of dark green cypress.

We passed through Burji Channel just short of Chalkis, turned to port, and dropped anchor at 7:15 in a cove called Megalo Vathi.

The trip next day from our anchorage to the narrows at Chalkis was about two miles. The narrows are extremely narrow and the current at times has a velocity of eight to ten knots. The bridge across them was opened only at certain times and then only for one-way traffic at a time. There was about a ten-minute interval of slack, so boats wishing to go through had to be ready. When we arrived there in the morning after breakfast, we had to drop anchor out of the current and wait for nearly three hours. At last the long-awaited signal for northbound traffic was hoisted near the bridge. We were ready to go but the bridgekeeper could not seem to clear the bridge of traffic. People on foot, people on bicycles, automobiles, carriages and donkeys kept streaming across in both directions. Just as it looked to be clearing, a new stream would start pouring across until we began to worry that it would not open in time, but finally it did and we anchored on the north side just off the channel near several caiques. We were surprised to notice a comparatively new and spacious hotel on the waterfront, for although Chalkis must have been of some importance in days gone by because of its location on the Narrows between Euboea and the mainland, it is no longer a town of any size or importance. Hod explained this incongruity by telling us that it had been built by a former native who had made his pile elsewhere and wanted to do something conspicuous for his home town. He also told us that its only apparent use was as a weekend retreat for Athenian blades and their lady friends.

Several boatmen offered their services to take us ashore. We engaged one of them to take us across the harbor. It was interesting to see how skillfully and effortlessly he made use of back eddies to

help get across the main current, which was by then running strongly. We poked about the streets alone or in groups. Bill Clothier was intent on finding a Thermos bottle, which by some miracle he finally located. Hod had to see about his papers, while the rest of us bought postcards and wandered about. Mason spent most of his time looking for a museum and I spent most of mine strolling about the marketplace, for marketplaces always fascinate me. They are almost sure to be picturesque and revealing. Chalkis proved no disappointment. The stalls were colorful although at times, especially the meat stalls, unpleasantly pungent. Flowers and vegetables were piled and placed in seemingly unconscious but effective manner. At the fish stalls, always interesting, it could readily be judged what varieties were most favored.

One by one we returned to the waterfront, all except Bill Clothier. We were about to organize a search party when up drove a fiacre with Bill sitting comfortably in the back seat, handsome and smiling in his white flannel trousers and tennis sweater. We applauded as he stepped out and again when Hod stepped in to take his place to drive across the bridge to the mainland to get his ship's papers. In answer Hod stood up and made a profound and courtly bow as he drove away along the waterfront.

By the time we were back on board we were ready for lunch and lunch was ready for us. It consisted of baked eggs au gratin done in some particularly scrumptious style, shrimps, salad and cheese. We opened, tested and discarded a bottle of resinated wine Jim had bought, then opened, tested and drank with agreeable surprise a bottle of unresinated light vin rosé which Bill Grosvenor had somehow corralled.

Lunch being over, we upped anchor and pushed out into Evvoikos Gulf. Thunder, heavy black clouds and some raindrops threatening a storm resulted only in a brief squall. During the afternoon the wind and weather varied. Sometimes we were sailing, sometimes engining and sometimes doing both. Mountains in all directions and ever changing their angles and outlines. We dropped anchor at 7 o'clock in Port Armyro, Sinus Opuntus Harbour, Atlan-

tic Channel, Evvoikos Gulf—a long, high-sounding name and location for a charming anchorage in a small cove just off an abandoned mine dock. My rough log notes, “Everybody happy and content with the anchorage.” Nor was anyone less content the following day, for it was a truly glorious morning—cloudless and warm. Mason went ashore very early to discover if possible the former site of Opus but failed in the attempt. He decided it was not wise to try to climb places that even sheep avoided, and he was back in time to join us for a prebreakfast swim and oranges. The oranges were small but as sweet and full of flavor as any I had ever tasted. We purred as we ate them, sitting on deck in the sun with or without bathing suits. This was a leisurely process; even so, we were such early birds that we were off at 8 o’clock, having decided as the air was light and the sea smooth to breakfast under way. Just at the harbor entrance we stopped alongside a small fishing boat while Baba Costa selected and bargained for a freshly caught fish—a fangri.

We found it puzzling to have so little work to do on a cruise. Nothing to do in the galley, for there presided Baba Costa, who was a chef, not just a cook, and was fully entitled to wear his towering chef’s hat. He was no longer young nor was he aged; he was usually mellow but never drunk; a cigarette with a long ash on it was invariably in his mouth. I suppose that the ash must sometimes have fallen in the food but I never saw it do so, yet it invariably appeared ready to drop even to the extent of having a marked downward curve. Baba Costa was a Greek but spoke some French, having cooked on yachts on the Riviera. He appeared on deck for a brief moment every day in his not-always-spotless uniform, looked around, and then disappeared.

Mateo, the deckhand, was Spanish. He had sailed many seas, and he also never failed to have a cigarette in his mouth, but the ash blew or was knocked off more frequently. He had a fine uniform but never wore it, preferring some ragged pants and a torn shirt. His shirttails were always fluttering in the breeze. Besides Spanish he spoke a little French, a little Greek and a few words of

English. He talked constantly to others if they were available, to himself if they were not. It is doubtful if anyone understood him, but this did not appear to disturb him. He winked and chuckled just the same. He had his own skin or demijohn of wine, which needed frequent replenishing. Once in a while he would have some affliction which only a half-tumbler of ouzo doled out by Hod would remedy.

Phillippos, the steward and assistant deckhand, was much younger than the other two. He was a Greek and spoke a bit of French. He was smiling, agreeable and capable.

One can see that there was not much for the afterguard to do, especially as Hod is an experienced navigator and pilot who knows these waters well and was also chief engineer. Besides which there was not much navigating or piloting to do. There was no fog and the visibility was remarkable, no buoys to worry about for there are no buoys, no tide to worry about for there is no tide. About the only thing a navigator has to do is to look carefully on the chart to see if there are any outlying reefs or rocks, and there seldom appeared to be any.

As captain of the expedition my duties were heavy, for of course I had to look after the health and well-being of the crew. My labors would begin about 9:30 each morning when Baba Costa would bring or send in by Phillippos the Déjeuner et Diner menus for my approval. After exhausting study, I would approve them, or perhaps eliminate a course or two if I thought my crew were getting overweight, and then relax for the rest of the day. The other afterguard members would get their work and exercise by fighting to see who would have the privilege of helping to grind up the anchor and once in a while being permitted to help haul on a sheet or halyard.

Just before we took a shortcut through Likada Passage, rounding Euboea into Oreos Channel, we had a fleeting and distant glimpse of Thermopylae, and again Mason was good enough to refresh our memories concerning that heroic struggle. We were under sail for a time but the wind fluctuated both in direction and heft

until it settled down to dead ahead and fairly strong as we entered Trikeri Channel, which leads to the Sporades Islands. Not only had the wind fluctuated as we went through Oreos Channel, but so also had the appearance of the water. At times it was glassy calm, another time there was a distinct roll like the sort of rounded wave created by the wake of a passing steamer, but there was no passing steamer and no wind. Still another time there was a distinct disturbance like that created by tide or crossing currents, but there was no tide and presumably no current.

The ever-changing mountains were all about us, some of the higher ones on Euboea, on our starboard hand, showing patches of snow. We encountered very little traffic—only occasional fishing boats or caiques and one passenger steamer, formerly somebody's yacht like all the other passenger steamers in these waters. Go to Greece if you want to know what becomes of old steam yachts.

As we came into the bay formed by Skiathos Island and several smaller ones, we studied the chart and looked about for an attractive anchorage. We chose one well removed from the town of Skiathos, close in to a small sand beach between Kavo Kanapitsa Point and another headland. In back of it was a meadow with a few tall poplars rising from it and an olive grove on the slopes above. We had not come in as close to shore as I thought and intended; as a result when we dropped anchor the chain rattled out merrily for a long time. Good exercise for the crew in the morning.

We all went ashore to stretch our legs. We scrambled up a steep hillside until we found a sort of smugglers' path along the cliff. Ahead of us we saw a man on a donkey. Ahead of him was another donkey, laden with newly cut hay, and following him two sheep, a goat, a kid and a small dog which yapped at us menacingly when it saw us. We watched with fascination this little cavalcade descend by the winding path to another beach, cross it and then ascend by a hidden path up another headland, then wind down to still another beach, cross that and then wind upward once more until we lost sight of them. Had we been there a thousand years ago we no doubt could have seen the same thing. Back once more

on board, Jim and I were the only ones to take a plunge before cocktails.

For dinner we had a delicious but unidentifiable soup and the fresh fish we acquired in the morning. It was boiled with a delicate yellow sauce on the side and supported by lightly roasted new potatoes and fingerling fresh carrots. Cordon Rouge was the wine; fruit, cheese and coffee for dessert.

The next morning the weather was not altogether propitious. Hod and I took the deck at 8 o'clock while the others were at breakfast and engined over to have a look at the waterfront of the town of Skiathos. It is a sizable town for one of the islands, with white houses that would have glistened if the sun had been out and here and there a church dome or tower. I had by then been taught the intricacies of starting the engine and assumed the duties of assistant engineer on top of my burdensome task of approving the menus.

The day remained gloomy and the wind remained obstinately dead ahead. The visibility was good enough to see streaks of snow on some of the Euboean mountains when the ever-shifting clouds rolled away from their tops. There was a decided heave to the sea which for the first and only time caused the crew a slight feeling of discomfort. A large school of porpoises cavorted around our bow for a time, which we took to be a good omen and so it proved.

Nearing Skyros Island, we passed a vividly colored cliff, resulting in the click of cameras. Instead of taking the regular channel to the port of Linaria, we elected to go through a channel described as narrow and tortuous in the sailing directions, but in reality perfectly simple.

Linaria, which is the only town on Skyros Island except Skyros, fringes a tiny, well-protected cove in Kalamitsi Bay. We were immediately captivated by it. The cove was so restricted that Hod dropped the anchor in the middle, then by a clever maneuver of winding around the anchor brought the stern around to the little landing, at the same time sending Mateo ashore in the skiff with a stern line with which we tied to the dock.

It was like a stage scene: the curved beach with gaily painted, high-bowed fishing boats hauled out on it and a few slightly larger but equally gaily painted caiques lying at anchor. The line of tiny houses fringing the beach and those clinging to the hillside in back, all flat-roofed and shining white, looked like sugar loafs. Nets were being mended and figures passed to and fro along the waterfront—all as if carefully manipulated by some master of stagecraft. Any minute I expected the chorus to break into song or the heroine to come tripping on to sing her aria. We were soon ashore and I am sure were as much a subject of curiosity to the citizens of Linaria as they were to us. One boy in particular followed us, gazing open-mouthed and then bursting into laughter. He could not convince himself that we were real. Every little courtyard was filled with flowers, clusters of calla lilies, amaryllis, honeysuckle, daisies in clumps, and white and purple fuchsias. There were several small taverns where, it being Sunday, many people sat taking their ease and chatting. We had planned to go to Skyros, but it was much too late so we put it off until the next day. Returning on board for supper, one of the boatloads consisting of the two Bills and Mason swamped at the dock. Mason escaped unscathed, Bill Clothier got his pinfeathers well wetted, but Bill Grosvenor got the full treatment, being thoroughly submerged. No two of the party could agree on just how it happened.

We were delighted we had decided to anchor right in the middle of the little village instead of in some nearby uninhabited cove, for Linaria is an unbelievably charming spot and made an unforgettable impact on us.

The weather next morning was “just as advertised”—clear sky, warm but not hot. Everyone but Bill Clothier, who elected to remain, piled into an old Chevrolet, one of the island’s two cars. The trip to Skyros was less than an hour. It is a startling town—you suddenly see it way high up above you, seemingly impossible of access, the houses (all white) clustered like a swarm of bees on a precipitous mountainside and topped by the remains of a Frankish fort.

The car wound up the twisting road and came to a halt near a small plaza; it could go no farther, for the streets from there on were too narrow and steep for any vehicle. A school for small children near the square was halted and the children were given a recess to gaze at the strange arrivals. Skyros proved a paradise for photography—the stepped and winding streets, the outside staircases of the houses, the flower courtyards, the children, the tiny cafés, the little donkeys bearing varied burdens, bright sunshine and colors and always the shining white houses. We found it all so fascinating that we toiled up to the very top. From there we had an expansive view of the surrounding country. In one direction we could see a large beach where a hotel was being built. I predict that tourists will have a field day in Skyros with their cameras just as we did. In another direction we could see the cove where Achilles was concealed by his mother, Thetis, with Lykomedes disguised as one of his daughters in the vain hope of keeping him from the Trojan War. Vain hope because it was there that he was discovered by the wily Odysseus. The descent from the top was easier than the ascent, but we lingered as there was constantly something to arrest our attention. The donkey with panniers acting as a garbage cart was not merely a symbol, for although the town has an almost Oriental atmosphere it has none of its aroma. Children playing, a vista of mountains and olive groves or of the sea, a quiet card game at a café table—all had their charm.

Before we left, one of the town officials insisted that we visit the combined Mayor's office and museum, which we did and then invited him to join us for a glass of beer. He told us that there was a statue of Rupert Brooke on the island but we saw no particular reason to view it.

Hod said that Skyros was well known for its cheeses. On inquiry we found there were none available in the town but that there was a place we might find some in the country on the way back. We saw some men working in a field near the location given us and Hod asked them about cheese. They pointed to a steep round hill with a sheepfold on top and hallooed loudly, whereupon a figure

appeared on top and in a few minutes came dashing down holding something in his hands which turned out to be some cheeses. They were wrapped in a red bandana—one was a sort of cream cheese and another was shaped like a miniature Gruyère. We ended up by buying one of each kind at about the price a good cheese would cost in a swell delicatessen shop in New York. In Skyros we had bought some oranges, lettuce and beans; in Linaria we acquired some lobster and freshly baked bread, so our larder was well stocked and our luncheon a good one. We sat on deck for a time after lunch, watching the life on the waterfront—people gossiping, fixing nets, and washing. We left with extreme reluctance at 2 o'clock. We were consoled by having a superb sail for twenty-five miles across to Port Kimi on Euboea.

Kimi is an artificial port and about the only port on the east coast of Euboea. Derricks and an overhead tramway indicated that there were some mines in the vicinity. Sailing about the harbor or just outside were several skiffs with lateen sails. The two Bills went ashore for a time, reporting that there was not much except for a new school that looked like a small hotel, and this we could see from on board. To bed early as we planned an early start.

An early start it was! At 4:00 A.M., just as the very fingertips of rosy-fingered Aurora began to show in the east, Hod, Mason and I, together with Mateo and Phillipos, quietly got under way. The wind, which had been blowing freshly the night before, had moderated and shifted and the sea looked smooth. No need to resort to Dramamine. The sunrise itself, to my regret, was hidden by clouds. Skyros, nearly thirty miles away, stood out clearly and looked no farther away than six. Such an illusion is characteristic of the Aegean, for the atmosphere is of such quality and the island mountains so high that they stand out in spite of the blue mist with which they seem to be perpetually enshrouded.

We coasted along the shores of Euboea under power heading for Doro Channel between Euboea and Andros. This channel is supposed to be the roughest spot in the Aegean and our early start was made in the hope of reaching it before it got rough. There was

not a ripple as we went through, arriving at our destination, Port Gaurion, Andros Island, at 12:30 in time for a swim, cocktails and lunch of which the *pièce de résistance* was cold lobster and vegetable salad presented in a fashion and form that would have graced the display of any cold buffet afloat or ashore.

Port Gaurion is not quite the gem that Linaria is, but full of color just the same. It consists of a curving beach and quay, with all the buildings close to the water's edge except for a large and architecturally undistinguished church on a high piece of ground, reached by a broad flight of steps leading steeply to it, which dominated, but not offensively, the little village.

Colored fishing boats lined the shore and sounds of music came across the water from a radio in one of the cafés. It was Sunday and there was gaiety in the atmosphere. Again, as at Linaria, we felt as if we were watching a well-staged light opera, the movement of the people on the stage being handled in masterly fashion. Again, any moment the hero or heroine might appear with accompanying chorus and break into song.

A bright young boy in a newly painted, well-kept rowboat came out to see us. He had been fishing for octopus and showed us how he looked for them. He presented us with one and also offered to cut his sponge and give us half. He declined with dignity our proffer of money but was much gratified to be asked aboard our ship and preferred gingersnaps and nuts. He left while we had lunch but came back later to take us ashore, handling his oars and boat with skill and precision.

After lunch and a siesta, all of us except for Hod, who had to make some repairs to an aerial at the masthead, went ashore and squeezed into a small Chevrolet to drive to Andros, the chief town of Andros Island. It was only fifteen miles away as the crow flies but forty-five or more by narrow road. We were impressed by the beauty and profusion of the wildflowers—whole mountainsides covered with brilliant yellow broom, and poppies along the roads and in the fields, wild carrot, lupin, mallow, daisies and snapdragon, not to mention bushes of oleander or hawthorn trees, both

white and pink, all in full flower. We were impressed too by the amount of water, for water is rare in the Greek islands. There were even a few puddles in the road. We were also impressed by the number of dovecotes (square white buildings with four little towers on which are perches), churches and wayside shrines.

It was not only Sunday but the island's Saint's Day, so all was astir when we reached Andros. Very sensibly, automobiles were banned from the main street. It is the shopping area and is paved with marble. On each side are cafés and small shops. The merchandise they carried appeared uninteresting and rather shoddy. There were no native crafts. Even so, purchases were made. All my companions were proving to be inveterate purchasers, no matter what was offered. We excited considerable curiosity, and no wonder—they must have thought the carnival had come to town when they spied these peculiar elderly men, dressed in outlandish costumes, dashing in and out of shops trying to make themselves understood.

The costumes really were outlandish and as if we had each come from a different country. Bill Clothier had on a white duck sailor hat with wide flapping brim, white duck trousers, white corded knitted sweater with the International Tennis Club colors woven in the neckband and cuffs, no coat. Bill Grosvenor wore a small round duck sailor hat with red band purchased in Athens, a yellow sweater which was so short it missed the waistband by six inches or more, no coat, yellow shoes and greenish trousers. Jim Minot wore a beret, flapping blue trousers and an odd-looking jersey. I had on crumpled khaki trousers, beret and a collared jersey without necktie and a blue canvas coat. Mason was on the conservative side except for his seersucker coat and wide-brimmed canvas hat with green isinglass insert. The townspeople, on the other hand, were sedately dressed in normal, rather formal, clothes.

As I say, no wonder we afforded merriment. For the most part it was restrained, but when Bill Grosvenor started to pay for some oranges and could not find his pocketbook, it was too much for the circle of curious who had gathered around him. They burst into

audible laughter. Bill, his eyes bulging with distress and amazement, was feeling in every pocket and slapping himself all over. It was perfect pantomime and needed no words to explain the trouble. He hurried up and down the street but could not remember what shops he had been in. It was fun for the onlookers but not for poor Bill. However, it all ended happily. A man who spoke some English came up, told him that the lady in a little shop where he had made a purchase was looking for him, and pointed out the shop. Bill was grateful and overjoyed and attempted to reward the shopkeeper's honesty with a gratuity but she firmly refused to accept any.

Had we not already seen Skyros, we would no doubt have received an even greater impact from the narrow streets, shining white houses, and almost Arabic atmosphere of Andros.

We were back aboard *Aegean* by 7 o'clock ready to fully appreciate the breaded lamb cutlets, which were light as a feather, juicy and pink, and we became so lyrical over the soufflé and its accompanying sauce that we sat on deck afterwards and sang. I say sang—I mean we dug out some old-time songs and butchered them. Bill Clothier alone shone brilliantly with his rendition of "Wrap Me up in My Old Hunting Jacket."

That night we encountered our first rain, but by morning the sun was out in time for a swim. We were off by 9 o'clock. A light southerly wind, smooth sea, partly cloudy with the cloud effects constantly changing—sometimes hiding a whole mountainside, sometimes just its top. Rolling clouds and wisping clouds prevented us for a long time from catching a glimpse of the Tinos Island mountaintop, whereon there is a fortress.

By 2:00 P.M. the wind was sufficiently strong to permit us to progress under sail alone. We coasted along the shore of Tinos, a handsome island with several villages and large monasteries. It is the chief Roman Catholic center of Greece. It is a high island, not wholly barren, and is covered with stone walls such as we have in northern New England, built from stones removed from the soil and used as boundaries and to make pastures. On Andros the walls

were made of flatter stones, more like those found in Rhode Island.

We arrived in the harbor of Mykonos about 4 o'clock. It is protected by a breakwater which also serves as a mole. It took a good deal of backing, filling, gesticulating and shouting to get our stern to the mole and tied between two caiques. There were willing hands ashore to handle the lines, but everyone seemed to have a different idea as to ways and means; none coincided with Mateo's conception, and none with Hod's and my theory—added to which was the confusion of tongues. However, after the pulling, hauling, shouting and chattering subsided we found ourselves tied up all "*a taunto*."

One of the first sights to greet our eyes was a pelican swimming in stately fashion about the harbor—indeed a strange sight to greet the eye in Greece. Had it been during cocktail time we might have felt momentarily perturbed. I suppose that some sailor brought it home, as parrots were of old.

The town clusters around the harbor and is most picturesque with its white houses, old-fashioned windmill, dovecotes and churches. It is a tourist center, especially for the Greeks, and boasted a new hotel. The two Bills visited it and, finding it empty, were told that it was not yet the "*haute saison*." Being a tourist center, the town had a rather more sophisticated air to its picturesqueness. We suspected, for instance, that the windmill was run purely for the tourists. It was marvelously photogenic and looked well on postcards. Colorful fishing boats and island-hopping caiques were closely packed along the mole or hauled up on the beach. All the buildings along the beach, except for the hotel which fitted well into the landscape and the municipal building, were either shops or restaurants. At the very first shop Jim, Mason and the two Bills succumbed and became possessed of shirts, made for the tourist trade, that would have made Joseph's coat of many colors look like a Quaker costume. At the end of an hour they were laden with bundles of every shape and size.

Jim, Mason and I wandered through the narrow streets. Here, as at Skyros, the staircases were all outside, the houses built of

small fieldstones plastered over and whitewashed and the roofs usually flat. Red, blue and green doors and shutters provided such color as there was.

As we were passing a gateway on high ground at the end of the tour, it was opened by a girl and revealed a garden brilliant with flowers. We stopped to admire it, whereupon she beckoned us in and escorted us into a good-sized building. This, we soon ascertained, was used principally, if not wholly, for an art institute run by the Greek government. Here artists could come to stay, study and work. It was simple, adequate and well kept up. From its terrace we had a fine view of the town, the harbor and surrounding country. We noted two windmills and several of the characteristic dovecotes I mentioned before.

After dinner, when it was dark, we watched a passenger steamer enter the small harbor, drop anchor, turn around on it, and then take on passengers and cargo. Four or five small tenders were loaded with bales, beasts, goods, chattels, fruits, hens and people, most of whom had been sitting patiently on the dock for hours. Much shouting of orders and blowing of whistles ensued; all seemed chaotic but within a surprisingly short time she was grinding up her anchor and churning on her way.

The following morning was a grey and rather threatening one. We went ashore for a final "look-see." I took a few pictures and while doing so noted an undyed sweater of native wool hanging in an untouristy-looking shop. It was the kind the fishermen wear and, being unscoured, to all intents and purposes waterproof. I passed the shop twice but finally succumbed and purchased it for about five dollars (probably twice the price charged to natives). When I returned on board it was so admired by the others that they all insisted on my guiding them to the shop. Jim could not find one to fit him, but Mason and Bill Grosvenor each got one. Our departure was further delayed by Minot going in search of some bread to lure the pelican out to *Aegean* where we could get some pictures of it. He was successful, after a long search, in finding some bread, but the pelican would have none of it.

In spite of these delays we took our departure for Delos at 11:15. The wind was right in our teeth, it was heavily overcast and the coldest we had encountered. We were feeling just a tiny bit sorry for ourselves, for we had expected to find much balmy weather now that we were in the Cyclades. As we neared Delos a black cloud overhead threatened rain. Having heard so much about Delos and its fame and importance for centuries as a religious and commercial center, we had expected something unusually striking in appearance. Instead, it appeared grey and barren and far from imposing.

The harbor is small and shallow and the holding was poor. The wind was blowing hard right on our tail, from which direction there was no protection. The first time we dropped anchor it dragged. We wondered even more why Delos had been such an important harbor and could only assume that the ships must have been beached instead of anchored in ancient days, and yet there seemed no good beach for that purpose. When assured that the anchor was holding we went below for luncheon. When we came on deck after lunch, the black cloud and all the other clouds had disappeared, the wind had dropped, the sun was warm. Our spirits rose; somehow we felt that fair skies and warm weather had come to stay.

We went ashore, and under the tutelage of a competent guide supplied by the government—plus our super deluxe guide Mason—we were able to get a very good idea of what all the ruins meant. Even so, it was still hard to believe that Delos could for centuries have played such an important part, religiously, politically and commercially. We saw broken portions of the statue of Apollo which gave us an idea of what its size and importance must have been. We saw the remains of the Roman city as well as the Greek and some well-preserved statues of leopards or lionesses, but it was not until we were more than halfway up the high hill, which rises steeply from the harbor, at the site of an old temple that I could fully appreciate the outstanding beauty of the location.

From there, and higher up as well, is one of the loveliest seascapes imaginable. The view holds its own with the mountain view from Delphi. No doubt that in each case these outstanding views had much to do with their selection as sites for a shrine. From the temple there are three different framed pictures of grandly molded islands with smaller islands in the foreground studded in a brilliant blue stretch of sea. The conditions for us were perfect—the sky was clear, the sun bright, and the blue sea varied from a dark sapphire to aquamarine. I was content to go no farther, but the others pressed on their way to the top of the 350-foot peak which dominates the island. Sheeplike I followed. It was slow plodding up a precipitous runway and steps. From the top the view was a sweeping one of islands and sea in all directions—a grander view than from the temple site but not so much to my liking.

In all we spent about three hours exploring the ruins, visiting the museum, and admiring the views. We were back on board by 6 o'clock, had a quick swim, and then hoisted anchor, deciding that we could pick out a better anchorage on the nearby island of Rinia. Accordingly we dropped anchor a half-hour later just off a beach in three fathoms of the clearest water imaginable. The beach was surrounded by almost desert-like country with no sign of habitation except a tiny house and a small dock.

It had been a high-point day. The weather had definitely changed for the better; we had seen Delos and were lying snugly in a choice spot. It was without doubt the time to break out the pint of old bourbon which Jim had brought along for our ritual drink of "Mother's Milk." Baba Costa, also sensing that it had been an exceptional day, rose to great heights. He proudly set before us a freshly caught fangri, the finest of Grecian fishes, decoratively and deliciously garnished with, or rather molded into, firm and separately kernalled rice, accompanied by some magic sauce which added to and enhanced the flavor of both the fangri and the rice. For dessert he produced an embellished baba au rhum, or to be more literal a baba au Cognac. I hardly need to add that the wine

was Cordon Rouge. Final proof of its having been a high-point day was produced when Bill Clothier went so far as to smoke a cigar.

Next morning all of us were on deck early for a swim. It was a breathless and breathtaking morning. If ever water was pellucid it was then and there. Our usual breakfast of sweet oranges, omelette, toast, marmalade and tea or coffee tasted unusually good. We sat on deck afterwards watching the arrival of a veritable caravan of people, donkeys, goats, sheep, dogs and a calf or two, appearing over the top of one of the low rolling hills and winding their way singly or in small groups through the dry gullies and along the beach on their way to the small landing. There some of the laden donkeys were unloaded and then sent back without escort from whence they had come. The reason for the arrival of this cavalcade was soon apparent. We heard the familiar sound of a one-lunged diesel and around the point came an "island-hopping" caique laden with a mixture of animals, goods and people similar to those awaiting it. The confusion and clamor resulting from the ensuing disembarking and embarking was something to see and hear. We could not resist rowing in near the dock to take pictures. It seemed like hopeless confusion and an impossible task, but with men and women and children pushing and pulling tails of animals, the cows, donkeys and sheep were unloaded and loaded without injury or permanent mixup, and in a surprisingly short space of time the newly landed cavalcade had disappeared over the hillside and the caique carrying the departing cavalcade had disappeared around the point, leaving the dock deserted.

Soon thereafter we also departed under power and took a look around the point, where we saw the remains of what must have been at one time a substantial military establishment. We then rounded the north end of Delos and headed for Port Paroikia on Paros Island. We remained under power, as there was no wind, and anchored off the curving beach in the early afternoon. In approaching the island we noted on the top of a mountain peak a building similar to one we had seen on Mykonos. It looked like an

observatory or a radar tower. We judged it to be the latter and ascertained later that it was a receiving station for the radiotelephone network which was being developed in the islands.

The harbor is a large one without much protection from the west. The houses were typically flat-roofed and shining white, much like Mykonos, but there was not quite the same subtle charm. At one end of the crescent a new modernistic hotel, which fitted well into the landscape, was being built; at the other end this structure was balanced by the blue dome of a small church which, being situated on a hillock, rose above the houses clustered around it. Farther away, halfway up a mountainside, we saw a monastery which Jim and Bill Grosvenor decided was to be their afternoon goal. With this in mind they went ashore right after lunch. The rest of us elected to have a siesta before landing and then explore the town. At the last minute Bill Clothier decided that it was so comfortable on board that he would remain there. Accordingly Jim, Mason, Hod and I landed and poked about the streets, which are narrow and winding. In the course of our wanderings we came upon a large church near the town piers. It was a striking one, especially after we had passed through the main portal and entered the courtyard, which contained two ancient and superb cedars besides all manner of flowers and shrubbery. There were both a school and a museum attached to the church. The church itself was handsome and spacious. It was being given a good cleaning by a group of cheerful women. Jim and Bill Grosvenor joined forces with us there. The going had not been easy for them. Bill had scraped his shin, had nearly broken his neck in a fall, and had been bitten by a viper—or so he claimed. Back on board, we had a swim and then hoisted anchor at 6:00 P.M. to make our way along the high coast of the island to St. Yanni Cove, Naousa Bay. The light was something to behold, giving to the water almost unbelievable colors. Close around us it was blue as a cornflower, while close under the cliffs it was as purple as a dark purple hyacinth. It was easy to see why Homer so frequently spoke of "the wine-dark sea." Our cove proved to be a snug anchorage

under a rock-strewn cliff where we could hear along the ridge the tinkling bells of a herd of goats and see the lights of Naousa start to twinkle as we went down the companionway to our dinner.

The next morning started sunny and clear, which we had come to expect but relished nevertheless. While taking our swim, we heard a shepherd boy whistling to his flock and the tinkling of their bells. Soon they appeared—sheep and goats together winding along the rocky terrain, evidently seeking fresh pastures, but where they could find grazing in that barren terrain we failed to see. To everybody's amazement Mateo produced an eel which he had caught on the line he always hung over the side when we were at anchor. He was an inveterate fisherman, forever hopeful, but he was almost stunned by this happy occurrence. He trolled too, but even he did not seem to expect that this would ever produce results. There was literally no wind on our way to Naxos Island and the sky for a time was completely overcast, giving the sea the appearance of chromium plate.

On a prominence at the entrance to the port of Naxos two columns and the doorway of an ancient temple still stand. The town, though its situation is much like Herakleia's, was not as spotless in appearance. It was conquered and possessed by a Venetian family in the thirteenth century. Some walls of the old castle remain and are used as part of the walls of many of the houses. We wandered about the streets while Hod attended to customs, and Baba Costa and Phillipos to supplies. We were not favorably impressed. It had a generally slovenly appearance, although there seemed to be a good deal of commercial activity. There were several gangs of longshoremen loading or unloading large caiques. Hod told us that there was a strong longshoremen's union there. We returned on board in time for a swim in the warmest water yet (70 degrees, Jim said) and lunch. Nobody wanted to remain there for the night, so we decided to try a cove on Sikinos Island, Myrsini Bay, where Hod had never been before. Glad we were that we did so. It was long and narrow between rocky cliffs. At the head of it was an almost miniature landing place and building. There were perhaps

a dozen small boats, hardly more than skiffs, moored close to the cliffs on one side. Stone walls radiated in every direction, although the soil between looked sparse indeed. Just beyond the dock were two small fields in which two men and three women were harvesting wheat with sickles. Just below the fields was an olive grove and orchard.

Jim and I went ashore to stretch our legs and were surprised to find a newly paved or repaved road leading from the landing place. It soon gave way to a stretch of dirt road which brought us to a well, similar we imagined to the one Rebecca went to with her pitcher. From there paving began again, sometimes new, sometimes shiny with age, sometimes stepped or terraced, sometimes flat. It led steeply up a hill to a small village. At first we thought it might be some new development, but when we reached it there was no doubt of its antiquity. We could see many fields, all walled, stretching to the shores of the island in every direction. There were about sixty to eighty houses, two windmills and a freshly painted domed church. We saw neither a store nor a tavern and wondered how the townspeople got their supplies. It was very primitive but by no means run-down. Wheat appeared to be the chief and only crop, except for the vegetables grown for home consumption. Stones, stones, stones everywhere—on the ground or making up miles and miles of walls—and yet there was an appearance of fertility, because of the wheat, greater than any we had seen except on Andros. The water system was an ancient and simple one. After the day's work was over in the fields, the women descended with empty jugs to the well, filled them, and then plodded back up that steep half-mile.

We saw one cow, a few sheep and goats, no carts, only donkeys. All in all, it was a revealing glimpse of rural life in the Cyclades and made a deep impression on us both.

At cocktail time we noticed a boy running along the beach and then bounding (and I mean bounding) with bare feet along the sharp rocks at the water's edge. Fishline in hand, he took his stand as near to us as he could get, not realizing what a picture he made

for us as he stood there with rolled-up trousers, bare legs, grey shirt and wide straw hat. He stood out from, yet blended in with, the background of rocky cliff—a Grecian Huckleberry Finn.

Loath to leave, as usual, yet eager to see new places, we left for Ios on the island of Ios after a swim, leisurely breakfast, and my arduous chore of approving the menus for the day. It was only fifteen miles away and we had hoped for a sail, but there was no wind. We arrived under power in time for a swim and lunch—an exhausting schedule requiring a siesta after lunch.

The harbor is an excellent one and provides shelter from winds in any direction. A striking white church stood on a promontory at the entrance like a lighthouse. A group of white buildings rimmed the dock and there were a few houses near the shore, notably a villa belonging to a wealthy Greek who had made great efforts to improve the island's economy. The villa was surrounded by brilliant flowers. Hod knew the owner but he was away. The real town of Ios lies high up on the mountainside. There is one intermediate level on the way up the stepped ramp where there were another villa and a few smaller houses. The main town was typically white, the streets narrow and crooked with here and there a small square. At the very pinnacle was a small chapel, just below it an abandoned church, and below that again, capping the town, a handsome domed church.

While we were in the process of dropping anchor two cable lengths from the quayside, a passenger steamer was weighing anchor ready to move on. She had been the yacht on which the Duke of Windsor, then King, cruised with Wallie Simpson. No sooner was our anchor down than a boat came alongside to hand us a telegram. It brought glad tidings. It said that my son George, who I had hoped against hope might join us, was due to arrive in Athens the next day. The timing was unbelievably perfect. First, Ios was one of the few places a telegram could have reached us. Second, once ashore we were only just in time to send a telegram in return telling him where to meet us. The telegraph operator was locking up when we arrived at the office and it would not have been

open again until at least Monday and perhaps longer, as a telegraph strike threatened. Third, there happened to be a steamer leaving Athens Monday night and arriving at Ios on Tuesday morning. Fourth, we had planned to sail to Santorini and back on Monday and so, without changing our plans, would be on hand when he arrived early Tuesday morning. On top of all this, George was able to get a room at the hotel although he had not arrived in Athens until midnight. He found next day that Hod's sister Ann, who speaks Greek fluently, was bound for Ios on the same steamer he was taking—thus no linguistic difficulties! George had made no plans or reservations before leaving home. He just hopped on a plane to Athens, hoping to meet up with us somewhere in the Aegean. There was not a hitch. He even had time to visit the Acropolis. It all goes to show that a righteous life or being shot in the neck or elsewhere with luck is far preferable to careful planning.

At all events, after our S.L.S. (Swim, Lunch and Siesta) we all went ashore, splitting up into groups. Hod and I, having made our visit to the telegraph office, then ran into Baba Costa and Philipos, who invited us to join them in a café for a beer or coffee. While we were sitting there, a man came in bearing a freshly killed lamb which Baba Costa had ordered. It was of course admired, not only by us but by the other customers and a group of wide-eyed children who had attached themselves to us and were standing in the doorway watching our every move. This group kept on increasing as we walked about, looking at points of interest which included ten or twelve windmills, most of which are still in use. The proprietor of one of them took us inside and explained its operation. The stones for grinding are made up from gypsum rock and are not one solid slab of stone. Many people stopped and spoke to Hod, all very pleasantly. It appeared they were saying nice things about his sister, who had spent considerable time there, and telling him that he looked like her. The children were all good-natured and were not trying to beg. The only thing they seemed insistent about was that we should take their picture. Unfor-

tunately, I had used up the last exposure on my film, so I had to resort to the dastardly procedure of pretending to take their picture. A Polaroid camera would have been just the thing to have given them all a thrill. I doubt if they had ever seen one and I can imagine their delight if I could have produced a picture of them on the spot for all to see.

We were all back on board in ample time for dinner. After dinner, by prearrangement, two musicians joined us, one with a fiddle and the other with a stringed instrument of troubadorian appearance. They played music of the islands and occasionally sang ballads, mostly of a plaintive sort. Their island dance music inspired Phillipos, aided by Baba Costa, to demonstrate some dances. In spite of the restricted deck area and the rigging, he showed amazing agility and grace. The stars overhead shone brightly and were mirrored in the steel-smooth water. On shore a bright light shone on the white face of a house; the other houses were in dark shadow, barely revealing themselves except for the arched windows of one, which were outlined by a subdued light from within. All else was dark on the waterfront; high up in the town a single light shone. The whole effect was theatrical in the best sense. After an hour or more the musicians, playing and singing softly as they left, were rowed ashore in the dinghy by Phillipos. No other sound except the soft dip of the oars.

On Monday morning our start for Santorini was an early one, for we had decided to come back to Ios for the night in order to be on hand to welcome George when he arrived. The sea was smooth, the wind was light, a condition which called for engine as well as sail. Santorini loomed larger and larger as we approached.

The bay is the center of a crater formed by surrounding islands which rise up jagged, steep and forbidding. They have an infernal appearance: no soil or greenery to be seen, only hard slag—brown, grey, yellow and in places red as if glowing with molten heat. Along the ridges are several towns of clustering white houses giving the appearance of icy white frosting on a cake. The cliffs are

so precipitous that it is difficult to comprehend how these towns can be reached from the shore front.

No sooner had we passed the entrance than the wind which had up to then been mild blew down from the green cliffs in great gusts. We surged along them for four or five miles to the foot of one on which the principal town, Thira, perches. The water was far too deep to anchor in, but we were able to tie to one of the large mooring buoys off the dock. Beyond the dock the cliffs change their character and consist of some sort of powdery earth which looks like ready-mixed cement. It was being mined but for what purpose we did not know. Farther on still, the colors change to light grey and yellow.

We were hardly moored before a local bumboat was alongside ready to take us ashore. Bill Grosvenor was unable to join the landing party, for on the way over he had a painful injury, the severity of which none of us at the time realized. With his customary eagerness he had jumped to take his place at the wheel and in so doing had struck his knee against one of the spokes, causing him instant and evident agony. We advised him to take to his bunk and keep his knee as immobile as possible. This he would not do but did remain on board and Bill Clothier stayed with him.

As we stepped on the dock we were surrounded by donkey men clamoring and struggling to have us ride their donkeys up the steep zigzag ramp which led to the top. Jim with unerring eye picked out the speediest beast and led the informal race to the top. My judgment was bad. I picked out what looked like a soft saddle but it kept slipping off and my donkey had no desire to match strides with the others. It was a nerve-racking journey. The donkeys would almost walk over the edge before they would turn and zig the other way.

From the waterfront the town had appeared intact but when we got there we saw the devastation caused by a severe earthquake the year before. There was hardly a house that was not in ruinous condition. Nevertheless life still was going on, the rubble was

being cleared, buildings were being repaired, and new houses were being built.

Though there was not much to see of beauty or importance, the whole atmosphere and effect was memorable and striking. Over the top of the ridge on the other side of the town stretched some fields and vineyards, which somehow seemed out of place amidst the green rocks and slag surrounding them. Having been told that the wines of Santorini were famous, we sampled some at the house and store of the French Consul. They were not at all to our liking, whether sec, demi-sec or sweet. They export *wine* but we were told that all the *water* for the town, except such rainwater as could be caught in tanks, has to be imported from other islands.

When it came time to return, we disappointed the donkey drivers by electing to walk down the steep incline. By the time we reached the bottom we were acutely aware of seldom-exercised muscles and were appalled at the thought of how much steep climbing and descending has to be done by the people who live there.

We were back on board in time for lunch and found that Bill Grosvenor, in spite of our admonitions, had gone in for a swim.

After lunch, before heading back for Ios, we circumnavigated the islands of Paleo Kamini and Neo Kamini, which lie in the middle of the crater basin. An eruption in 1935 had completely changed the contour of Neo Kamini from what appeared on our chart. There was hardly a blade of grass or pinch of soil to be seen, just grotesque slag. We wanted to explore a cove which showed on our chart, but it no longer exists. Having satisfied our curiosity, we took advantage of a fair breeze, hoisted sail, and headed back. We decided it would be a good chance to take pictures of *Aegean* under sail, so we dropped Mason and Hod in the dinghy together with a battery of cameras and then sailed back and forth while they snapped pictures.

Once we were back on board, a school of porpoises almost immediately appeared and began to play around our bow, rolling, rollicking, and jumping out of the water. I have never seen a por-

poise performance to compare to it! We arrived "back home," as Jimmy inadvertently but appropriately remarked, about 7:30. We had planned for music and some sort of fiesta at the taverna ashore, but there were no lights showing when we came on deck after dinner, so we abandoned the idea and not at all reluctantly climbed into our bunks at an early hour, looking forward to George's arrival in the morning.

The afterguard was astir early, happy to find that the skies were clear and the weather warm. After a swim and breakfast everyone arrayed themselves in their most dazzling colors. I provided tasseled caps for all except Hod, who produced his ceremonial topper. When we all were ready, the steamer appeared at the harbor entrance as if on cue and soon thereafter her anchor chain was rattling out nearby. My heart sank at first because even looking through my binoculars I could see no sign of George. I was about to give up my search when I spied a dark-headed individual, arrayed in a shining blue shirt (the exact counterpart of the rare souvenirs picked up by Minot and Hammond at Mykonos), taking pictures from on top of the pilot house. It was George! Hod and Phillipos rowed over to the steamer, extracted him from the crowd, and brought him aboard. He was taking pictures of us and we of him. We had thought to astound him by our festive costumes and he had thought to astound us by his. It turned out to be a draw.

Not long after, Hod's sister Ann, who had been on the same boat with George, came on board bringing mail and magazines. She had rented a little cottage on the beach and was planning to stay for several weeks. Goodbyes were said and by 10 o'clock we were on our way to Seriphos Island.

The day was the hottest we had encountered and except for a brief breeze off the coast of Siphnos we had to rely on the engine. Before lunch we stopped and all hands had a swim, except for Bill Grosvenor, whose knee was still swollen and painful. It was impossible to keep him from hopping in and out of his bunk and coming on deck, and our attempt at rigging an ice bag for his knee only resulted in thoroughly wetting his bunk. The water was un-

believably blue—so blue that you felt sure it would show on you when you came out of it. This was puzzling, for the sky was not blue; it was not cloudy either, but covered with a sort of mist which appeared grey compared to the deep vivid blue of the water. I noticed more than once that if there are no real clouds there is almost surely a misty appearance to the sky and yet the sea is bluer than blue.

We arrived at our destination, Port Livadi, Seriphos Island, at 6 o'clock. The harbor is formed somewhat like a fishhook and we dropped anchor behind the barb, close to a small dock at which lay two caiques. Around the dock were clustered a dozen or more houses, then came a comparatively rich-looking valley and then a mile away, high up on a ridge, was the whitewashed town with a lonely chapel perched on its highest pinnacle. In almost every place we had been and on almost every island we passed we noticed chapels standing in the most amazingly inaccessible-looking places. Sometimes they were near to a town on a steep pinnacle, sometimes all by themselves in lonely places, but nearly always on heights. How people get to them is a puzzle. This is equally true of some of the monasteries. I still wonder how often some of the chapels are used. I suppose that many of them were built as a result of vows made by sailors whose lives had been miraculously saved in dreadful storms.

Jim, Mason and George united in dashing up the mountain to the town as soon as they were ashore. Bill Clothier and I were content with a more leisurely stroll partway up. Bill Grosvenor perforce and Hod stayed on board. Close to the shore was the nearest thing to a swamp that I have seen in Greece. In it were growing bamboo-like canes which one frequently sees used for roof thatching and fencing. The high climbers were a bit late for cocktails but hurried up sufficiently to be at the table before Baba Costa's imposing soufflé collapsed. This delectable dish was followed by an equally delectable "Agneau au Grec" accompanied by Cordon Rouge.

I had planned that the next day Jim and Hod with the assistance

of the crew would get us under way at an early hour while the rest of us slept. They were all prepared to do this, but to my considerable annoyance everyone else except myself insisted on bestirring themselves also, thereby causing undue turmoil and laughter.

The day was warm, with a heavy haze which again did not interfere with the sea being indigo blue. There was little or no wind until noon, at which time a southerly breeze came in and we were able to dispense with the engine and make six to seven knots. By 3 o'clock the wind had lost its weight and a swell arose, giving us a disagreeable rolling until we were well under the lee of Spetsai. In spite of the tossing about, Bill Grosvenor would keep climbing out of his berth, bad knee and all, until I practically commanded him to stay put until we were anchored, which we were about 4:30. We spent a couple of hours taking on supplies and walking about Spetsai, which is a well-known summer resort and easily accessible to Athens by steamer. We had hoped to arrive in time for Bill Grosvenor to take the steamer to Athens to have his knee X-rayed. Bill Clothier was going to accompany him, as he also wanted to be there for a day to catch up on correspondence and arrange about reservations, but the steamer was disappearing in the distance just as we arrived.

The island of Spetsai is heavily wooded, something that we were not used to seeing. The town itself is, as I have said, chiefly a summer resort and looks not unlike a village on the Riviera. The houses all had red-tiled roofs and were mostly yellowish in color, rather than flat-roofed and gleaming white as elsewhere in the islands. We thought that the large old-fashioned hotel in its hey-day must have had not only considerable comfort but distinction as well. There is also a boys' boarding school on the waterfront with a campus and four or five good-looking buildings. Otherwise the town has little to offer in the way of interest or local color.

It was not an alluring place to anchor for the night. However, Hod assured us that a few miles away there was a charming cove called Zogeria and he was right. We dropped anchor at the head of it almost in the front yard of a fisherman whom Hod knew well. We

had a swim in the clear, calm water, unusually welcome cocktails, and as usual a delicious dinner. The cove with its wooded shores was more reminiscent of a Maine coast anchorage than any place we had seen. After dinner Hod and George rowed ashore to visit with the fisherfolk in their little cottage. George could not join in the conversation, so felt in duty bound to accept their offer of some cold squid. A rugged test of *toujours la politesse*.

Again an early start involving the minimum of disturbance was scheduled. Hod and I were to slip the cable and be off without bothering the others. This sensible arrangement again proved impossible, for as soon as the engine was started everyone came piling on deck and demanded that we stop for a swim. They could hardly be blamed, for it was indeed a perfect morning without a breath of wind. A half-hour later we gave heed to their lamentations and stopped long enough for everyone except Bill Grosvenor to have a dip, and he had to be well nigh forcibly restrained. Instead we gave him a thorough scouring by means of the canvas bucket.

It was a longer run to our objective, Nauplia, than we had expected. Even so, we were tied up to a dock there by 11 o'clock. The approach to the town is impressive. A large fortress, high, high up on a ridge rising from the water, overshadows the town and the whole valley which stretches out below it on the other side. Its walls run down to a lower hill whereon there is a subsidiary fortress which is part of the town. A bathing beach lies at the bottom of the ridge just before the point that marks the entrance to the harbor. The beach as we sailed by appeared well covered with well-covered bathers.

Just around the point and marking the other side of the narrow channel leading to the docks is a small fortress or dungeon which at first glance looks like a battleship. In times gone by it served not only as a fort and dungeon but also as a residence for the executioners who not unnaturally were none too popular with the inhabitants. It has now been converted into a novel and attractive little hotel. When we went by there was a mass of bougainvillea in

full bloom cascading over its grey stone walls, making an eye-catching picture.

Immediately after docking, we secured a car to take the two Bills to Athens. We hated to have them leave, but the program was that they would rejoin us in nearby Tolon late the following day unless there was something seriously wrong with Bill Grosvenor's knee, in which case it was presumed he would have it put in a cast and head for home as soon as possible. That, as we shall see, was not at all the way it worked out.

After they had departed, Jim, Mason, George and I went ashore to cash some American Express checks and look about. Nauplia proved to be a substantial town with a number of automobiles and even a traffic policeman. We first made our way up to what might be called the lower Acropolis; the upper one is called the Acropolis of Palomedes and is where the ruins of a once mighty fortress dominate the scene. The remains of a covered passage, still largely intact, leads down the almost perpendicular side of the ridge to the lower Acropolis. We spent some time debating whether we should attempt to go up it. We older folk decided not to, for it was hot, the climb was clearly a rugged one, and the heights looked dizzy, but George borrowed Mason's camera and started the long ascent. We watched him for a time as he kept appearing and disappearing on his upward way. We then started to stroll back. Just as we were nearing a large square, an ice cream vendor spoke to me in English, saying he used to work in America. I had been thinking in the back of my mind that possibly there was a more roundabout but less steep way of reaching the fortress, so I asked him if it could be reached by automobile. He said it could, so I shouted to the other two, who were across the street. We hailed a nearby taxi and jumped in, forgetting in our haste, I regret to say, to tip our informant or even buy some of his ice cream. The taxi took us to the main gate of the fortress. From there on we had to clamber about on our own. I am almost ashamed to say how dizzy it made me feel at times. We looked about for George, hoping we had beaten him to the goal, and as he was nowhere to be seen I began to worry

lest something might have happened to him, for it would be easy to step through an opening into nothing. Finally, to my relief, I saw him on a battlement above me and hailed him rather casually, saying that we had decided to come up after all by another way. He was dumbfounded and inwardly considerably irked, although he did not show it. Here he had knocked himself out making amazingly good time up the rugged path and there we were before him! I then laughed and said, "We will meet you at the automobile," meaning to break the news that we had come that way, whereas he took it to be rather cruel banter on my part and it was not until he had joined us and saw the automobile that he realized how easy our ascent had been.

The fortress was an interesting one. The buildings and battlements revealed that it had served various purposes for various nations. Primarily and principally it was a Venetian fortress. Nauplia was for generations the most important Venetian outpost in the Aegean; later the Turks took it over, and some of its buildings were used as a prison by the Greeks until very recently. The view from it was a superb one, with the fertile valley stretching out for miles below. Acres and acres of olive groves, large citrus orchards and vineyards. It was easily the lushest-looking area we had seen in Greece.

George was thankful for the ride back, though the whole episode no doubt rankled a bit. On our return we rowed over to the Bourzi, the converted little dungeon keep I have spoken of, for a swim and luncheon. The sunny courtyard within its walls was filled with flowers and flowering vines, a suitable setting in which to sip the martini cocktails Jim had concocted from the necessary ingredients he had been able to unearth. We used up the last of their gin and the last of our drachmas to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned. These two items being exhausted, we rowed back to *Aegean* to partake of octopus and rice. Mason and George confined themselves almost exclusively to the rice, but Jim, Hod and I thoroughly enjoyed the octopus as prepared by Baba Costa,

whereas the other day I had been far from enthusiastic about a tough and tasteless octopus dish Mateo produced for us.

A short nap was in order after lunch and then Jim, Mason, George and I set out in a car for Epidaurus, where are the ruins of the famous temple and shrine of Aesculapius. There was much to be seen both in the museum and the surrounding precinct. Most important and best preserved of all was the theater. It remains almost intact. Work was being done on it in preparation for the presentation of Greek plays to be given later in the summer. Loud hammering was going on, interfering somewhat with the interesting and informative lecture Mason gave us. There is no denying that the acoustics are remarkable. Even a slight sound is audible from top to bottom and side to side, not to mention ones of an explosive nature—this inadvertently supplied, to the amazement and amusement of the workmen and the cleaning women, who dropped their respective implements and burst out laughing. In the temple area the maze and the so-called snake pit are the most notable. Only the outlines of the stadium remain, showing a 200-yard straight-away cut out from the rising ground which forms the seating area.

On our way back we stopped to see the ruins of an old fortress at Tiryns, not far from Nauplia. These are very ancient, dating back to 1600 B.C. Think of it! Such things as that in Greece make the time of Christ seem infinitely nearer than does the recent civilization in our own country. There was a cave where sheep had been kept for centuries. Its rough limestone sides were polished like shining marble by the sheep rubbing against them. The view from the Tiryns fortress, which is on an isolated hill commanding a fertile valley for miles around, was in itself worth a visit. We did not return to Nauplia but went to Tolon, a small seaside village to which Hod had brought *Ægean* while we were away. There was no dock and the beach shelved slowly, necessitating our wading out to get into the skiff.

Our cruising the following day was all on land. We had arranged for a car to meet us. After breakfast Jim, Mason, George

and I set out in it for Mycenae and Corinth. As we drove through it we were increasingly impressed by the fertility of the Argive country. Besides olive and orange groves there were numerous other fruits growing on trees and vines, tobacco plantations, fields of Indian corn, artichokes, wheat and other grains. Flowers flourished all about, both wild and cultivated—hollyhocks growing wild and profusely, bush after bush of oleanders, both white and pink. Near Mycenae the road was lined by them on each side for several miles.

Our first stop was at the tomb of Agamemnon—most impressive because of its great antiquity and peculiar structure. The main ruins were only a short distance away. There we saw “in the flesh” the famous Lion Gate which has graced the pages of so many books on art, archaeology and history. Mason’s knowledge of history and archaeology made everything more vivid to us.

From there we proceeded to Corinth. After crossing over the pass dividing the country of the Argives from that of the Corinthians, there was a notable change in the appearance of the countryside. It appeared less fertile and there were many more vineyards. It must indeed be one of the chief, if not the chief, wine-producing areas of Greece. To our regret the museum just outside the forum in Corinth was closed, it being their luncheon time, but this did not prevent us from wandering over the remains of the old Roman forum. It is larger and better preserved than the one in Athens. Nearby there still remain some large columns of an early temple antedating, by centuries, the very forum in which St. Peter preached the gospel. I cannot help repeating how impressive it is seeing such indisputable evidence of civilization and culture dating back so many centuries and how far less remote it makes the events and scenes of both the Old and the New Testaments seem.

We had planned to lunch at the government restaurant but decided instead to cross the Corinth Canal and lunch at a restaurant Hod had told us about at a small town the other side of the gulf. We had difficulty in locating it, in fact probably never did. We stopped at one we thought might be it but did not like its appear-

ance nor did they seem at all interested in us, so we left and stopped at some tables set up in a park. Here the proprietor, whose source of supply was in a building across the street, gave us warm welcome and gave us a good lunch marred only by an overabundance of flies. The Corinth Canal was a sight worth making an effort to see. It is a deep, narrow slit, looking as if it could be jumped across, and three miles long although it looked less than a mile. The road between it and the restaurant town was lined all the way on each side with white and pink oleander bushes—in itself a sight worth traveling far to see.

We made no stops on the return trip and were back on board *Ægean*, anchored off the beach at Tolon, by 4:30.

I had half expected to find the two Bills there ahead of us, but there was no sign of them. Two hours passed and we began to wonder where they were and if perhaps they had tried to send a message to us. Hod was about to go ashore when we saw a car come down to the beach and stop. A lone figure wearing a red jacket or sweater got out. We looked through the binoculars and saw Hod's wife, Dosia. We knew that something must be up. We sent the skiff ashore to get her. When she was within hailing distance she allayed our fears by calling out, "Don't worry; everything is all right." After coming on board she told us that the X-rays showed Bill had cracked his kneecap and that the doctor had been able to have a brace made to keep his knee from bending and had told him to do whatever he wanted with the brace on. Bill had felt it would be too awkward to get about on the boat so decided to stay in Athens and perhaps take a trip by car to Delphi. Bill Clothier had very kindly elected to stay with him. They had been able to acquire a handsome suite at the King George Hotel; had taken Dosia to dinner the night before. She said that they appeared comfortable and happily ensconced. On the whole it seemed a wise decision, but we keenly regretted the loss of their company.

We insisted that Dosia stay on board for dinner, but she could not be persuaded to take over one of the cabins for the night, having already engaged a room at a small inn right on the beach. Dur-

ing cocktails we watched with interest the life along the shore. Children playing, nets being dried and mended, boats being hauled out, people sitting under the arbors of little tavernas gossiping, and octopi being flogged on the rocks with repeated and resounding whacks. This latter pastime seems an essential part of any Aegean waterfront scene. Whether it is to tenderize them or to knock away all gelatinous substance before drying or cooking them I do not know—probably both, but it certainly seems to take power and persistence to achieve the objective or objectives.

Our dinner that evening was an especially good one—a superfine herb soup, our favorite famous fangri fish and one of Baba Costa's babas. On deck afterwards we were treated to some singing by Dosia and George to which the rest of us added our humming and croaking.

My rough log for the next morning starts off on a tuneful note—"Oh, what a beautiful morning! Oh, what a beautiful day!" There was no deadline for us to meet. A swim, oranges, breakfast and then just sitting and watching the shore life and the fishermen searching for octopus, octopi or octopuses. By 10:30 we were sufficiently rested and relaxed to slowly raise the anchor and power along close to the coast, poking our nose into likely-looking coves for future reference. One of them, Port Kaidari, seemed like a perfect anchorage in any wind. The entrance closed itself as we made our way in up to its end. There were a few houses there and beyond them a saltwater pond, on the other side of which was a good-sized village. At the entrance to the harbor we saw the remains of a Venetian fort.

The cove we picked out to anchor in for lunch, Agios Nikolaos on Cape Thimi, was almost a complete circle. On the shore olive trees dotted the hillside growing out of a sloping field of yellow wheat. It looked for all the world like an African scene—the sort of place where in the movies antelope are stalked and startled by lions or where giraffes nibble gingerly on the leaves of trees. It was too tempting not to go ashore and wander about before lunch. George and Mason climbed to the top of a ridge from which they

had a marvelous view in all directions. We took our swim off a pebbly beach, then after lunch and a siesta made our way to Portocheli on the mainland just opposite Spetsai. It is located on a small bay with four or five coves and inlets, all of which looked like attractive anchorages. At home it would certainly soon be a summer resort with small boats sailing about or at anchor. We did not land at the small town tucked away in one corner but contented ourselves with going close along the shore. The late afternoon light cast its magic spell on everything, and there was just enough sunlight left to warrant another swim after we dropped anchor in a cove where the only sign of habitation was the remains of a small house that had a tree sprouting through its roof. There was no nearby mountain or high cliff to shut out the sun prematurely as often happens, so we were able to drink in the sun's full beauty with our cocktails as it slowly sank towards and behind the faraway hills and then in one sudden, almost instantaneous plummet, disappeared completely. That was the signal for dinner. After dinner, the sky had rearranged itself to our complete satisfaction—a thin slice of moon had replaced the departed sun and bright stars shone and sparkled in the sky while their reflections did likewise from the glossy-surfaced water. Hi! Ho! Hum!—a grueling day indeed!

Worn out by the previous day's exertions, we did not swim until nearly 8 o'clock. A bright sun, no wind and translucent water prolonged our usually brief immersions.

A rest period after breakfast while we prepared for the ardors of another perhaps equally rugged day. Then up anchor and across the few miles to Spetsai, where we tied up at the pier. Everything appeared "en gala"—flags flying on the dock and along the waterfront, wreaths and garlands hung from poles, and a few yachts in full dress. The cafés along the waterfront were well populated—people moving about the plaza and a dozen or more barouches in active animation. We ascertained that it was Commencement Day for the school—an important event for the town. We landed to do some errands and to see if possible the house of Bourboulina, a Greek heroine who in the Revolution of 1821–1828 had fitted out

and commanded a privateer and fought her with great gallantry. We located the house but were unable to gain admission. Instead, Jim, Hod, George and I hired a barouche and drove out to the school. The grounds were attractively planted and in back of the buildings they had a small stadium with soccer field, basketball court, running track and six tennis courts. There was also a sheltered area under the stadium which served as a gymnasium. We went into one of the spacious buildings and found that the floors were all tiled and the wide staircases marble. The ceilings were high-studded, the walls of plaster—very cool and clean-looking. We saw some of the classrooms and also a bedroom for the older boys. There were six beds in it and no other furniture. Outside in the hall each boy had a large locker. We were treated with great politeness and wished that we had time to glean more information. We did gather that there were approximately two hundred boys ranging in age from nine to eighteen or nineteen.

We returned on board about noon, hoisting sail as soon as we were clear of the dock, and made our way to Dhokos Strait. We put into a narrow cove on the north side of Dhokos Island where we swam, lunched and siestaed.

Our afternoon objective was Hydra. Hod had told us that it was one of the sights of the Aegean Sea and that many of the scenes of the movie *Boy on a Dolphin* had been filmed there; even so, I was surprised by its beauty and color. Photogenic to a quintessence: high headlands with the remains of forts and battlements guarding the entrance to the harbor, leading back from them a ring of steep hills on which the town is built. Some of the houses were handsome and substantial mansions owned for generations by the same families. Around the inner harbor, formed and protected by a breakwater which also serves as a mole, are other quays, a broad plaza at the very end and paved promenades on both sides. It being Sunday, gaily painted caiques were tied up in every available space. Two small sailboats were sailing and drifting about the harbor, their white sails standing out in contrast to the reds, blues and greens of the caiques. All was subdued motion along the water-

front. Fruits and vegetables were piled in picturesque heaps on the plaza and all manner of other merchandise was displayed in the little shops and stalls along the waterfront. The buildings in Hydra were not all white as we had found so often the case on the outer islands; some were yellow, some were of old stone either unstained or painted. Most of the houses had red roofs and red, green or blue shutters and doors.

We climbed up the winding walks on one side of the harbor, stopping at different levels to admire the harbor and the town from ever-changing angles and through varying vistas. Before returning on board, which was not until after 7, we visited the principal church, which is hidden away in back of the waterfront. Its courtyard was shining white with a pillared balcony, very chaste in its cool simplicity. In contrast, the interior of the church was sumptuous and emblazoned with gold and colors. We reluctantly returned on board and cast off from the mole, but it was all so perfect and the light so bewitching that we anchored in the middle of the harbor and had a cocktail while we watched the lights on the hillsides and along the water start to appear. Whether to stay there at anchor to see and hear what Hydra had to offer on a Sunday night or whether to depart while some light yet remained and anchor in a nearby peaceful cove was a difficult decision to make. We elected to depart, creeping slowly out, our eyes lingering on the scene we were leaving until it was hidden by a headland.

Brief though our stop at Hydra was, it made as vivid an impression on me as anything we had seen.

It was dark when we dropped anchor in the cove close in to the shore, but as it proved not close enough, for the next morning Hod awoke at 7 to find that we were no longer in the same position. Gusts of wind coming down from the mountainside had caused us to drag our anchor into deeper water and moved us two hundred yards or more. The extra labor involved in grinding up the anchor before breakfast plus a swim sharpened the crew's appetite to a razor edge.

After breakfast, without unseemly haste, we powered to Poros

Bay, dropping anchor off a little landing of the monastery of Zoodkos Pege (the Life-Curing Spring). Just before landing we had stripped the tattered shirt George had been wearing far too long off his back, whereupon he gave a cry of anguish and leaped in a graceful parabolic curve—trousers, sneakers and all—into the tranquil blue waters. This afforded Phillipos huge amusement. Shortly thereafter we landed at the dock, all of us arrayed in shorts, and walked up a paved stepped ramp to the monastery. There was nothing of particular note to see except for a large and handsome cypress in the courtyard and a large stone slab at the entrance to the church on which it was related that a certain ensign named Bruce who had accompanied the English ambassador to Greece early in the nineteenth century “had lamentably died of a fever” near there.

We stretched our legs a bit along a path in the woods and then returned to *Aegean* for a swim, beer and lunch of cold lobster. After a short nap we hove anchor and powered across the bay to the narrow channel which joins Poros Bay with Poros Harbor. The town of the same name covers most of a small high peninsula which is joined to the island of Poros by a narrow neck of land. When we came to the town we found the water so deep so close in to the shore that we were able to practically stroll along the street on the waterfront, which at times broadened into a plaza or small square. It was like being on a Venetian canal. We felt no particular urge to land. Instead, we hovered about and watched some of the Greek navy in the process of maneuvering a landing ship dock in to the beach. We then hoisted sail and progressed at a leisurely pace downwind until the wind completely deserted us. We again saw the two inter-island steamers, or more properly diesel vessels, which we had encountered every day since we made contact with the Peloponnesian peninsula. They were both converted yachts and one of them used to belong to Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law. She was a fine, able-looking boat. The other was of an older vintage and more on the traditional steam-yacht lines.

Our destination was Port Steno. Steno means narrow, and the

harbor proved to be a long narrow cove, but the Port part of its name appeared a misnomer, for there was no visible sign of habitation. The water was deep close in to shore, which made it advisable not only to drop anchor but to tie our stern to a tree. This accomplished, we went ashore. Almost instantly we felt as if a spell had been cast upon us. There was an overwhelming sense of antiquity about the olive grove we came upon and the uneven rocky path winding up the hillsides. In places the outcropping rocks were polished smooth from wear. We heard tinkling bells and soon were passed by two women sitting sideways on their donkeys and followed by another donkey loaded with freshly cut hay. We bowed, smiled and said "Chairetay" (the word most often used for greeting sounds at least something like that). They bowed and smiled in return and replied in similar fashion. Except for Hod, who seems to speak Greek with reasonable fluency, and for Mason, who with his knowledge of classical Greek makes a stab at conversation when necessity arises, our use and knowledge of Greek was practically nil. The greeting "Χαίρετε," which as I have just said sounds like "chairetay" or "charity," and "Εὐχαριστῶ" (efharisto), the word for "Thank you," which we rendered by simply saying "F. Harry Stowe," were about the limit of our vocabulary. This, however, was no deterrent to Jim as he strode along a village street. He gave the effect, or thought he did, of considerable fluency by repeating rapidly several times in succession "Charity, F. Harry Stowe" whenever he met someone and then, fearing that his accent might cause him to be suspected of being English he would hastily add, "Americano, Americano."

We had not proceeded far before we came upon a little chapel and near it a whitewashed house. In front of the house was an old circular threshing floor and near to that an old wellhead which had on it an inscription in ancient Greek but so worn by time that Mason could not decipher it. Yet it was still in use—think of that! The prospect from there was an enticing one in all directions. Mason elected to clamber up to the remains of an old fort on one side of the harbor. George and Hod elected to work their way along a

ridge to see what lay beyond, while Jim and I wandered along a path in another direction, thinking that we might find our way down to a cluster of small houses in a small cove on the other side of the ridge we were on. There were several fishing boats there and from one of them could be heard strains of music coming over their radio, none too soft or alluring even at a distance of well over a mile. I noted with surprise and interest a fish weir, the first we had seen, very similar in design and shape to those I am so familiar with in Maine.

Right after Jim and I parted company with the others we heard again a tinkle of donkey bells and the creak of wooden saddles, then into view, winding through the olive grove, came a group of a dozen men and women, mostly women, returning from their labor in the wheat fields several miles away. It was breathtaking to see them and hear them talking with each other. The donkeys were well laden. If they had a rider, they also carried bundles of wheat or fodder. Those without riders were piled high with sheaves of wheat. The group split up soon after passing us. Some took a path which appeared to lead down to the fishing village we had seen; a larger group zigzagged up the mountainside, disappearing at times behind boulders and bushes and then reappearing again higher up, the tinkling of the bells and the sound of their voices getting fainter and fainter. A perfect fadeout. For a while we stood still, feeling as if we had been privileged, unseen ourselves, to draw aside the curtain of centuries. We wandered on aimlessly, for the paths branched off in various directions. We passed only one habitation, and even when we reached the top of another ridge and could look down on a large cove on the farther side, we could see no village. It would be interesting to know how far the workers we had seen had to travel each day on foot or donkeyback before they even reached their place of work. They receive no portal-to-portal pay, I am sure. The olive trees seemed very old and very gnarled and twisted. In places wheat and grasses had been planted among the olive trees even though there appeared to be no soil whatever.

It seemed a miracle that anything could grow. By the time we returned on board there was little daylight remaining.

After dinner the moon came out. I am sure that if we had ventured ashore and wandered amongst those ancient groves and had been very quiet in doing so, we would have heard some piping and caught a glimpse of capering satyrs and perhaps a nymph or two. Instead we resorted to the sorry substitute of doing our own caroling.

Port Steno's impact will ever rank high in my memories of the Aegean, a fitting climax to our cruise. The next day we were returning to Athens.

Our final day, Tuesday, June 4, was sunny and warm. We had our last pre-breakfast dip in the crystal-clear water, a rope's length from the olive grove. From the deck we could see a number of waterlogged planks lying on the bottom. Whether they were the remains of a vessel that had been sunk in Port Steno during the last war or not I do not know, nor do I know what sort of a vessel it was, to whom it belonged, or by whom or how it was sunk, but Hod assured us that a vessel of some sort had been sunk in Port Steno.

There was no wind, so we proceeded along the coast under power, passing close by the town of Methana, well known both for its sulphur springs and the remains of an ancient fort. We dropped anchor about 11 o'clock off the town of Aegina. Our reason for stopping there was to visit the temple of the goddess Aphaia, a local deity attendant to Athena. We rowed ashore and were immediately surrounded by men and their donkeys. We ignored them and also a taxi driver, electing to walk instead. If we had known what a long, hot climb it was, we might have decided otherwise. Through centuries of use the underlying limestone of the tortuous path had in places been rutted and polished.

We found the temple, built about 400 to 500 B.C., remarkably well preserved and in the process of being partially restored. Apparently the attempt was being made not to actually restore it, only to put back in place as much of the old material as possible.

It is made of white marble and many of the large columns remain. The descent by foot was much quicker and easier. While rowing out to *Aegean* we noted a shapely female figure cavorting in a bathing suit on the flat rocks close to the shore. She appeared to be making up her mind whether or not to take a plunge. Just as soon as we were aboard we put on our bathing trunks and were about to immerse ourselves by one method or another when we caught sight of the bobbing head and flashing arms of a swimmer coming towards us. We soon perceived it was the sprightly figure we had noticed. When she came nearer we invited her to come aboard and rest herself. She came aboard but seemed in no need of rest, nor had we been mistaken as to her shapeliness. Her name was Dolores and she came from New York and had been on a sightseeing trip in Europe since March. The rest of the story is all anticlimax. Minot seemed determined that we should waste no more time in and around Aegina (though some of the rest of us felt that it was not wholly a waste of time) so he began harrumphing and saying to no one in particular but in a thoroughly audible voice, "Too bad we cannot stay here longer but we must be on our way. Very important we get to Athens on time." On time for what he did not explain. Constant repetition of this and similar phrases resulted in otherwise inexplicable ungallantry on our part. We did not even offer her refreshment and delegated Mateo, who obviously was nothing loath, to row her ashore, whereas we should have offered her refreshment, asked her to luncheon, and suggested that we send Mateo for her clothes so she could sail back to Athens with us instead of returning by car. When Hod and George realized what had happened they gnashed their teeth and had to be restrained from diving overboard to delay Dolores.

There is little more to relate. We stopped for a final plunge in the sapphire-blue waters of the Aegean Sea before they began to be tarnished by the sewers of Athens. We picked up our mooring in the crowded quarters of Passalimani Harbor at 4 P.M.

We went into town and found the two Bills comfortably ensconced in a large suite. Bill Grosvenor had disregarded and dis-

carded his leg brace. They had been swimming at least once a day and had dined and danced in the evening. They and Dosia came back on board with us for a farewell banquet. Baba Costa in producing it reached his highest achievement as a culinary artist.

The next morning no swim but breakfast and a bask in the sun before we shoved off for the airport, singing one more Aegean paeon to the Angry Fangri, to Hod, his ship, his wife and to Greece.

Ionian Odyssey

1958

OUR three weeks' cruise with Hod Fuller on his schooner, *Aegean*, in the latter part of May and early June 1957 had been so soul-satisfying and perfect that before it was over Jim Minot and I told Hod we definitely wanted to come again in 1958.

The best time for us, so far as we could figure at such long range, would be in July rather than May or June. Hod said if that was our plan he would advise strongly against cruising again in the Aegean Sea, for July is the season for heavy winds from the north, called meltemi, which often last for days at a time. He suggested instead that we try the Ionian Sea, on the westerly side of Greece, which was more tranquil at that time of year. This sounded fine to us, so we then and there tentatively, and later definitely, signed up for July 1.

During the winter we were fortunate in securing for shipmates my brother-in-law Bill Grosvenor, who despite his severe leg injury during the 1957 cruise was eager to go along; Charlie ("Talla") Weston, who was thoroughly at home on a boat and had once before cruised with us in Maine; and Bill Barber, headmaster, Greek teacher, and hockey coach at St. Mark's School (of which I was president of the Trustees), an old but younger friend of mine—a man more versed in the lore of ancient Greece than in seamanship.

On June 28 all of us except Jim, who had departed several days earlier via London, met at Logan Airport. The TWA plane left as per schedule at 7:30 P.M. My bunk proved comfortable. I was soon in it and soon asleep, remaining in that state until we had nearly reached Shannon. We breakfasted on the plane and then at the airport there was an interval which we put to good use by having a shot of Irish coffee and buying various and sundry articles in that free port.

The next stop was Paris. Bill Grosvenor and Talla Weston ate lunch there. My only purchase was a bottle of cognac for the cruise. As it turned out, I should have bought more.

From Paris to Rome there was only one other passenger traveling first class besides myself. Crossing the Alps was sensationally beautiful. We weaved in and out between massive white peaks. It seemed as if we could almost reach out and touch the top of Mont Blanc—or was it the Matterhorn? The change from this rugged panorama to the green, well-tilled valleys of Italy was a marked one.

Our stop in Rome was short and we were soon winging our way to Athens, getting a good glimpse of Sicily and Mt. Aetna before it became dark.

We arrived in Athens at 10:30 P.M. their time. We had no trouble with the customs and we were met by a very intelligent English-speaking chauffeur named George who had been sent by our last year's chauffeur, Carlos, who was otherwise engaged. George took us and all our luggage to the Athenée Palace Hotel, where we found two connecting rooms and one bathroom awaiting us. A bottle of Fix beer and then to bed.

Not unnaturally, everyone slept well and late, which was made easier by the fact that our rooms were equipped with General Electric air conditioners (advertisement!). We then dispersed to do various errands. I, more especially, to make sure our return reservations from Corfu to Athens were O.K. To my distress I found that they were not. I then went to the Cellar to order wine and liquor for the cruise—gin, vermouth, scotch whiskey, Bacardi rum, champagne, some King Minos wine and a rosé wine. As it turned out we had more than an ample supply of gin, much too much scotch, not quite enough rum, and about the right amount of champagne. As for the King Minos and rosé wine, neither was as good as the Rhodes wine which Hod provided; in fact the rosé wine was plain poor, whereas some we had purchased the year before was excellent.

We rejoined each other at the hotel and then drove out to a

nearby beach. Strange as it sounds, the beach and all pertaining thereto is run by the National Bank of Athens under some arrangement with the city. It is attractively laid out and well run. Our only difficulty was in obtaining towels, which we should have brought with us. The bath houses are neat and clean. There are umbrellas, chairs and a place to buy soft drinks and beer; a nice-looking restaurant at one end of the beach and some cabins or cabanas at the other end. The water is shoal and was therefore too warm for my taste. After our swim and a gingerly exposure to the sun (for it is pretty penetrating), George drove us to a nearby restaurant where we partook of sweet shrimp, a fresh fish which we had picked out in the pantry, and a bottle of white wine which went well with both.

Back to the hotel for a brief siesta and then to the Acropolis while the chauffeur went to the airfield to meet Jim Minot.

At 8 o'clock (it was still light at that time) we descended upon, or more accurately climbed up to, Hod's apartment, where he greeted us warmly. The apartment commands a superlative view of the Acropolis. His attractive wife, Dosia, came in shortly after we arrived, closely followed by a young man who we thought at first to be her son, or at least an old friend of Hod's and hers. It was not until joyous greetings had been exchanged all around and my new crew members, Talla Weston and Bill Barber, introduced to the Fullers, that we learned the young man had just happened to come in at the same time as Dosia, having been referred to Hod for advice about a boat. He must have been somewhat bewildered by all the chattering that was soon going on about last year's cruise and this year's cruise and mutual friends recently seen or not recently seen. However, he kept his equilibrium admirably and it developed that his name was Ted Frank, that he had gone to St. Paul's School and was now at Harvard. As he had no plans for the evening, we invited him to join us for dinner at a delightful restaurant near the beach with a Greek name which meant Son of a Fish. Just before we left, in came Dosia's son, who was soon to be married. This provided further excitement but unfortunately his

fiancée did not arrive until just as we were piling into our cars. The dinner was a fine one and we lingered over it until after midnight; that is the way they do in Greece. I do not suppose we really started dinner until 10 or 10:30.

Much of the morning was spent trying to buy hats for the after-guard similar to one I bought in Boston for \$1.99 just before leaving, made of a light grey canvas-like material with a rather wide, stiffish brim. They provided shade and looked fairly snappy.

We boarded *Aegean* at Passalimani Harbor, temporarily stowed our effects, and shoved off. Jim and I took the main cabin berths as we had the year before, I the wider so-called secretary's berth. Bill Grosvenor and Talla Weston shared the center cabin and Bill Barber had the bunk in the doghouse aft.

It was high noon with a whipping westerly wind which necessitated using our engine, as we wanted to get a look at Piraeus Harbor and go through Salamis Strait where we could view the scene where the Battle of Salamis was fought. The most striking sight, however, was the hundreds of freight vessels of varying size and in various states of dilapidation which were anchored close together all along the strait and in all the many coves. Surely the bottom must have dropped out of the shipping trade, which since the war had been a source of enormous profit to Greek shipowners. Some looked as if they could be readied for sea again at fairly short notice, many others looked as if they never would or could leave their anchorages again except for the scrap heap.

We anchored in a sheltered spot in Silenia Bay, which is formed by a curve in the island of Salamis. Here we had a swim and luncheon. There was no thought of a siesta, for there was a brisk fifteen- to twenty-knot westerly wind which we wanted to take advantage of, so by 2:30 the anchor and then the sails were up. We envisaged a brisk sail all the way to Epidavros, a port on the east coast of the Peloponnesos, but after an hour the wind petered out and we had to be content with proceeding under engine. However, the sky was cloudless and the rugged outlines of Aegina, which we passed to the westward, were good to look upon.

The entrance to the harbor of Epidavros is exceedingly narrow, for a wreck or the sunken remains of a battlement or pier nearly blocks off the entrance, but there are two buoys to mark the channel. The village comes down to the water's edge and on a promontory on the right-hand side as you enter is an old church dominated by a magnificent cypress tree. The whole effect was striking. We were anchored by 6:30. Everything around us was bathed in misty blue and soon we were bathing in blue ourselves.

Perfect surroundings and perfect weather conditions for our first evening. The dinner prepared by our chef, Baba Costa, was just as delicious as we had prophesied to our neophytes that it would be. Once again, a bottle of Cordon Rouge sent with the compliments of my secretary, Miss Rushton, and the Gardner Office, Inc., treasurer, Myron Wotton, successfully gilded the lily.

Before leaving Athens we had heard that they were having a two-week dramatic festival at Epidaurus and that a first-rate company was performing a series of old Greek plays in its famous theater. In the hope of seeing one, we arranged to hire a car to take us there after dinner. The route over the mountains was narrow and tortuous, but fortunately there was little or no other motor traffic. At first we were disappointed to discover that there was no performance that evening, but there was a rehearsal going on which proved so interesting to watch that I am not sure that we were not lucky. We had the whole theater pretty much to ourselves, enabling us to look and listen from different places. The acoustics were amazing whether we sat high, low, or in the middle and whether we were on the side or in the center. There were no costumes, just slacks and shirts mostly, but the actors would go through a whole scene without interruption and they did it so well that I forgot the lack of costumes. The whole atmosphere of this ancient theater bathed in moonlight made it easy to create one's own costumes and to imagine the seats crowded with a critical audience of ancient Greeks.

Of course we could not understand what was said, as it was being done in modern Greek, but it soon became evident that they

were rehearsing *Oedipus Rex*. It was of utmost interest to see how the chorus was handled. (This had always puzzled me in reading Greek plays.) They handled it effectively, the chorus moving with stylized gestures and synchronized steps into definite patterns, their lines spoken for the most part in unison and keyed in with their steps and gestures. Everything was done with dignity and in slow cadence.

It was thrilling to realize that on a moonlight night over two thousand years ago everything must have looked and sounded almost the same. We kept hearing a constantly recurring, rather metallic noise which for a time seemed to come from one place with mechanical regularity. Then I began to notice that the same noise came from other directions also and that it was by no means rhythmic, proving that it must be produced by bird or beast. Our opinions differed on this question; some said bird and some said frog or toad. We heard it once or twice again in other situations which convinced me that it was bird-produced—perhaps a nightingale, at least that is what Hod presumed, but it did not have the lovely sound that nightingales are usually credited with producing. It was more like the sound a night heron makes. Whether bird or beast, I am sure the same sounds accompanied the chorus in the time of Sophocles.

The following morning the sky was again cloudless, as it was to be for nearly twenty out of the twenty-one days of our cruise. We had hoped for a sail but after rounding Cape Spiri, though there was a whitecap breeze, it was dead against us, requiring the use of the engine if we were to get anywhere. At noon we anchored at the easterly end of the Corinth Canal to await permission to go through. The canal is so narrow that only one-way traffic is possible and there were several eastbound vessels due to come through. We had a swim while waiting and watched the vessels emerge. One very dapper-looking diesel vessel was an Italian wine tanker. It amazed me to know that Italy imported wine from Greece. It must be a well-paying trade, for the tanker was as spruce and jaunty as a yacht. The quarters for the captain and his family

looked pretty cushy, flowers and all that sort of thing and no doubt wine piped right to his berth—a pipe berth no doubt!

In due course our turn came. It was a thrill to poke our bow into this slit, straight as a string and almost as thin—a streak of blue water stretching for three miles, but looking far less, encased in a tunnel with no top but with towering side walls sliced smooth as if with a carving knife. There was current enough and it was narrow enough to require me to give pretty careful attention to the wheel.

We anchored for lunch behind a breakwater at the westerly end of the canal close to a small, very dirty salvage caïque. Apparently there are so many wrecks around Greece, due to the last war, that a living can be made by salvage operations even on a small scale.

There was a strong headwind which made our exit from the canal into the Gulf of Corinth a trifle ticklish. After rounding Cape Melanagavi we hoisted sail. There was a good breeze for a time but considerable sea. All too soon the breeze died out leaving a very confused and uncomfortable sea; indeed, at times we were rolling our scuppers under. We had planned to anchor at Alkionides Island, where a friend of Hod's had a house, but there looked to be too much sea at the anchorage there, so we proceeded around the island and headed for Domvraina Gulf. This proved an unusually captivating place. We were immediately greeted by tuna jumping all around us. Naturally we got out our trolling line, but the tuna were in too sportive a mood to bother with our lure.

The next thing was to pick out an anchorage. We studied the chart, which was rather unrevealing, and compared it to our surroundings. We then made our way into a narrow cove, sounding with the lead as we went in. It was too deep until we were practically on the rocky beach and too narrow to swing. We tried it tentatively but no go. After looking at the chart, Minot felt sure there was a possible place on the other side of the bay around a headland. We went there and sure enough we found bottom. There was a small flat field with a few olive trees and a minuscule beach. Really a lovely spot. We debated whether it should forever

after be named Minot's Cove or Ouzo Cove. The cove is in Vathi Bay, which in turn is part of Domvraina Gulf, the whole being dominated by Mt. Palaevuna and other slightly lesser peaks.

It is always difficult in writing an account of a cruise or trip to find new ways of saying much the same thing, especially when it is necessary to indicate a change of time or day or direction. You soon run out of such phrases as "the following day, the next morning, our next stop was to be, we proceeded from there, we then left, we left, we departed, we were on our way . . ." and so on. Xenophon solved this problem rather successfully in the *Anabasis* by seldom varying from the phrase "Enreuthen exelaunei," which roughly translated means "From thence we departed," or maybe it is "he" not "we." Anyway, I am inclined hereafter to make use more often of "From thence we departed."

Hod was kind to us the next morning, allowing us to pursue our slumbers while he and the crew hove anchor at 4 A.M. and headed for Itea, the port for Delphi. He aroused us in plenty of time for a swim and breakfast before docking at 10 A.M.

The day was clear and bright and the view of the high hills surrounding Delphi and Mt. Parnassus in the near distance was magnificent. When we were in the Aegean in May and June of '57 we had been struck by the rapidly and constantly changing aspect of the sky, especially around Euboea and the Northern Sporades. It might be almost cloudless and a few moments later totally overcast, heavy cumulus clouds would change to thin wisps like magic, and vice versa. This did not seem to be so at this time of year or in this part of Greece, for we saw few if any clouds. The atmosphere was clear and yet an indefinable blue haze seemed to envelop everything—everything, that is, except the sparkling dark-blue water.

We immediately hired a taxi and drove up the winding road to Delphi through many olive groves and a few villages. On arrival we secured the services of an excellent guide and viewed the interesting ruins, including the stadium which I had not seen before. When the visit was over it seemed appropriate to stop for an ice-

cold ouzo at the little government hotel with its superb view looking down to Itéa and the Gulf of Corinth. Back on board we immediately cast off, stopped momentarily for a swim, and then ate lunch under way.

To our regret, the nice breeze that sprang up came in dead ahead, so instead of sailing we had to hammer away under power, seeking as much protection from the shore as possible until we reached an unusually attractive cove formed by the island of Trizonia where we dropped anchor at 6 o'clock. A shore party was formed to stretch the legs, but I preferred to remain on board and watch the activity in the village through my binoculars.

The shore party was back in time for a swim before cocktails. The water was surprisingly cold, almost like Maine water, certainly as cold as the outer beach at Nantucket. Weston came out of the water claiming that he had been stung by some sea animal, a sort of transparent eel-like creature, and sure enough there was a red welt on his wrist to prove it, and this was before not after cocktails. While enjoying our cocktails and our surroundings, we heard shouting and cheering on the shore and saw a newly painted caique slide into the water from its cradle on the beach.

The next day, the Glorious Fourth, proved a glorious day, though the haul from the net laid out so lovingly by Mateo and Phillipos the evening before was a small one, mostly small sculpin-like fish which the crew claimed were good eating.

It being clear and calm we got going early with Nafpaktos (Lepanto) in mind as our first stop. It was near there that the famous sea battle of Lepanto was fought in 1571. A large Turkish fleet was badly defeated by an allied fleet and their hold over Greece broken for many centuries. The Turks had 400 ships and 120,000 men. The allied fleet, commanded by John of Austria, which consisted of vessels belonging to Spain, Venice, Genoa, the Knights of Malta and the Pope, had 300 ships and 80,000 men. It was in this battle that Cervantes lost an arm.

The town itself was a well-fortified one and many of the walls and ramparts remain, even down to the waterfront, where they en-

close a small inner harbor. Except for that basin there is no shelter. The ground rises steeply and a large Venetian fortress covers the highest point.

We went ashore well armed with cameras. As in so many other towns there are only a few stretches of real street, the rest being pathways of varying width and steps which seem to wander without plan or pattern. We made our way up to the main battlements and there in a small stretch of level ground came across a plane tree of gigantic proportions. As nearly as we could judge, it had a 30-foot circumference. There were many other trees and shrubs overhanging the walls of tiny courtyards and gardens. There appeared to be ample fresh water, which is a rarity.

Returning on board, we proceeded through the Narrows where the battle had been fought, heading for Patras to take on some supplies. This is a good-sized commercial port, hot and wholly lacking in charm, so there was no inclination to linger longer than necessary.

We were under way shortly after 1 P.M., heading for Cape Papas, seventeen miles distant, at which point we turned the corner and headed south. A nice breeze sprang up. We hoisted our sails immediately with high hopes but the wind soon shifted to the south and down they came again.

As we approached Killini, we saw several groups of rowboats being towed by a powered caique. In each of the rowboats there was a man and a peculiar-looking contraption which turned out to be a sort of lamp or flare which could be lighted at night and was supposed to lure fish into a large net strung between boats. The approach to Killini is not imposing. The land for the most part is flat except for one hill on which there were the outlines of an old fort. The harbor itself is made by a breakwater which the Germans had pretty well wrecked when they left there.

It being the Fourth of July, it seemed a fitting time to break out Jim's ceremonial bottle of old bourbon, affectionately known as "Mother's Milk." It was only a pint bottle, so reserves of lesser quality were also drawn upon.

The dinner, if I remember correctly, was about as follows (using Baba Costa's spelling):

Omelettes Tomato Glace
Filet Sole Saute
Haricots Vert Saute
Fromage Fruit
Cafe
Veuve Cliquot Fine Champagne

A large and handsome moon in a clear sky made everything "coppersettick," as Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, used to say.

After breakfast the next morning all except Hod and the crew went ashore to drive to Olympia in a car which Phillipos had arranged for. Hod and the crew were to take *Aegean* down the coast to Port Katakolon, where we were to meet him after we had seen Olympia.

It was perishing hot and dusty when we stepped ashore and there was no car in sight. Soon a horn was heard and along came an ambulance from which two men in white (or what was once white) stepped out. We assumed that there had been a misunderstanding and that they had come for us. Such was not the case, for they merely stepped across the street to a tiny café and sat down for a cup of coffee. We found some shade outside another taverna and had a bottle of beer while waiting for our car, which in due course made its appearance. It was about a fifty-mile drive to Olympia and not particularly interesting, except to note there were vineyards, rice paddies and bamboo thickets besides various other crops, indicating a good water supply. We stopped for a few minutes at Pirgos, where we invaded the post office to write and mail innumerable postcards.

Immediately on arrival at Olympia, Bill Grosvenor reached for his camera. It was not there—nowhere to be found! Must have left it at Pirgos, he figured, either at the post office or at a kiosk in the square where he had stopped to buy a postcard. Nobody knew whether we would go through Pirgos on the way to Katakolon or

not. In any case it looked like "goodbye camera" for Bill, as it surely would have been for anyone else. He alone was sure we would go through Pirgos and that he would regain his camera.

There is no such spectacular view at Olympia as there is at both Delphi and Delos. Indeed, it is not until you begin to imagine what it must have been like and realize its tremendous importance and impact on Greek civilization that the feeling of awe comes over you. The first glance is disappointing, for, as I say, there is nothing imposing about the site, just a lot of ruined columns lying or standing about. Most of the ruins are in a stately grove. Whether or not they used to be I have no idea.

We engaged a guide who proved to be intelligent and able to tell us where everything had been, where the contestants quartered and where they trained, where the important personages from various nations stayed; to show us the temple of Zeus with its massive columns mostly flattened by an earthquake centuries ago, the old wall, and the heart of it all, the stadium where the games took place. There are no signs of tiers of seats but the lay of the ground is such that fifty thousand or more spectators could see the games. The most astounding thing about it all is that whether or not the city-states of Greece were at war with each other, the games went on and contestants and visitors from warring countries could take part in them or view them without molestation.

It was hot, so before leaving we sat on a flowered balcony of a clean and attractive hotel and had iced ouzo or cool beer as our tastes dictated.

Our return route did run through Pirgos, and though the post office was tightly shut, the kiosk was doing business and there was Bill's camera. The proprietor refused a reward but Bill finally persuaded him instead to accept a fancy price for some article. Thus everything would have been fine if Talla Weston had not just before leaving Olympia had the door of the car slammed shut on two of his fingers. It was an agonizing moment, primarily for him but also for those of us who were slow in realizing what had happened and were therefore slow in releasing him. He was magnifi-

cent about it and after a time felt convinced the bones had not been crushed. Fortunately the car was an old one and the doors not as tight as they might have been.

When we arrived at Katakolon, *Aegean* was not to be seen, but we had not been there long before her masts showed over the high wall of the breakwater. We were soon aboard, and shortly thereafter a fair breeze sprang up. We took immediate advantage of it, and in spite of a confused sea made good progress along the coast. Distances in Grecian waters are indeed deceptive, due to the clarity of the atmosphere and the height of the landmarks you steer for. After looking at the chart we had figured that we could find shelter and a place to anchor behind Proti Island and that we would arrive there while there was plenty of daylight left in which to find a suitable spot. But our eyes deceived us badly and it took a long, long time to catch up with the island, which seemed to be moving as fast as we were. As a result, it was almost dark when we reached there and no matter how close to the shore we edged it was still too deep to anchor, so we had to abandon the idea and keep on for Navarino (Pylos).

The wind gradually abated, necessitating our using the engine. The sea, however, remained turbulent. I therefore suggested to Hod that for supper we would be content with a cup of soup and some cheese and crackers. Apparently Baba Costa misunderstood or just said, "To hell with that!" for to our surprise and delectation we were provided with a full-course dinner ending up with a caramel custard affair that even the gods on Olympus would have relished.

The entrance to Navarino Bay must be always spectacular, for there is a huge rock at the entrance with a round gaping aperture which at night seemed particularly imposing. In this bay another famous naval battle was fought—this one in 1827 during the Greek War of Independence. Here again the Turks were devastatingly defeated by an allied fleet, chiefly British, French and Russian, and their power was broken in that part of the world. At the time

there was no war on, but an incident occurred or was concocted which resulted in the sinking of five hundred Turkish vessels.

It began to blow briskly when we entered the bay and the break-water at Pylos, off which we anchored, offered little protection, but it had been a long day on land and sea and we were soon asleep.

After a leisurely and delicious Sunday breakfast we came on deck to look about. No sooner had we done so than a man on the dock, who proved to be David Creighton, a friend of Hod's whom we had met at the "Son of a Fish" restaurant, shouted hello to Hod and said he was on his way to see the excavations at Nestor's palace at the invitation of Dr. Carl Blegen and would we like to come along. Hod could not make it, but the rest of us accepted with alacrity and forthwith engaged a car to take the overflow from Creighton's car. It was one of the highlights of our cruise. On the way to it we went around the upper end of the Bay of Navarino and saw not only where the Turkish fleet was sunk but also where the Spartans underwent what was very rare for them, a defeat on land and a very bad one at that.

Motoring along the valley and then into the hills, we went through olive groves and vineyards, passing donkeys hidden by the loads of produce they carried.

On arrival at the site we were met by Dr. Blegen and his wife. She had recently suffered a stroke so could not walk about with us but was as keen and knowledgeable about the whole thing as he was. It was a rare treat to have him show us about. He did it all so quietly and yet with an intensity and vision which made what looked at first glance like meager remains become a palace and fortress, which once it undoubtedly was. He told us how before the war he and another archaeologist in trying to find the remains of Nestor's palace had picked on that site, which commanded an unobstructed view of the bay and the surrounding terrain, as a likely place and had on almost the first spadeful struck as it were pay dirt.

They opened it up and found definite evidence that it had been

discovered also in Venetian times. They uncovered much of it and found rooms with mosaic designs. They were doing fine, you might say, when World War II came along and everything had to be abandoned and then, or just after the war, all the chambers, passages and rooms which they had uncovered were filled in to preserve them. Even so, there was enough showing above ground, including hundreds of wine jars and champagne-glass-shaped drinking vessels of clay, to show that it must have been a place of very considerable importance. Dr. B. in his modest way said there was good evidence it was the palace of Nestor as described in the writings of Homer. Think of it!

He also said that the Greek government was going to build a shelter over it so that the rooms could again be excavated and their old decorations seen without the danger of total exposure to the elements.

It was an absorbing visit to ancient Greece under the tutelage of someone whose love and knowledge of those times could be equaled by few, if any, and whose modest demeanor was disarming.

We returned to *Aegean* in time for lunch, and after siestas we again went ashore and climbed up to the old fort which guarded the town. We found it locked, and so also was the small museum which we planned to visit. Nothing much is stirring in Greece between lunchtime and 4:30 P.M. especially in the summer—wisely so, no doubt. The dock leads to or from, as the case may be, a square or plaza surrounded by government buildings, shops and cafés. There are two large cannon, a huge anchor, and a statue to the English Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who led the attack on the Turks at the battle of Navarino.

We did not leave until 5 o'clock, for we were going to Methoni, only about eight miles down the coast. On the way out we had a good look by daylight at the spectacular rock with the great round hole in it and found it hardly less impressive than by night. The fresh breeze that had been blowing died down soon after we

started, precluding our having the fine sail we had been looking forward to. We should have started earlier.

Methoni consists of a very large fort and a small fishing village. The fort is long and low with towers placed at intervals. It is right on the waterfront, forming the principal protection for the harbor, and is striking in appearance because of the whiteness of the stone of which it is made. It strategically guards an important passage between the mainland and the island of Sapienza. It has changed hands many times over the centuries and must have been a fine place for ships to retreat to or from which to make raids.

We were soon visited by several boats full of curious youngsters. I took a Polaroid photograph of one of the boatloads and then gave it to them. They were amazed and delighted and hurried ashore to show it around. Soon after other boats came out, one in particular with two or three youths who had dressed themselves up to the nines (whatever the nines are) and were bitterly disappointed when I did not take their picture also.

The next morning we had a fair wind and a good breeze and sailed all day long. Leaving at 10 o'clock, we sailed through the small gulf passing between Cape Akritas and Venetiko Island. Then for thirty miles or more across Kalamata Gulf past the high grim mountains, the most arid and desert-like we had seen, that guarded the land of the Spartans. After crossing the bay we came to bright yellowish cliffs that ended in Cape Matapan, the southernmost tip of Europe. There appeared to be no harbors along that entire stretch of coast, only a few tiny villages, also several monasteries standing on unbelievably inaccessible peaks far from any other habitation. Only when we were nearing Cape Matapan did we see several larger villages, where the houses were higher and more substantial-looking than any we had seen.

After rounding the cape, on which there is a large lighthouse, Hod brought us into a small cove where only one small fisherman's house was to be seen. The name of the cove was St. Asomaton. The water was crystal-clear and though the hour was late we could

not resist a swim, nor could Mateo and Phillipos resist immediately laying out their net in a choice corner.

The swim next morning was particularly refreshing and the haul from the net unusually rewarding, for it included two good-sized tuna-like fish, about ten pounds each, which Baba Costa beamed over, saying that they would lend themselves well to baking. The day was calm and as usual cloudless. We powered south to the island of Kythera, where according to legend Aphrodite arose from the sea. We dropped anchor in the charming little harbor of Kapsali, or rather the western harbor, for there are two, side by side, divided by a rocky promontory. The entrance is guarded by a Gibraltar-like rock. From one side of the harbor rises a high rocky cliff surmounted by a village and a large fort which like all other fortresses has changed hands many times over the last few centuries.

After a swim, lunch, and short siesta we made our way up the tortuous road to the village. Though the roadway was in this case well paved and the distance only two kilometers, the heat made the ascent seem much longer. The village itself had not much of interest to offer, though thanks to the efforts of some Greek who had made his fortune elsewhere it presented a more prosperous appearance than usual. The fort itself had more to offer, including a fine view of the harbors and the "Gibraltar" rock. On our return to *Aegean* we immediately hove anchor and powered along the coast to a small fishing village called Port St. Nikolaos. The harbor was tiny and the holding ground poor, and though there was no wind, we found that during our evening meal we had dragged until our stern was nearly on the rocks.

From thence we departed the next morning for Monemvasia, one of the most famous of fortresses, which Mason Hammond was so anxious to have us visit on our Aegean cruise the year before. It is situated on a high impregnable rock which is now joined to the mainland by a causeway. At one time it resisted a siege for three years, finally succumbing to starvation. A walled village lies at the base and the heavily walled and bastioned fortress rises above it.

Within these walls are two Byzantine churches and the remains of many other buildings. Hot though it proved to be, the trip was well worth the effort. Back on board we soon refreshed ourselves with a swim and "Poulet aux Ris Mailanese"—at least that was how Baba Costa had written it down. Whatever the spelling, it was as usual very toothsome. We ate while under way, for there were still many miles to go before reaching our anchorage, Zogeria, the lovely little cove on Spetsai Island in which we had anchored the previous year. The big genoa, aided and abetted by the engine or vice versa, pulled us along at a good pace and we were tranquilly anchored in that choice spot well in time to enjoy it in daylight and for an unhurried swimming session. We were visited by the fine-looking and agile children of Hod's fisherman friend, and after dinner Hod and the two Bills paid a visit to him. Jim, Talla and I elected instead to gossip on deck under the stars.

Our stop at the town of Spetsai next morning was short but allowed Bill Barber and me time to visit the school, which unfortunately was closed for the summer, and for the rest to buy supplies and striped blue jerseys.

Shortly after noon we returned on board and hoisted sail. There was a fine southeast breeze and we headed for Hydra, for I wanted Talla and Bill Barber to see this romantic and highly photogenic port. We came in, dropped anchor, and then backed in and tied our stern to the mole without a hitch. It was too early in the afternoon for the shops to be open, but we deployed along the waterfront and up the narrow alleys armed with cameras. We foregathered again in the lovely cypress-adorned courtyard of the church and monastery with its white-pillared cloisters with dark blue ceilings and light blue bands around the tops of the columns.

Our stay at Hydra had perforce to be brief, for we had to press on. My hope was that we could make Port Steno of the enchanted olive groves, one of the places which had left the deepest impression on me the previous year, but after progressing across Hydra Bay to Poros, where we again engined slowly so close to shore that we were practically on the main street, we settled for a cove just

beyond which had once years ago been a Russian naval base.

The day had been a perfect one, cloudless as usual, and yet there was a more noticeable mistiness enshrouding the mountains than there had been the year before. We thought the cove was so remote that it would be entirely lonely, but to our surprise there was a picnic party on the beach and to Minot's consternation a few mosquitoes. As a result Jim had a restless night as he waged a long and unsuccessful battle with one of them. Worse still, for the first time the sky was overcast the next morning. This, however, did not deter us from our swim, which we enjoyed before getting under way and having breakfast at 8 o'clock.

It remained overcast all day but a favorable wind enabled us to sail until we reached the Corinth Canal, where we had only a short wait before going through. It was just as impressive as it was the first time. At the other end we headed for Loutraki to take on water. There was some complication in finding a berth at the small breakwater dock. We were told there were rocks off the end and we could not get in, but we did in spite of a surprising current. For lunch we had octopus à la Baba Costa, a most delectable dish as the octopus had been thoroughly tenderized by Phillipos and some young boys while we were at Hydra. After lunch we went ashore but found most of the shops closed. However, we were able to get some stamps for our postcards, as well as a few bottles of ouzo and some pistachio nuts, both of which items we found ourselves getting surprisingly fond of.

The watering process was a long one, so we were not able to leave until 4:30. We immediately hoisted sail with a fresh and favorable breeze blowing. We boiled along in smooth water until we were by Cape Melangavi. There the seas became lumpier. We had considerable discussion as to where to go. I finally decided that as the wind remained favorable we should not lose the opportunity of getting out of the gulf while the going was good even if it involved going all night. We decided forthwith to make for the island of Cephalonia in the Ionian Sea some one hundred and twenty-five miles distant.



Aegean at anchor



and under sail



The afterguard:
 Paul Cabot
 GPG, Sidney Weinberg, Jim Dickey
 Jim Minot



The crew: Phillipos, Yannis, Giorgos



Corinth Canal, heading west



Velila I

A monk at
Panteleimonos
Monastery,
Mount Athos



Mount Athos



Plains of Troy



Temple ruins, Samothrace



Basilica of St. John, Ephesus



Velila II



Caiques, Skiathos Harbor



A French dig, Aliko Cove, Thasos Island



Linaria, Skyros Island



At anchor, Port Plati, Limnos Island
Jim, Hod, Peabo, Henry Laughlin, Mason Hammond

We then arranged to have three watches—Jim and Charlie Weston; Hod and Bill Barber; Bill Grosvenor and I—and to draw lots for choice of times. Jim and Charlie, drawing first choice, took the 9-to-midnight, we had second and took the 3-to-6, which left Hod and Bill Barber with the “graveyard” watch.

As darkness approached the wind drew more and more aft, threatening a jibe in the confused and lumpy sea at night. To avoid this, we took in all sail except the jib and turned on the engine. Up to then we had hardly seen a steamer a day on the cruise, so it came as a surprise and an irritation to each watch that night to encounter several steamers as well as other boats. It was as if nothing moved except by night. There were wine tankers and several good-sized passenger steamers. We made excellent time and by dawn on my watch were past Cape Papas and could see the dim outline of Cephalonia and some other Ionian islands.

At 6 A.M. Mateo and Phillipos took over. By 8:30, when we all got up for breakfast, it was a beautiful morning and for an hour or more while approaching and rounding the southern end of Cephalonia we had a good sail. The wind then became variable and soon deserted us altogether. We waited for a time to see if it would spring up again, meanwhile disporting ourselves in the deep blue water while gazing at the irregular mountains on the island. By then the sun was hot enough to make the decks as hot as a hot dog griddle, impossible to stand on in bare feet unless wetted down. An awning was strung up and we proceeded under power for Livadi Bay and to an anchorage in Argostoli Harbor.

There was a beautiful diesel yacht tied up by the stern to the dock with a gangplank leading ashore and two anchors holding her bow. We elected to anchor near five or six tramp steamers which had been laid up by running them aground.

No sooner had we anchored than a man came alongside and told us that we had better move as the water was “too few” where we were. However, we disregarded his advice as well as his offer to get supplies for us.

From what we had seen of the villages along the coast we were

not surprised to find that nearly all the houses in Argostoli were new ones. A terrific earthquake in 1953 had flattened nearly every house on Cephalonia as well as on several other adjacent Ionian islands. This of course took away from whatever charm it might otherwise have had. There was still great activity in the way of building houses and fixing things up. Much of the work was being done by a contingent of soldiers. Soldiers were also being used to build roads.

In the late afternoon we went ashore, hired a car, and with the aid of a friendly Greek who had been in America asked the driver to take us to an old castle we had heard about. It was a ten-mile drive which took us along the crest of some hills overlooking the sea on one side and a well-cultivated valley on the other. We passed through one or two small villages, all of them obviously badly damaged by the earthquake. The castle itself was on an isolated high hill commanding a wide sweep of surrounding country. Work was being done to restore it, though a surprising number of the fortress walls were intact. I imagine that most of the destruction of the buildings within the walls was done over the centuries and not by any recent earthquake. Trees had grown up inside the walls and obscured the outlines of the original buildings, which somewhat spoiled the overall effect. Still, it was well worth seeing and it was not hard to imagine what a dominating role it must have played in the surrounding countryside. It was reminiscent of some of the Swiss strongholds such as Gruyère. On the way back we went by way of the valley and saw some of the largest and most ancient olive trees I had yet seen in Greece.

Hod and I and the crew got *Aegean* under way at 5 A.M. The sky showed a few wispy clouds, the sea was smooth, and there was little or no wind. There is something quite special in being up and stirring by the dawn's early light, especially when cruising and camping, and I enjoyed my trick at the wheel as we went out of Livadi Bay. That did not prevent me, though, from going back to my bunk about 6:30 and snoozing until 8 o'clock. We then stopped the ship and had a pre-breakfast swim. The water was perfect, and

the oranges sweet and delicious. We headed north along the coast of Cephalonia until we came to the Gulf of Myrta, where we made a short digression to get a close look at an old Venetian fort built on a rocky peninsula connected to the main island by a narrow sandspit. As so often had been the case, it looked as if nature had fashioned the promontory for the purpose of fortification. We poked into the charming little cove and saw a tiny village snuggled in the curve of the sandspit. We then headed north again, rounded the topmost end of Cephalonia, and then turned south through the narrow channel between it and Ithaca. It gave us all a thrill to get a close-up view of a place so famed "in song and story" as Ithaca. We longed for a breeze to waft us along its shores but there was none, so we had to console ourselves with another swim and some rum cocktails. The villages we saw through our binoculars had evidently been hit hard by the earthquake, for most of the houses and the churches looked new.

We rounded the southern end of Ithaca Island and made for the port of Ithaca, which is about one-third of the way up its eastern coast. The approach is an impressive sight. It is necessary to go through several bays, turning an abrupt corner each time, in order to reach the inner harbor, which is a well protected and striking one, surrounded as it is by high hills. We anchored off the mole not far from the steamer landing at 4 o'clock. We were soon ashore and strolling about the town which, ancient though it was, now consists chiefly of new houses. Returning to the boat we all were able to see from various vantage points the arrival of a yacht which obviously had been some sort of a subchaser. For some reason the whole town seemed to be gathered at the waterfront to watch them come in. It was a thoroughly inglorious landing, being inconceivably bungled, but well worth watching, for in the stern sat two comely females in bikini bathing suits. I wondered if the onlookers had foreknowledge of their arrival or whether it was pure happenstance that they had gathered. In either case, I am sure the bungled landing was not the chief subject of conversation.

We learned later that the yacht had been chartered by a French-

man who was on a three weeks' cruise accompanied by two young and personable Norwegian ladies. Apparently they were not the only attractive-looking ladies to be seen in Ithaca, for Jim, who had been having tooth trouble, visited the dentist accompanied by Hod, and both reported they had met the dentist's wife and that she was extremely attractive in face, form and manner. Though the dentist was unable to do anything for him, Jim did not begrudge the time he spent there.

Legend has it that somewhere on the mountainside near the town of Ithaca is a cave where Odysseus hid upon his return. The next morning we started out to find it, but no one we asked (and there were not many we could ask) seemed to have the foggiest notion where it was, so instead we made our way up by winding narrow paths to an abandoned mill. Several of our party stopped for a glass of beer at a harborside restaurant before returning on board. Here they met the Frenchman and found him to be pleasant and attractive. In the course of the conversation he remarked that after the present cruise was over he was going to get his wife and take her on a two weeks' cruise.

We left the port at noon and he left a few moments after. As his boat passed us close aboard, the two girls appeared on the upper deck in the bitsiest of bikinis. One of them sat down on a cushion which must have been as hot as a red-hot stove, for she sprang up with a pained and startled expression. Then, seeing that our battery of binoculars were trained in her direction, she obliged by posing gracefully for us until they were well by. Very considerate of her.

We then made our way into an utterly charming cove near the northeast tip of Ithaca and anchored just off a little white sand beach. The water never looked cleaner and never felt better and the lunch, langouste and rice with an indescribable sauce, was both decorative and delicious. Our nap was short, for we wanted to take advantage of a fine breeze that was blowing. With the four lowers set, we were soon tearing across the channel between Ithaca and Levkas.

The breeze dropped when we got across and were among the

islands, necessitating the use of the engine as we proceeded along the coast of Levkas and past Meganisi Island. There were a number of caves and indentations to be seen, some of which Hod told us had been used as hideouts for Allied submarines during the war.

We reached our destination, Mantri Island (which belonged to a friend of Hod), in the late afternoon and, after skillful maneuvering by Commodore Gardner, tied up to the small dock which is almost an integral part of the picture-book little villa. The island itself is a small wooded gem. Rising up from the back of the landing was a high wall on and over which was a flowering vine. On the terrace, which the wall supported and contained, were flowering shrubs. The whole effect was most romantic and made more so when we saw the caretaker's wife and daughter come down a winding path through the trees with jars on their heads to visit the spring in back of the house.

The whole day had been perfect in every respect: a look at famed Ithaca, a vision of female beauty, a swim in crystal water, a sail in a fifteen-knot breeze, and coming to rest at the dock of what seemed like an enchanted isle in the Ionian Sea.

There was considerable activity on and around the landing place the next morning. Fishermen arrived with small catches of fish and octopuses, sorted them out, and overhauled their nets; and some neighbors from a nearby village rowed over for a swim. After breakfast most of us made use of the spring to wash our clothes, but some were made timid by the numerous wasps who seemed as avid for a drink of water as an alcoholic is for a drink of whiskey. They were enormous and frightening in appearance but remained friendly. We then started off in ones and twos to explore the island. It is about thirty or forty acres in extent, almost circular in shape, rising to a peak in the middle and, as I have said, heavily wooded like most of the small islands in the vicinity; indeed, nearly all the islands large or small thereabouts have far more trees than the barren, arid islands we were accustomed to. The trees are for the most part olives, some of them very tall, and pine, though there are also fruit trees and eucalyptus. We ascertained that besides the

main villa there were two native houses and a small chapel. In one of the houses lived an old lady who Hod told us had lived there for many, many years. She still looks after herself and when I went by she was cooking over some glowing coals on her hearth. The other was the caretaker's house, where it appeared at the moment there were several families living. I suddenly came upon them from a path I had been following. Two older women were sitting outside, each spinning thread from a distaff they held in their hands. Nearby was a loom at which one of the younger women was working. Both the older and the younger women wore a sort of snood over their heads and when they moved did so with grace and dignity. The menfolk, as seems usual in Greece, were taking their ease, watching their womenfolk work.

Having explored the island, we shoved off and engined across to a big inlet on the island of Levkas. The channel into it was very narrow, guarded by mud flats both going in and coming out. Mud flats are not a common sight in Grecian waters and the lagoon, when we were inside, had the look and feel of an inland lake. Our next stop was in a cove of a nearby island, where we had a swim and luncheon. The holding ground was poor and we dragged our anchor though there was little or no wind, so for our siesta we moved to an even more attractive cove.

Then came the high point of our day and perhaps of our cruise. We upped anchor and went as fast as the engine would take us to Phillipos's home town, Spartokhori on the island of Meganisi. As we came in, we could see the whole population of the town that was not at the waterfront, or dashing down steep inclines to get there, perched way high up on the ramparts. They had seen and recognized *Aegean* from afar, for she had been there once before. The harbor was small, with little or no room in which to maneuver, and it was essential for us to get our stern into the shore between two caiques. I am happy to say for Phillipos's sake that we did it without a waste motion just as if it was an everyday occurrence. Phillipos was surrounded as he stepped ashore. He then left us to go up to see his family and prepare them for our arrival. In any

case we would naturally have been objects of interest but I suspect that the fact we were all wearing shorts (Minot's were pink!) and bright-colored shirts made us all the more the cynosure of all eyes.

We made our way at varying intervals, all armed with cameras, up the zigzag road to the village. Everyone, young and old, wanted to have their pictures taken, but in their endeavor to be in a prominent position they would crowd in on the cameraman to such an extent that it was well nigh impossible to get a picture. If he backed away they would follow and not stay put. We gathered at Philipos's house, where all his family, father, mother, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and a priest were gathered. The courtyard and house were very small, so it made things pretty congested. Their hospitality, however, was as eager and warm as if it had been a castle. They insisted on providing not only bottled lemonade but ouzo though it is expensive and none of us really wanted any. While we were there, an old man came in and showed us a 25-year medal with Judge Gary's head on it which he had received from the U.S. Steel Company, where he had worked. He had lived in DeKalb, Illinois, and wanted someone to write a couple of letters to some friends he had there. Bill Barber kindly obliged.

The town and its way of life must be little changed from what it was a thousand or more years ago. The women were all dressed alike, the older women in black, the younger in subdued colors. All wore snoods. Nearly every woman was making thread on her distaff and cloth could be seen in the making on hand looms. The water supply consisted of two springs at the foot of the high hill on which the town was situated. The transportation was by jars carried on the heads of the younger women. The diet, I imagine, is much the same as it always has been, the chief staples being fish, olive oil, goat cheese and bread. They have kerosene, to be sure, instead of olive oil for lighting purposes and diesel oil for their caiques instead of sail and oars, but that's about all that is different.

It was with the greatest reluctance that we left this ancient town and its courteous and hospitable inhabitants.

Leaving Phillipos behind to stay with his family and join us in

the morning by means of the skiff and outboard engine which we left with him, we dropped anchor in a sheltered spot a few miles away. Here after dark we heard again the notes we had heard at Epidaurus and this time we were convinced that they emanated from birds and not frogs or toads.

A perfect place and atmosphere in which to contentedly and gratefully review one of the most perfect of any cruising days in Greece or anywhere else.

The next morning we arose, with no sense of boredom or monotony, to be greeted by the usual calm sea and cloudless sky, to bathe in the usual clear and refreshing water, to sit on deck in the usual warm sunshine while eating the usual sweet, small oranges before descending to the main cabin to partake of the usual omelet breakfast. The only unusual and discordant note was that "Uncle Bill" was unable to participate in these "usual" delights because of a stomach disturbance which he laid to having partaken of the lemon pop at Spartokhori instead of sticking to ouzo.

It was perhaps more than usually hot when we departed at 9 o'clock and headed for the Levkas Canal, about ten miles distant. First built many centuries ago, it cuts through low marshy land and divides Levkas Island from the mainland. The canal itself, narrow and not very deep, is well marked by wooden buoys which are painted green on one side and red on the other. Thus whichever way you are going you leave the green buoys to starboard and the red to port. All along the canal are salt ponds from which salt has been produced for centuries and still is.

At the northerly end of the canal is the town of Levkas. Here we tied up to the mole amidst caiques and a number of small sailing craft, all actively engaged in carrying loads of passengers to and from a bathing beach about a mile distant at the outermost end of the canal. It was a picturesque sight to see these lateen-sailed craft, filled to overflowing with men, women and children, being maneuvered skillfully but with much shouting by their skippers.

That was about all of interest or charm that Levkas had to offer. It was hot, dusty, flat and undistinguished. We took on some sup-

plies and a limited amount of water, which had to be done by carrying the water some distance in canisters. This was too slow and arduous a process, so we left at noon and headed for Preveza, somewhat off our main course, where Hod was pretty sure water could be obtained. It was near Preveza that the battle of Actium was fought between Antony and Octavius Caesar. Cleopatra and some of her vessels were engaged on Antony's side. In the midst of the battle, on which the fate of Greece and perhaps of the Roman Empire hung, and at its indecisive height, Cleopatra and her ships suddenly withdrew and headed for home. Antony, seeing this, abandoned the rest of his fleet and headed after her.

The approach to Preveza is by a buoyed, narrow channel presumably dredged through surrounding flats. Once through the channel a lake-like basin opens up. The surrounding country is low and flat, most unusual for Greece.

There was a long quay along the waterfront on which there was little or no sign of life, it being siesta time. We tied up at a likely-looking spot. It took some time for Phillipos and Mateo to find out where the nearest water outlet was. Having located it in a taverna across the broad street or esplanade along the waterfront, it was then necessary to find sufficient additional hose to reach our tanks. When this was done it still took a long time to fill the tanks, for the hose was small and the water pressure low. There was a distinct Turkish tinge to the architecture of Preveza and on looking it up in a guidebook we found that it had belonged to Turkey as late as 1913.

We left at 4:30 and headed for Parga, twenty-five miles away. The sun was sinking behind the island of Corfu as we approached our destination but it was still light enough to see when we dropped anchor at 8:30 off a sandy beach in a cove adjacent to the town.

Uncle Bill was feeling slightly better. He had thrice bumped his head against the main boom. This was only routine, or perhaps a bit below average so far as number of times was concerned, but these were unusually severe contacts which took his mind off his

ailing innards. It acted somewhat like the old method of having bees sting people who were suffering pain to take their mind off the afflicted area.

On the shore only a short distance away was a camp or station of the Club Mediterranee, an interesting organization that has camps both large and small in various parts of Greece and other Mediterranean places where the members of all ages and both sexes can have a vacation at modest expense. We were eager to see what it would look like in the morning and if there would be comely mermaids disporting themselves on the sands when we awoke.

Well, sure enough there were, and in most cases their husbands also. There were a dozen or more gaily colored pup tents perched on the hillside amongst the olive trees. Just above the beach was the main cookhouse with an outside eating space next to it. Under a camp leader a group of campers went through a routine of calisthenics before their swim. This was evidently optional, but everybody including the cooks had their swim.

After our breakfast Jim, Charlie, Bill Barber and I went ashore and clambered up to a ruined convent on the headland on one side of the cove. It was hardly worth the effort in the hot sun, but nothing daunted we descended and then trudged nearly a mile along the entire length of the beach before starting up a steep winding path leading to the fortress atop a high rocky headland on the town side of our cove. On the way along the beach we came upon a fisherman and his wife endeavoring to get a heavy boat, which had just been tarred, into the water by means of crude rollers. In the process his wife's hand got jammed. Why it was not mashed completely I do not understand. Though obviously in exceeding pain, she smiled with pleasure when we stepped up and helped launch the craft. It was a steep climb to the fortress, which we found to be grown over with trees and shrubs but which at one time had been a formidable affair dominating the harbor approach. We then dropped down into the town and wandered the actively

populated streets, stopping to refresh ourselves with Mr. Fix's product at a waterfront taverna.

I got up to stroll along the harbor esplanade to take some pictures when suddenly a gendarme came rushing up behind me with a shotgun in his hand. My companions thought he was after me for taking pictures, but he kept on going and I followed for a distance as best I could, as did numerous others of all ages. I finally ascertained that he was after the scalp of a mad dog that had been reported.

We returned by boat or trail to *Aegean* in time for a swim, lunch and siesta. Then we headed for Spuzzo Bay on Paxos Island some ten or twelve miles to the westward. Spuzzo Bay proved to be an ideal little cove about the size of Lakeman Harbor, Roque Island, almost completely landlocked. There was only one house, off which we anchored, and a few rowboats on the other side of the cove, nothing else to be seen except olive trees, stone walls, and stones.

Mateo and Phillipos lost no time in getting out their net. A little later some fishermen came along and told them that seals might get into their net and tear it. I suspect this was to discourage them from leaving it there overnight. If so, this ruse was successful, for Mateo and Phillipos hauled it before dark with scant results.

At sunset there were a few puffs of clouds in the west and long beams of light emanated from the sun as it sank behind the ridges of the western hills. Hod opined the appearance of the sky might indicate a weather change.

Our evening meal was exceptionally scrumptious, but I shall not give details other than to mention the superb cheese soufflé with which it began.

There had been a heavy dew during the night and several squalls, of which I for one was completely oblivious, and in the morning for a novelty the sky was overcast and the atmosphere markedly humid.

At 10 o'clock we powered about six miles to Port Gaios, also on

Paxos Island. Outside the harbor, which has two entrances, one only available for small craft, is a lighthouse surrounded by a white stone wall. Behind the island on which this lighthouse stands is another island which almost completely stoppers up the harbor, leaving only narrow entrances at both ends. The town is clustered on the waterfront and looks more Italian than Greek. This is not surprising, as it was an Italian possession for many years. The entrance we came in, the deeper of the two, was only just deep enough to float us. It turns sharply around a corner and there you are in the town's front yard. Small caiques and rowboats were tied up along the very low mole. Each boat, large or small, sported an awning of sorts. By that time the clouds had disappeared and it was soon obvious to us that the awnings were needed as a protection from the sun and not the rain.

We strolled about and walked for a way along the well-built Italian road which winds through the olive groves, and then departed. We reached Port Lakka, another anchorage on Paxos, in time for a swim and lunch. The entrance is amazingly well screened by nature and it would be easy to sail by without noticing it. We were right on top of it before we saw the "wine-dark sea" change to cool green. We dropped anchor a hundred yards off the village, which consists of about two dozen houses. The harbor is on the whole well sheltered, but later in the afternoon we felt the roll from the sea and experienced a sudden squall, resulting in our dragging anchor and having to reset it even closer to shore. It was not an easy maneuver with our awnings acting as uncontrollable sails.

A shore party of Minot, Barber and Fuller took a six-kilometer walk among the olive groves and along the ridge while the rest of us relaxed on deck. Later all hands participated in a swim before partaking of cocktails and dinner.

It is perhaps worth recounting that Uncle Bill, due to an unusual circumstance, had become an ardent laundry man. The unusual circumstance, if it can be called unusual, was that a night or two

ago he had worn Talla Weston's pajamas. Talla had searched carefully for his pajamas, but it was not until the next morning that he noticed that the pajamas Uncle Bill was wearing not only looked like his but were trailing behind as Uncle Bill walked along the deck. The mistake being established, Uncle Bill felt in duty bound to wash them. This ended with such success that he became fascinated with the process and every day thereafter essayed something new or more daring—handkerchiefs, shirts, socks and even trousers and hats went into the bucket together, each gaining a little atmosphere from the other. His brown trousers, guaranteed to hold their crease, were the high spot. During the process they acquired not one but a multitude of creases which defied all efforts to subdue them. The hat shrank so he could not wear it, but fortunately he had another.

Next day the weather went back into its regular groove of cloudless sky over calm sea, which made it a trifle on the warm side. Nothing daunted, the entire afterguard including Hod decided to make an expedition on foot to a church and small village which we could see tucked away on the hills some miles away. Immediately after leaving the cluster of houses on the waterfront forming the village of Port Lakka, we found ourselves in a limitless olive grove. The trees were large and unusually tall and small groups of them and even single trees were surrounded with stone walls. Each tree seemed to bear some sort of ownership brand. The trees produced so much shade that no crops were grown among them. Everywhere we looked, it had the appearance of a well-kept park.

The last part of the way was a steep climb. We then found ourselves in the midst of a small, tidy-looking village, the houses on different levels and each with a little garden plot or courtyard colorful with flowers and urns of bougainvillea. The church was simple and dignified, with a large flagged court in front and separate bell tower. Among its treasures were the elaborate vestments of an Episcopalian bishop who for some reason or other had been connected with the church less than a century ago. We cooled

ourselves off in the shade near a running spring and chatted with some of the villagers through Hod as interpreter and one of them who spoke a little English.

Back aboard the boat, we moved out farther in the harbor for our swim where the bottom was of shining white sand, giving the water a deliciously cool green look. After lunch and a brief siesta, we hove anchor hoping for a fair breeze to waft us across to the mainland, but once again we were disappointed, though we did use the genoa with some effect to aid the engine and give us the feel of sailing.

Hod skillfully conned us in between rocks and small islands to a lonely cove with a narrow sandbar closing one end. At least we thought it was lonely until we saw a caique come to the shore on the other side of the bar and let someone off. We thought it was just fishermen preparing to camp for the night, but the man they put ashore clambered down to the sandbar and hollered to us. It appeared that he was the customs officer from a nearby village that lay hidden behind a hill. Phillipos did some hollering back and apparently assured him that we were not smugglers and had nothing to declare and that we could not go ashore to bring him out, whereupon he climbed slowly over the hill on his way to his village several miles away.

Just as he left, gimlet-eyed Minot espied an octopus lying on the bottom. In very quick time Hod had on his flippers and, armed with a spear, dove overboard and impaled the choice tidbit on his trident. This inspired Mateo and Phillipos to lay out their net and then look for other octopi but no more were to be found.

The weather was perfect, the cove we lay in ideal. We were looking forward even more keenly than usual to our cocktail when a well-nigh catastrophic discovery was made. *Pas de pago*—no ice! An audible sigh escaped us all, but with commendable resignation we settled for chilled scotch and soda and before long were smiling again.

It was very misty with not a breath of wind when we departed

early in the morning for Corfu, eating breakfast on the way in order to get there before the post office closed. As we closed in on Corfu, we were soon aware that we were in far more sophisticated and populated surroundings. While rounding the headland on which the town of Corfu is built, we noted hundreds of bathers of both sexes and all ages taking advantage of every little beach or cluster of flat rocks from which to base their natatorial excursions. There were some natators or natatoresses that were well worth a second look through high-powered binoculars. Very shortly after rounding the headland and before we dropped anchor off a dock and alongside a freight steamer, a very natty P.T. boat-type yacht with shining white and blue paint came dashing by us. The elegant figures in the stern gave us a friendly wave. It was the King's yacht and he and the Queen were out for a morning's spin.

After anchoring we went ashore, mailed our letters, checked up on our reservations, and wandered the streets for a short time. There was a good deal of bomb damage in evidence. The town itself might well be on the Riviera or in Italy. We returned on board for lunch, and as we were going below, a Yugoslavian excursion steamer dropped anchor just outside of us. We watched with intense interest while the customs officials went on board and while several launch-loads of passengers, each apparently in charge of a leader, went ashore. They were a rather dull, uninteresting lot, but, after all, that is descriptive of a boatload of tourists of whatever nationality.

Our anchorage was not a pleasant place to lie, so in the afternoon we proceeded up Ypso Bay, passing close aboard the Yugoslav steamer, and dropped anchor in a charming cove showing no signs of present habitation but in which was a fish weir evidently in active use. We landed and walked along a grassy road through olive groves with here and there the remains of some house or farm building until on the top of the outermost promontory we came upon an old abandoned blockhouse. Though the walls were thick it was so small that it could not have held out for very long if be-

sieged and the garrison would have had to be a small one. I suppose it commanded that part of Ypsos Bay and served as a rallying spot for surrounding territory.

The next morning we were greeted as usual by a perfect day. After breakfast we made our way farther up the bay and anchored off the main station of the Club Mediterranée. There was all sorts of activity going on along the beach and on the pier, but more especially a water-skiing meet was in progress. Our situation was the equivalent of a front-row seat. Each contestant was towed twice around the course, if they lasted that long, which most of them did not. The performers varied from complete novices to experts. The participants were of both sexes. A picture of some of the fairer sex in full flight would embellish the cover of any magazine.

After the meet was over we landed and walked up to a handsome villa, now the property of the state. We did not bother to go in, as we could see through the windows that there was not much to see. The grounds were not well kept up but at one time must have been striking. In fact it must have been a veritable arboretum, for there were handsome specimens of different trees from many climes. Some of the cypress were magnificent and as large as any I have ever seen.

After lunch we coasted along the northern shore of the bay until we came to the narrow strait which divides the island of Corfu from the grim coast of Albania. This strait can be used only during daylight and even then special permission must be obtained. It was not altogether pleasant to feel that we were so close to the Iron Curtain. What is more, it had the look and feel of an iron curtain. We could see some old castles, hardly distinguishable from the grey granite-looking hills around them, and every so often some far less old-looking buildings or structures which we assumed to be radar stations.

The next day we were to retrace our route and return to Corfu (Kerkyra as it is sometimes called) in time for lunch, and then disembark to fly back to Athens, where we would alight for the night

before taking departure by various routes for home. This, therefore, was to be our last night on board and we wanted to spend it in some remote haven away from the trappings of a tourist resort.

Our objective was a cove on the northern tip of Corfu Island which Hod had heard of but never visited. It was not very clearly indicated on the chart, but we decided to see if we could find it. As we neared the end of the island, there was a large and lonely lighthouse located midway between Corfu and the mainland of Albania. A bleak and lonely station to be keeper of, whether Greek or Albanian. Rounding the tip, we began to search the shore and study the chart, trying to tie the two together to locate the cove. We saw an old fortress on a promontory, and on the chart there seemed to be a cove on the farther side of what appeared to be this promontory. On the near side in an indentation we could see a few houses and a caique drawn up on the beach. As we rounded the fortress point, bands of children followed us by running and clambering over the rocky slopes. There was a cove but it did not look promising, for there were no boats to be seen and the village obviously was clustered on the side we had just passed. We started to move cautiously in, but somehow I sensed it was not the place and Hod agreed, so we turned and moved even more cautiously in towards the shore. It soon became evident that this was the cove we were looking for. We dropped anchor in about three fathoms.

It was a charming spot with a caique on the beach, a smaller but equally gaily painted rowboat along the shore, a taverna under the shade of a large tree, and a group of small houses with flowering courtyards.

Our anchor was hardly holding before a boat was alongside, propelled by a young boy and carrying a uniformed customs inspector. It seems that there is always a customs office wherever there is an anchorage and a habitation. We had no trouble and learned from him that the name of the village was Cassiopi, that we could not leave after dark or before daylight, and that at night the lights of Sarandë, one of Albania's most important towns, could be seen.

"AEGEAN,"

M E N U

20 - 7.58

Dejeuner

aubergines ala. turque
Langoustes au salade Russe
Fromage
Melon cafe.

Dinner

Potage
Poisson frits
salade

Beignets
soufflee au miel

While Hod and the customs officer were talking I took a picture with my Polaroid camera of the young boy in his rowboat. A few moments later I gave it to him. He nearly fainted with excitement and literally clutched it to his bosom. I seldom have seen a more beatific expression than there was on his face. No sooner had he landed than a crowd of villagers young and old gathered around him. He was a proud hero. Meanwhile we had noticed that two men on the waterfront were sketching *Aegean*. Hod rowed ashore and returned with two admirable colored sketches. They had been made by two Swiss boys, incipient archaeologists, who had been spending their vacation camping out near this unspoiled community. Hod had difficulty in persuading them to accept any payment.

While daylight remained we were reluctant to go below, it was all so exactly as we would like to have it. At last when a glow in the sky indicated that the lights of Sarandë were on, down we went. A rare feast awaited us. Baba Costa outdid himself and the corks of the remaining bottles of Veuve Cliquot went flying out the transom.

We lingered on deck after dinner until the village lights had dimmed, reluctant to admit that it was our last night.

The cruise really ended there.

We returned to Corfu, where we drove to see the Kaiser's former palace, remarkable for the ingenious layout of its grounds, the hideousness of its inside decoration, and a twenty-foot-tall statue of Achilles which formerly bore an inscription saying that it was of the greatest Greek warrior, donated by the greatest German warrior.

Hod's lovely wife, Dosia, graced our last luncheon on board before we departed for Athens.

My two cruises in Grecian waters, both the year before and this year, had stimulated my mind, refreshed my body, and enriched my spirit in a manner and to a degree that no other expeditions had ever equaled.

Isles of Grace

1961

AT the conclusion of the highly successful three weeks' cruise in the Baltic Sea in 1956 the odds would have been heavily against the possibility of the same companions, Paul Cabot, Charlie Dickey, Jim Minot, Sidney Weinberg and myself, cruising together in the Aegean Sea in 1961. But happen it did! The only hitch was that three of the cast were delayed several days by business obligations. Nevertheless Jim Minot and I, who had been the instigators of this seagoing reunion, were the fortunate advance guard. We arrived in England at different times and under different auspices and met at the Connaught Hotel the evening of May 10. We had a fine dinner at the Mirabelle and saw a poor play afterwards.

On the twelfth, which was a rarely beautiful day, we went to the airport just in time to catch the 10 A.M. flight to Athens. The trip was an easy one, with short stops at both Paris and Rome, arriving about 5 P.M. Athens time. We had no trouble with customs and to our relief found Carlos, our 1957 chauffeur, waiting to take us to the Grande Bretagne.

Who should we see there but Toc and Hope Felton, who had just finished a cruise with Brewster Jennings and his wife on Hod Fuller's new 78-foot ketch *Velila*, so named after the goddess of Piraeus. We were soon seated with them at a tea table. They told us they had thoroughly enjoyed the cruise except for some plumbing difficulties, which Hod and Brewster Jennings were able to fix, but far worse from our point of view was that the substitute cook for Baba Costa was a flop. However, we were cheered later by hearing that a new cook, recommended by Baba Costa, had been engaged to join us in a few days.

We dined at the Fullers'. How nice it was to see them and how cordial they were. We left shortly after dinner with happy hearts but heavy lids, for Grecian customs are different from ours and it was nearly midnight.

On returning to the G.B., I was reminded of an earlier occasion when a group of us, including my wife and our daughter Kitty, entered the hotel almost simultaneously with Archbishop Makarios, whereupon he, thinking we were English, drew his flowing robes about him in a fine gesture of contempt.

After a late breakfast we puttered about the next morning and then about noon went to Passalimani Harbor and boarded *Velila* by means of a swaying catwalk which came near unnerving Jim and immersing him into the unsavory-looking harbor water. We found Hod, Dosia, a friend, and the crew (Phillipos and his brother Giorgos) all hard at work. Phillipos greeted me with most pleasing warmth, smiling all over and kissing my hand.

Velila looked to be an able craft, with comfortable quarters below, including three double staterooms, two heads (toilets) and a capacious main cabin. On deck were two so-called doghouses (shelters), one of them good-sized with two transom bunks, the other a small shelter just forward of the wheel.

Not being able to be of much assistance, we sat in the sun and purred. Hod drove us back, stopping on the way to his apartment at a high-class grocery store where we purchased a few delicacies such as English biscuits, tea and marmalade, French pâtés, Norwegian sprats, Dutch cheese, and variously treated Greek olives.

We had a delicious lunch with them, their friend Frangis Vermoudaki, who was on the boat, and another friend, Bob Lowe, who was a right-hand man of Niarchos.

The night before, we had decided with Hod that it would be much better for Cabot et al to meet us at Salonika instead of Volos, for it would shorten the sail to Mt. Athos and only be about a half-hour longer flight for them. With the aid of Mrs. Coromalis of the Olympos Travel Bureau we were able to secure reservations for them to Salonika and cabled Paul to that effect.

In the evening we had cocktails with the Fullers and then took Dosia (Hod had some correspondence to catch up with) to the Seven Brothers, a gay and noisy place with good food. It was thoroughly Greek. We saw only four people who were not Greeks and one was a United States Marine. We left as soon as the meal was over, but again it was nearly midnight.

Sunday, May 14, I awoke and looked out. It was gray, dark and discouraging, almost foggy, but foggy in Greece, as I had said to Jim the day before, means that visibility is reduced to about twenty miles. We arrived on board *Velila* via the heaving catwalk shortly before 11. Almost as if by prearrangement the sun chose this moment to break through the clouds. We felt it was a happy omen from the gods, though not many hours later Zeus indicated a certain amount of irritability by tossing around a few thunderbolts.

The wind when we started out, though favorable, was not of sufficient heft to warrant hoisting sail. For a time we stripped to the waist and toyed with the thought of having a swim before lunch. The thought turned out to be a rather fleeting one, for the wind shifted and the sun hid behind the increasing clouds. We went between the mainland and Fleves Island. Then, as soon as we were clear of the island, we hoisted sail and were able to proceed under sail alone, but not for long. The clouds kept increasing and there were unmistakable indications of thunderstorms to be seen and heard in various directions. We ran between Ghaidaros Island and the mainland just before coming up on Sounion, where the famous temple to Poseidon stands conspicuously and imposingly on the high bluff at Cape Colonna. It was shortly thereafter that the rain caught up with us; never very heavy but continuous until we had nearly reached our destination, Port St. Nikolaos on the island of Kea (or Zea).

The entrance to the harbor is less than half a mile wide and is guarded on the port side by a lighthouse with a solid octagonal tower. Around the corner to starboard is a village on a small bay. Port St. Nikolaos itself is farther in and is ringed with a series of steep hills, barren-looking but terraced in places with numerous

stone walls. The hills provide perfect shelter from any northerly wind. There is a miniature village along the fringe on the right-hand side as you come in. Several caiques and a number of smaller boats, all brightly colored, were drawn up on the beach or moored to the shore. Very, very peaceful-looking. A few figures were to be seen moving about, including a small donkey carrying two women, followed by a man and a woman. An idyllic sort of spot. While we were sitting on deck sipping our cocktails, the shadows lengthened and an innocent slice of new moon appeared in the sky. It was not yet prepared to reflect the shining rays of a departing sun. We could not but think this was just what we came for. Finally, Philipos showed that he was thoroughly capable as a chef and with relaxed contentment we turned into our bunks at 9:30.

We had a peaceful sleep and awoke Monday to find a cloudless sky and indications of a favorable breeze.

We left our anchorage at 10:30 and when clear of the point hoisted sail, including a large genoa jib, but the wind soon deserted us and we had to resort to engine. As I have said, the sky was cloudless but there was a mist, so characteristic of these waters, which seems to enshroud but not obscure the land. It is much like the smoke of a distant forest fire and gives a softness to the scene, which otherwise might be too glaring.

We came up on the austere but noble-looking island of Euboea and passed between the southwesterly end of it and the Petali Islands through narrow Xeros Pass, which divides Euboea from Xeros Island. We rounded Xeros and dropped anchor in a charming cove surrounded by Xeros and two other Petali islands. Here we saw a church and a substantial white villa belonging to a very rich Greek family.

After a lunch of lamb garnished with carrots, string beans, fried potatoes and artichoke fonds, followed by Bel Paese cheese on pumpernickel bread, several glasses of cold Rhodesian wine and two small cups of black coffee, I sat on deck, smoking a cigar, reading a book and glancing from time to time at the surroundings. I said to myself, "At our age (Jimmy's and mine) there is no place in

the world where we could cruise and find such relaxation, so much of interest and beauty and such enjoyment."

Following a brief nap, we decided to take advantage of the fresh southerly breeze which had sprung up even if it meant forgoing an inspection trip ashore. It proved a wise decision, for we had a splendid sail all afternoon until we were within a few miles of our destination. We then put on the engine and dropped anchor just before sunset in a small cove near Port Buphalo on the island of Euboea. The cove was surrounded by a perfect armchair of hills, the sides of which were covered mostly by olive trees and fenced-in fields of wheat—not the mesquite-like bushes which are so common.

A succulent baked fangri was our principal dish and the wine one of two surprise bottles of Cordon Rouge champagne. A charming finish to a perfect day.

Next morning it was almost warm enough for a swim before breakfast; in fact warm enough for Jimmy but not for Hod and me. We did not get going until after ten, then headed up Euripos Channel. About noontime there was breeze enough to hoist sail. We wafted along, thoroughly enjoying our surroundings; in fact we purposely avoided entering Burji Channel, which leads to the entrance of Chalkis, until we had eaten our lunch. Much as we enjoyed this, it proved somewhat of a mistake, for had we arrived in Chalkis a few minutes sooner we would have been able to go through the bridge then instead of waiting until night to do so.

The surroundings began to look familiar, the flat cultivated land on our right with here and there a group of pointed cedars indicating a cemetery, on our left the cove Megalo Vathi, where we once had anchored for the night, and farther along the cement works, then narrow Steno Pass, the final entrance to the harbor. There were no signals on the signal tower, so we tied up to the jetty just short of the bridge.

One man told us we could go through at 6:30, another said 10. This was at 3:30. It was very hot, but we decided to step ashore with Hod to report to the Harbor Master, where we were told that

9:30 would be the mystic opening time. Even this high authority proved to be wrong.

Nobody seems to know the vagaries of this narrow channel that divides the great island of Euboea from the mainland. There is no regularity to its rushing current. Sometimes it will flow one way for as much as ten hours, sometimes for as little as two. It is less than fifty yards wide, yet over the centuries must have played an important part in the defense of the mainland. Euboea, with its forbiddingly majestic mountains, some of them snow-capped or streaked even in summer, was itself a vast barrier reef of protection against invaders from the East.

The bridge was crowded and messed up as a new one was being built alongside it, presumably to permit two-way traffic, which the older one was too narrow for. When a bus went across, it looked as if it would sweep pedestrians over the side.

We found our way to the post office, where we mailed some letters and bought some stamps. We were followed, as often happens, by a group of curious urchins who seemed to enjoy hugely our appearance and Jim's attempt at salutation in Greek.

In spite of the heat we walked about, finding our way to the museum, which did not have a great deal to offer but at least was cool. Then a visit to the market, where they were beginning to open up again for business, it being after 5 o'clock. Back to the boat for a refreshing rum collins. Then Hod departed to do more errands; Jim to practice his newfound art, photography, while I remained aboard, smoked a small cigar, and read.

After dinner we sat around waiting for the signal to go through, but nothing seemed to happen, although the current appeared to be slack and there was a small steamer hovering about waiting and occasionally blowing three blasts. This may have annoyed the Harbor Master and caused the unreasonable delay that ensued. About 10:30 Jim decided to turn in. Soon after that the permissive signal was shown, but it was at least another twenty minutes before the draw was raised, first one half, then the other, and by that time the current was ripping at five or six knots. Fortunately Hod was

steering, for the channel was so poorly lighted and marked that I would have found it almost impossible to locate the small opening. We whisked through and anchored on the starboard side just out of the channel. Hod went ashore again to try and find out when the new chef would arrive.

Dosia came in the morning, having escorted Yannis, the new chef, in a taxicab all the way from Athens. This must have meant a very early start, for by 7:30 she had left and we were under way.

It was another warm, sunny day with little or no wind. We were traversing familiar territory all day, first through Atalante Channel in the Gulf of Euboea, then through Likada Passage, which is a narrow one between a small island and a sandspit on the tip of Euboea, and into Oreos Channel. We stopped for a moment to have a swim shortly before this. Jim claimed it was his 69½ birthday, which naturally, plus the swim, called for a rum cocktail, which incidentally was not very good as no limes were available. It also was sufficient excuse to put the other bottle of Cordon Rouge in the cooler.

The traffic in both channels was light all day—five or six caiques and two small cargo boats and one caique-like yacht, *Stormi Seas*, belonging to Sam Barclay, on which my son Jack and his wife Susan had cruised the summer before. When we first saw her, we were both under sail and heading the same way. We were picking up on her slowly, but I was anxious to get a picture of her to send Jack, so we turned on the engine. Just as we neared her, the wind suddenly shifted and her sails were taken aback. There appeared to be at least ten young men aboard. Evidently they thought we were racing them, for they turned on their engine full blast and jumped in all directions to take down their sails. As she was about as fast as we were it made picture-taking rather unsatisfactory.

The shores of Euboea along the Oreos Channel are strikingly different from most other parts of the island. Instead of the stark, forbidding and barren look that is generally characteristic, the slopes and shores are green with forests and fields. It looks not unlike sections of the Maine and Nova Scotia coasts.

At 7:15 we dropped anchor in Koukounarias Bay, Skiathos Island, having covered just short of eighty miles. This anchorage might well have been in the West Indies, for there was a curving white sand beach, much greenery with trees and shrubs fringing the beach like palm trees.

Yannis, the chef, presented us with the most delectable shrimps I have ever tasted. They had been purchased on the dock at Chalkis that morning and were as lively as the proverbial cricket when brought on board. So ended another idyllic day.

Thursday we were off by 7:30 with smooth sea and little or no wind. We were heading for some port along the coast that would bring us within fairly easy striking distance of Salonika. There seemed precious few such places and such as there were did not look on the chart as if they would be protected from a northerly wind. We held in close to the shore, which was varied and interesting. In one stretch there were high cliffs ranging in color all the way from bright red to pale yellow with greys and greens interspersed.

We were making excellent progress until around noon, when what little wind there was came in from the north. This did not trouble us at first, but by the time we had finished luncheon the breeze had freshened and produced a steep choppy sea, slowing our progress to a crawl. If it kept on or increased, there was no place near to turn into for protection and it would so delay us that we would not be able to get to Salonika in time to meet the others. We decided to turn tail and put into Skiathos, where we could telephone Mrs. Coromalis at the Olympos Bureau in Athens and see if she could make arrangements to have Cabot and crew come to Volos as originally planned. We found it much pleasanter going downwind under sail than pounding into those short, steep seas under power. We dropped anchor off the town of Skiathos about 5 o'clock and immediately went ashore. Hod was able to get in touch with Mrs. Coromalis, who told him she was still holding the original reservations, so all was well.

Skiathos, it seems to me, is a fairly typical Greek island town,

though it is not built high up on a mountainside as some are. Shining white houses cover like frosting on a cake two small hills and the space which stretches in between and along the waterfront. These houses are set in irregular fashion along narrow, winding paved paths, not wide enough for any vehicle, but echoing now and then with the syncopated sound of a donkey's mincing steps. Old women in black and bent old men with canes plod slowly up them while bright-eyed children flit about. Nearly the entire male population is to be found sitting at the tavernas along the waterfront, gossiping or just sitting. They never seem to be drinking anything, though there usually is a symbolic coffee cup or lemonade glass on the table. One glass or cup among five men seems about par for the course. How the tavernas survive is a mystery. The town boasts at least three churches which rise prominently amidst the houses and, on a small peninsula, a large school or academy.

Friday was a bit cool, but Jim bravely took a swim. By 9:30 we were under way and not long afterward hoisted our mizzen and large genoa. This sent us along in a quiet and satisfactory way. As we neared the mainland shore, the wind increased, which also increased our speed. Well into the Bay of Volos the wind shifted sufficiently for us to hoist the mainsail without fear of a jibe and so for nearly twenty miles we tore through the water on a broad reach. As we were taking down the mainsail at the entrance to the harbor, it caught the edge of a spreader light and tore.

We anchored just off the mole and soon went ashore. While Hod was doing errands, Jim and I hired a car and interpreter, or rather the interpreter hired himself, and we went winding up the sides of Mt. Pilion to the little town of that name well up on its slopes. The views of the sea, the mountains and the alluvial plain below were well worth the trip. The small town itself was chiefly notable for an enormous plane tree and several others not much smaller. We were back in time for cocktails, of course. After dinner we sat on deck and watched and listened to the people walking back and forth along the waterfront esplanade and sitting in front

of the tavernas. A constant hum and chatter of voices carried across the short stretch of water and the walking figures stood out against the bright lights in back of them in a constantly changing pattern. It was noticeable that at least ninety percent of the moving figures were males and most of them appeared to be between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six.

The almost unbelievable occurred shortly before 10 o'clock Saturday. *Velila* was lying at the dockside. A red car drove up and out spilled our eagerly awaited companions Cabot, Dickey and Weinberg. I say "unbelievable" for after five years, here we were all together again aboard a small cruising craft in foreign waters, this time in the Aegean instead of the Baltic.

Their trip to Athens had been an exhausting one and they had left Athens at an early hour to fly to Larisa and then motor to Volos, yet no one could have guessed it from their smiles and good nature.

We were soon on our way under power, the breeze being light. Some snacks were produced, for their breakfast had been early and meager. In about an hour the wind seemed sufficient to put on sail. The main was not yet patched, so we hoisted the mizzen and two headsails, but also using the engine to charge the batteries and cool the refrigerator. Whitecaps began to appear and then the wind increased to thirty-five knots or more. We tore along even after dropping the jib to make steering easier. Three or four miles from the entrance to the bay the wind suddenly dropped. It was blowing thirty-five knots and then it was blowing three. Right behind us it was still blowing thirty-five and the white-crested waves there were still lashing. There seemed no rhyme or reason for this phenomenon but it gave us a good period in which to sip an ouzo and have lunch. After lunch the three travelers wisely retired to their bunks. No sooner had they done so than the wind again picked up to almost as strong a force as previously, giving us a great sail right up to our anchorage in Skiathos Harbor.

We all went ashore to look about and to sit and drink orange or lemon pop or soda while talking to the proprietor of a taverna who had been in America from 1905 to 1915. It was still blowing hard,

so we had our cocktails in the large doghouse which we refer to as the mezzanine lounge. To bed early of course.

Sunday we were up betimes. A swim by Minot and Dickey, breakfast, and off by 8:30, passing between Skiathos and Skopelos. The wind seemed undecided, while the sea was lumpy and disturbed and remained so all day, at times disagreeably so. We were able to use sail for only a short time in the early part of the run.

We could see the majestic loom of Mt. Athos from a long way off. Its outlines became clearer as we came nearer. It has the outline of a classic volcano, which was emphasized by a cloud on its top which looked as if it might be smoke coming from its crater. Most of the day was cloudy and overcast though on occasion the sun would come through and highlight patches on its steep sides.

Our destination was a cove in a bay indenting the Sithonia peninsula, which is separated from Mt. Athos peninsula by the Gulf of Monte Santo. At 5:30, just as we dropped anchor, the sun obligingly came out and a streak of rainbow slashed across the side of Mt. Athos. Our eyes were pleased with our anchorage, which we shared with half a dozen caiques of various sizes and colors. There was a white sand beach complete with small boats and nets and two small houses, one sitting on a low cliff, the other snuggled in trees on flat ground just above the beach. What a relief it was to cease being rolled about by a disagreeable beam sea as we had been all day. Everybody decided to go in for a dip. The air was warm and the water not too cold. It was a perfect prelude to cocktails and it did increase our enjoyment of them, perhaps prolonging the session but not unduly so.

After dinner, Jim, as he had on a previous evening, read us the delightful and amusing log he had been keeping of the voyage. He has a real gift for it. A few old favorite stories were told, a stroll on deck to look at the stars, and then the sack.

Monday turned out to be a memorable day, perhaps the most interesting I have ever had in Greece. After a swim and breakfast, and a trip ashore before breakfast by Cabot, who came back aboard holding a variety of wildflowers in his hand, we started

across the Gulf of Monte Santo to Mt. Athos on Akti peninsula, the Holy Mountain, as it is called. Mt. Athos itself towers at its end to a height of 6,500 feet, the top grey-creased and bare, with snow showing in the deep crevasses down its sides. The light on it forever changes, but mostly it appears to be veiled in a faint blue mist, and nearly always there is that small cloud on or just above its top which constantly changes shape and gives the effect of smoke.

The entire peninsula, which constitutes the Holy Mountain, is made up of a series of mountains separated by narrow ravines. There appears to be no flat land, at least on the eastern side, only high steep cliffs all along the shore. There are a great many monasteries, some of them built in unbelievably inaccessible places, others near to sea level. They made a striking sight as we coasted along the shore. The first one we landed at was Docheiariou, where we found Sam Barclay's *Stormi Seas* tied to the little dock. It was too deep to anchor, so the crew stayed aboard and hovered about while the rest of us were on shore. We were greeted pleasantly by a monk who showed us the frescoes of an early chapel and then handed us over to another and younger monk who showed us the church. The whole thing was impressive but looked down-at-heel. There are apparently two types of monasteries. One is the idiorhythmic where the monks do not eat together but prepare their own food and eat it in their cells at such time as they want. This monastery was of that group. The other type is the cenobitic where the monks eat together at stated times and are governed by an abbot instead of a committee of two or three. The next one we visited was Panteleimonos, which is cenobitic. Here the monks are nearly all Russian and it was founded by Russians. We were greeted warmly by a cheerful-faced monk, bearded and long-haired as all monks are. He showed us proudly the group of bells, one of which is the largest on the Holy Mountain. We took pictures of him and the courtyard and the minaret-like colored domes surmounted by ornate crosses. He then led us to the guesthouse part of the monastery to a large guest room with its walls covered with

pictures of royalty and important people. In looking them over I saw a large picture of the late Thomas Whittemore, well-known Byzantine scholar who founded the Byzantine Institute and was primarily responsible for the uncovering of marvelous mosaics in Hagia Sophia and other former Christian churches in Istanbul. He was a longtime friend of my family and a great friend and benefactor of the monastery where he had stayed frequently. It was Tom as a handsome and younger man than when I knew him best. A little later I noticed a smaller photo of him on the central table. It was not long before the monks brought us small glasses of a liqueur that they make, some Turkish paste and small cups of Turkish coffee. On the way down our guide took us to the library where he introduced us to a striking-looking monk who had been a Russian aviator in the First World War. He was an engineer, had been in South America and Morocco for many years and had only been at the monastery for six months. To see the church we had to climb up about five stories and it was not worth the effort. In it everything was heavily gilded and the ikons and other accessories looked to be late nineteenth-century. We were told that once there were four thousand monks, today only forty. (A book we found of great help and recommend to anyone visiting Mt. Athos is *Anchored in God* by Constantine Cavarnos, published by Astir Publishing Co., Athens.)

Due to Hod's skill we had been able to make *Velila* fast to the small dock, enabling us to eat our lunch of lobster "au riz" while still there.

After lunch we engined slowly close in along the coast where we could look at and at times photograph the monasteries as we passed them. One of them, Simonopetra, looks like the pictures I have seen of Lhasa. It is built on the peak and edge of a high crag and rises straight up story after story. Paul and Charlie said they would like to go there. I said I might try it too. Jim and Sidney both said definitely, "No." When we got near we could see no sign of a path from the shore and it was steep as all get-out. The project was abandoned. We kept on and landed at Grigoriou instead, that is

all except Sidney and Hod. It was a little bumpy getting ashore in the skiff and more of a climb to the entrance than it looked. The view through the gateway was a charming one. There were a number of monks about and one of them took us to the guest room, but without Hod we could not make ourselves understood, so we left the room and wandered about before they could bring us any refreshment. The monks were having their pictures taken in the courtyard for identification-card purposes. We were shown the refectory where the monks eat. It was scrupulously clean, the tables scoured to a fare-thee-well. At each monk's place was a small bottle of a wine which one monk told Minot was made from lemons. They were about to eat olives and round, small hunks of hard bread, both of which were shown us. After looking at a small church or chapel we took our departure.

We viewed two more monasteries from the water and then backtracked to Daphne, which is a sort of shopping center and off which there is a mooring at which we planned to lie. On reaching there we saw to our disgust that there was a caique loaded with wood already tied up. Not to be thwarted, we put out two long lines so we could drop astern of him and lie there also. There was quite a roll still, but it did not prevent us from having a dip, cocktails, and a delicious dinner as usual: this time baked sinagrita.

Tuesday was a lovely day with Mt. Athos looking superb. After a swim, oranges on deck and breakfast, we went along the coast close to shore where we could look again at some of the monasteries we had seen and one or two which we had not. We then passed groups of houses called sketes, which are settlements of hermits but which may have a common church. The last one of these sketes near the very southwest end of the peninsula is the most amazing sight we saw. It is called Little St. Anne's, I believe. Here all along practically straight-faced cliffs are houses, most of them small, perching in the most perilous places, some even partially overhanging the cliff. It was impossible to see how some of them could be got into or out of, and we read in *Anchored in God* that some of them could only be reached by means of a chain

driven into the rock. Many of them have caves in behind them and there are also some just plain caves near the tip which have been and are now in some cases occupied by hermits. We rounded the extreme end of the peninsula and headed up the eastern coast to view three more monasteries before heading southeast for Limnos (or Lemnos). All that time we had Mt. Athos in full view and watched with fascination the changing shadows on its slopes and the changing shape of its crowning cloud. We kept it in view all day.

On the forty-mile or more run to Limnos there was not enough wind to fill the sails and rather too much roll for comfort. At lunch a dash of ouzo on ice seemed to do just the right thing for Minot, Dickey and me, Paul preferring rum, and Sidney bravely surviving without either.

It became noticeably warmer as we coasted along the shores of Limnos. The hills were brown and of the rolling variety rather than the craggy crevassed type characteristic of the Holy Mountain. We rounded Cape Tigani at the southwest end of the island very close aboard, proceeding for about two miles to the entrance of a little cove protected on one side by an absolutely bare grey ridge capped by a serrated formation like a dragon's back. We crept cautiously in, for there were reefs and rocks on both sides, and dropped anchor in two fathoms of crystal-clear calm water.

It did not take long to get out of our clothes and into the water. We sat on deck afterwards drinking tea, listening to the twittering of birds and the tinkle of sheep bells. There was a good deal of bird life, more gulls and terns than we had seen elsewhere and a number of rather large blackbirds which Paul thought were some sort of pigeon; also a noble eagle soaring high overhead. During cocktails we watched two men in a red-and-white boat laying out a net and then looking for octopus through a glass-ended box or barrel. Phillipos and Giorgos, not to be outdone, went out to the rocks at the entrance and set our net. All, almost too good to be true.

With our dinner of roast veal we had a Greek red wine, un-resinated of course, which was thoroughly acceptable.

Next morning Cabot and Weinberg went on a foraging expedition before breakfast and returned with a large bunch of purple and white flowers with which none of us were familiar. Each rather long, coarse stem had a cluster of small, stiff blossoms, nearly all purple but each cluster having a few white ones.

Swim, oranges, breakfast and then under way about 8:30 as usual. Not enough wind to use sails until noon. We then put on the main, mizzen and big genoa, later adding a mizzen staysail which Hod had never used before. These wafted us along at about five knots. After lunch Charlie, Hod and Phillipos got into the skiff with the outboard engine in place to take some pictures of *Velila* under sail. Although she appeared to be hardly more than drifting and the skiff appeared to be flying along, they could not keep ahead of us, so we had to luff up and let them get out ahead.

Just before lunch we had been faced with the awful problem of being iceless, as the engine had not run long enough to freeze the precious cubes. We bravely made do with cold water and ouzo or cold soda, lemon and rum.

For the last hour or so we turned on the engine again, with the double purpose of making speed and ice. Shortly before 8 we dropped anchor in Port Sigri under the ruins of an old Roman fort. Happily, sufficient ice had been made for our cocktails, which we partook of in the mezzanine lounge as it was a trifle chilly and getting dark.

Fish soup with a little rice in it, small steaks, roast potatoes and string beans was our humble fare, champagne our wine.

Thursday was a fine-looking day. Swim, breakfast, then off under power. The breeze was brisk from the northwest and we soon had sail on her, making good progress along the high brown hills of Lesbos, or Mytilini Island as it seems also to be called. Before we turned the corner at the southeast end of the island to head for the town of Mytilini, the wind dropped, forcing us to make use of power. We had about decided to stop for a brief dip when again the wind sprang up, this time from a different direction. Up went the sails and we bowled along for miles until the wind suddenly

deserted us although we could see whitecaps only a few hundred yards away. It then came in freshly from dead ahead as we made our way under power along the east coast to Mytilini Harbor. Here shortly after 6 o'clock we tied up alongside the promenade in a well-protected inner harbor. Soon various officials came aboard whom Hod handled, and he also arranged to have our passports cleared for Dikili, Turkey, on the morrow.

The rest of us stepped ashore and made our way to the Post Office to mail letters and buy stamps. We then went to the telephone office, where Hod joined us. He seemed to have no particular trouble in calling up Dosia but remained in the booth for nearly half an hour. It appeared that he had been taking down cables sent to Sidney. None of them was of any moment and the rest of us gave a sigh of relief that there were none for us, feeling that no news was good news. A most loathsome-looking pimp had accosted us and followed us in. Although we showed our distaste it was a long time before he got discouraged and departed.

The cocktail hour was a rather prolonged one and cheerful as always. The dinner delicious as always. After dinner all except Jim took a stroll, Cabot and Dickey stopping at a taverna for a game of pool.

The next day Hod and I were up at 5 A.M. and with the aid of Phillipos and Giorgos slipped quietly away from the dock, heading for Dikili, Turkey, fifteen miles away. It was overcast with a northerly wind which if it freshened would make landing at Dikili difficult if not impossible. Fortunately, it swung around to the eastward and the skies cleared. We anchored in as close to shore as possible. No sooner were we ashore than the red tape began to unroll. After a trip to the police station we somehow were able to secure a car to drive us to Pergamum (or Bergama), leaving Hod to struggle with the red tape like Laocoön with the serpents. The chauffeur spoke no English but did his best and was finally convinced that we were not interested in the speed qualifications of his ancient Chevy.

We drove for fifteen miles through a very fertile-looking alluvial

plain ringed with hills and mountains much greener than the usual Grecian ones. Minot in particular was interested in seeing occasional storks in the fields or flying.

Arriving in present-day Pergamum, we were amazed to find such a large place. It was evidently *en fête*. The narrow streets and open squares were filled with pedestrians, many of them in costume. We noted that a number of the older women were veiled or at least held their black headdresses in such a way as to give that effect. The children and younger people were dressed as they are in America.

When we first arrived at the old Acropolis we were not particularly impressed, except by its location which dominated the whole vast plain, but as we began climbing about with the aid of a guide, our opinion changed. It covers the whole of a high hill. Much of it obviously has not been excavated. What has is pretty well knocked to pieces, but enough is left to indicate clearly the grandness of its scale. From it can be seen traces of an old aqueduct, the site of an amphitheater and an *asclepeion* or hospital. The buildings and walls are not all of one period but show Greek, Roman, and Byzantine workmanship. After spending some time here we visited the Asclepeion, which is in a better state of preservation and has a theater which is being restored. The main theater of the Acropolis is said to have seated fifteen thousand people. On our way back we also stopped for a few minutes at the museum in Pergamum, where numerous statues, columns, and carvings, mostly fragmentary, were on display.

On our return drive we saw even more storks stalking about or flying than we had seen on the way over.

We were back before noon, anticipating no trouble changing American money to pay for the car and receiving back our passports, which had been in the possession of the authorities for several hours. Instead, a prolonged and extraordinary scene took place in a room in the customs. At least seven men, three military and four civilians, were here, all shouting at each other and passing around American dollars, apparently arguing who got what. The

only person who was completely ignored in the final distribution was the driver, who was the only one who had done anything. We kept demanding our passports back but gathered that they were at the police station and the proper officer could not be found. We then each filled out a paper. Minot put down that he had fifty dollars with him, for they already had seen he had some. This got raised by one of the officials to one hundred and fifty dollars.

It was all very confusing, so much so as to be amusing. At long last they permitted us to go back on board without our passports, promising to bring them out when they were ready. This they did, which involved the signing of more papers by Hod and a demand by them for five dollars. Hod said, "No, one dollar is enough"; whereupon one of the officials said, "No, one dollar not enough," which was the only English they had displayed. We gave them two dollars and they departed. Our start for Chios was delayed by all this palaver one hour and a half at least.

We tried hoisting sail but found that we could not carry it without tacking, so we proceeded under power until very late in the afternoon, when we were able to carry the lower sails by keeping on the power. This was a great relief; it not only stepped up our speed several knots but also greatly reduced the rolling and tossing to which we had been subjected for hours. Minot and Sidney were the most thankful, for they had been feeling fairly miserable. The sun disappeared bit by bit in a molten circle just as we came into calm waters in the lee of Chios.

We decided to dine as soon as possible in order to be finished before we reached the harbor of Chios. It was perhaps the most delicious meal we had had—baked sinagrita au gratin and a light and tasty baba au rhum—but it would perhaps have been better if I had not eaten so avidly.

With Hod conning me I had the pleasure of being at the wheel entering the harbor of Chios, Homer's birthplace. It is always exciting to come into some new place, especially at night, even if the responsibility is not all on your shoulders. There were flashing red

and green lights at either side of the entrance to this thoroughly protected man-made harbor. Lights were blazing along the waterfront as we dropped anchor in the placid water. By then it was 10 o'clock and our bedtime. It had been a long day and by no means an easy one.

A breathless morning and a breathtaking view presented itself when we went on deck—the whitewashed town of Chios ringed with a ridge of grey, deeply scarred mountains. We longed to take a swim, but the town was a large one and we feared polluted waters. We took *Velila* alongside the main promenade, Hod having previously sent Phillipos ashore to arrange for water. This was promised for 9 o'clock but it did not arrive until after 11. Meanwhile all hands went ashore in groups or singly, reporting back to the boat every now and then to see if the water had come. There was not much left to be seen of the old Castro, but the streets were interesting, especially the butcher shops where the sides of beef and other hanging meat were often decked with bright-colored flowers. The Greeks seem to have a great love of flowers, for they are to be seen displayed everywhere. I noted one lame old man, carrying a potted white rose in one hand and some cut roses in the other, hobbling up to every store he passed in the hope of selling them. I hope he did. At least it showed that he thought there was a chance of doing so.

Sidney ran into a young man running a bakery shop who helped him find a place to get his watch fixed. It turned out the young man had been in Boston or vicinity visiting for over a year and was a relative of Tom Pappas, Boston's leading citizen of Greek ancestry. In spite of occasional delays and red tape we found the Greek people almost invariably friendly and obliging. As soon as the water was aboard we said goodbye to all assembled, but particularly to a nice young policeman who spoke excellent English which he said he had learned out of books.

The wind was light and the sea calm all day as we made our way past Samos and Fournoi Islands to Patmos. We again reached our

destination after dark and I again had the fun of handling the wheel as we entered the slot which forms the harbor. It was deep, so we had to creep close in to shore before anchoring.

Minot and Weinberg went very light on their victuals and abstained from cocktails. It would have been better if I had been more circumspect in my diet also, for I was still feeling some effects from the jouncing yesterday, but I could not resist the artichokes, the fresh strawberries, and the remains of the baba.

We awoke to find two cruise steamers anchored outside of us. Part of the town lies along the waterfront and part clusters below the fortress-like monastery which covers the top of a steep hill rising up from the harbor. Jim, Paul and Charlie went ashore to visit the monastery. The driver of the car which they and several other people hired to take them there drove at breakneck speed up the narrow, winding, twisting road and refused to slacken his pace. Deciding not to undergo this on the return trip, they walked down. They were not particularly thrilled or pleased by the monastery, feeling it had too much of a tourist tinge to it.

I decided to stay on board as I had a touch of the trouble suffered by Jim and Sidney yesterday. Sidney went ashore but missed connections with the others. I think he enjoyed wandering the streets, making a few small purchases, and talking with some of the passengers from the cruise ships more than he would have the monastery.

All hands were back aboard by 11 o'clock, whereupon we immediately set off for Kos. There was little or no wind and a smooth sea. The warmest day that we had had thus far; the weather had been on the cool side nearly all the time but not disagreeably so. We stopped for a dip before lunch. Our course took us close by a number of Greek islands such as Leros and Kalymnos and at times the Turkish coast.

On arriving at Kos we found two cruise ships anchored off the town. We anchored closer in to shore near a stone pier, having decided against anchoring in the inner harbor, one side of which is made by an old fort, as it was very congested.

It was only 5 o'clock when we arrived, so we went ashore immediately to hire a car to take us to the ruins of the Temple of Aesculapius, but first we saw the huge plane tree, 46 feet in circumference, under which Hippocrates is reported to have sat and given medical advice. There is not much left of it, as the whole inside has rotted out and it is only about 25 feet high, but it is alive and has a number of shoots and branches coming out of its skin. From the outside it looks like a huge bush or thicket of young trees. In looking for it we were amazed at the floral display that confronted us on all sides. Great hedges of bougainvillea in full flower as well as masses of the same flower growing on walls and on sides of houses. I had never seen bougainvillea grown as a hedge before, and although I am not enthusiastic about the usual color of that flower it was very effective against the shining white walls. There were flaming bushes of hibiscus and countless oleanders in full spate—red, white, and salmon pink.

We walked along the waterfront of the picturesque inner harbor, which was well filled with caiques of various sizes, some really large ones. We found a car, established the cost, and soon were able to convey the idea that we wanted to go slowly. It was only a short trip. The site of the temple or hospital or whatever one should call the whole complex is a glorious one and the view from it compares not unfavorably with Delphi and Delos. There was much of interest to see, both Greek and Roman, and there had been a good deal of modern reconstruction.

When it came time to leave, our taxi was nowhere to be found. By good fortune another appeared to discharge passengers and we were able to persuade him to take us back. When he deposited us in the square alongside of our first driver we paid him the full fare in spite of the protests of the deserter.

Before going back on board for a welcome swim we had a chance to walk through some ruins of the old Agora. Cocktails were not neglected. Champagne was our wine. Minot did the unbelievable in shooting the cork of the first bottle through the narrow bifurcated opening of a transom. It is true it looked as if he was aiming

at an open porthole, but the cork flew through the transom and that had always been the traditional target. After dinner there was a round of old ballads zestfully rendered by Jim and Paul and tunefully rendered by Hod.

The next day started off heavily overcast and remained so all day except for a short time before sundown. This was unique in our cruising experience in Greece. For the third day in succession there was no wind. Passing close to a Turkish peninsula which jutted out, blocking off a direct course to the island of Symi, our destination, we turned into a harbor just around its tip which had been the harbor of Cnidus, a famous city often mentioned by Herodotus. The only present signs of life are a lighthouse on top of a cliff near the entrance and a small house or hut at the head of the cove, but the remains of a breakwater made of huge stones still exist on one side of the entrance. We could see that there had been one coming out from the other shore. All about were the ruins of what at one time must have been a bustling port. It was well worth making this side excursion.

We dropped anchor in the harbor at Symi about 4 o'clock. It was cozy and well protected with a narrow entrance. At the end of the harbor, facing us as we came in, was a monastery. Except for a few small attendant houses, it was the only building to be seen anywhere around. It was not particularly old or notable but looked well-kept and prosperous. The chief feature was an ornate central faience bell tower which was flanked by long, low, simple white buildings.

We went ashore to take a look and were cordially greeted by a smiling and ruddy young monk who insisted on our partaking of some ouzo-like liqueur. The courtyard, with its cypress trees, flowering vines, and pristine white walls, was pleasing.

We then took a short walk along a rugged path into the hills before returning for a swim and the usual.

Hod, as was his wont, had been busy all day doing a multitude of ship's chores. He was constantly keeping everything up to snuff or fixing something that was temporarily not functioning, whether

it had to do with the engine, the plumbing or the rigging, but however deeply engrossed he was he would instantly and smilingly respond to any question, suggestion or request. I have never seen anyone so unfailingly and unobtrusively concerned with making everything enjoyable for his companions and giving them the feeling that it is their boat not his. Truly a thoroughgoing seaman and a delightful companion.

Tuesday the skies were clear, the atmosphere misty, the wind fresh. It had blown hard during the night and there had been some rain, both of which happenings were only hearsay so far as I was concerned.

We hated to have the cruise so near an end, but we were blessed with the finest sort of sail imaginable—a beat to windward with a brisk wind and a smooth sea. *Velila* did herself proud, pointing better than any of us expected she could and footing it finely! Five long tacks brought us to the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes. Here we tied up at the mole, stern to, alongside another yacht.

It was not long before all of us were ashore, tickets confirmed, and the Hospital of the Knights Templars, now a museum, visited. Then Dickey, who had been in Rhodes before, guided us to a small shop which specialized in pottery and textiles. Here he, Minot, Cabot and Weinberg purchased enough crockery to start a china shop, not to mention a large assortment of scarves and colored bags. I alone was not tempted.

Our general impression of Rhodes was that although Mussolini had done much to reconstruct this famous place, he had overdone it and thereby spoiled much of its charm.

We did not let the thoughts of the morrow's departures dim the pleasure of our cocktails and dinner. They were delightful and delectable as usual. When we turned in, the cruise was really at an end.

The next day, after reluctantly bidding goodbye to our shipmates, Jim and I decided to remain for a day or two in order to see more of the island, which is a beautiful one. So, accompanied by Bill Wister, who together with the Jack Parkinsons was about to cruise on *Velila*, we set out by car for Lindos.

The initial view of Lindos is sudden and stirring. You come on it unexpectedly and there it is—an old acropolis on a high, almost sheer, cliff with a little white-housed village clustering at its foot. A magnificent sight and site. Of course we climbed up by the steep, winding paths and steps of the village and then up by even steeper steps to the Acropolis. Coming down these steps made Jim very nervous. Heights bother him to an astounding extent, so he lowered himself down step by step in a sitting position. We had a swim at a little beach and a delectable lunch of freshly caught fish at a small taverna nearby.

On June 1 Jim and I hired a car and drove to Mt. Philerimos, the site of Ialysus, one of the three largest towns of ancient Rhodes. The drive up the mountain is a beautiful one on a winding road through a forest of evergreens with occasionally a glimpse of the sea and surrounding countryside. On the top is a Byzantine monastery largely restored by the Italians. It is not particularly notable but the site is. Around it are to be seen ruins of some of the older buildings and a well-preserved small chapel.

From there we went to Kamiros, another of the three ancient cities. This was most interesting. A large section of the town has been excavated and you can see where various temples, the marketplace, houses and other buildings were situated. It is built on the slope of a hill with the remains of a large temple at the top. The excavations reveal work of the Mycenaean, Grecian, Roman and Byzantine eras.

Leaving there, we took a swim at a not very attractive little beach and then had luncheon at a most attractive restaurant overlooking, or more correctly overhanging, a wooded ravine down which runs a lively stream. This is part of the same ravine called Petaloudes ("Butterflies") where at a certain season butterflies abound, the reason being that there are a number of myrrh trees there and the butterflies seek their aromatic sap. It was a delightful day and made us even gladder we had stayed for a day or two in Rhodes. Thus ended on a pungent note another cruise to be cherished in our memory.

A Jaunt by Sea

Amidst Greek and Turkish Islands

1966

HAVING again been fortunate in signing up Mason Hammond (who had become well-nigh indispensable) for our 1966 cruise, we began looking for two other congenial companions. Jim brilliantly suggested Laurence Lombard, whom I knew perhaps more by reputation than by close friendship. There certainly was no doubt about his ability as a seafarer, for he had been navigator on more than one Atlantic passage, but I had not been aware of his prowess as an aviator or his many other attributes.

He accepted and in turn suggested Henry Laughlin, whom I knew but only slightly as a fellow member of the Tavern Club and by reputation as the president of Houghton Mifflin Company and as an outstanding citizen. Again a brilliant suggestion and readily accepted by me.

By various routes we all arrived in Athens on June 9, tired but not too tired to enjoy the delightful hospitality of Hod and Dosia and her friend Maria Christomanou, whom we had had the pleasure of meeting on several previous occasions.

The next day, a lovely one, we piled into a car and with our chauffeur, Dionissis Katsimkris, drove to Passalimani Harbor, where we were greeted by Phillipos and Giorgos. They put our bags aboard—all except mine, for on checking, they were not to be found. We hailed our chauffeur (by now known as “Dennis”) just in the nick of time for me to go back with him to the hotel. There then ensued the most extraordinary and (to me) hilarious argumentative melee of vituperation and accusation, accompanied by threatening gestures and shaken fingers, first on the sidewalk, then

in the baggage room, then on the steps, and back again on the sidewalk. The doorman was accusing the starter and vice versa, Dennis was accusing the porters, and everyone was accusing everyone else. Meanwhile nothing was being done about my bags, which had never been taken from my room. Finally, after about fifteen minutes of seething, my luggage silently appeared in the hands of a noncombatant and we were off—or were we? No! for the engine chose that humiliating moment to overheat. This produced more excited argument, in which the corner cop joined. After another ten minutes a quiet man arrived with a bucket of water which cooled everything off, including the engine.

Once on board there were no further delays and we engaged out of the harbor shortly after 1 o'clock. Hoping to get a slant of wind which would let us clear the point, we hoisted main and genoa, but before we had finished lunch we had to resort to the engine again. We decided not to try for Kea but to anchor at Cape Sounion instead. By midafternoon we had a favorable enough breeze to ease along under sail until almost at the harbor's mouth.

It was all so typical of many of our Greek cruises—smooth sea, wafting wind, mountains and mist, yet sunny withal. The shining white columns of the Temple of Poseidon were in view for miles. It certainly is one of the most spectacularly placed monuments anywhere.

We dropped anchor about 6 P.M. near a French ketch, a yachty caique and a small cruise steamer. The fleet was later increased by a black schooner.

Mason and Henry went ashore to scramble up to the temple and returned just in time for cocktails. The rest of us elected to gaze upon the temple while swimming or on deck. How nice the swim was, how comforting the cocktails, how delicious the pistachio nuts. An auspicious first day.

Saturday we started off under power about 8, after a swim and breakfast. Fair skies and light northeasterly wind which was almost dead ahead as we powered up the Kea Channel after having left Makronisi Island to starboard and Kea Island to port. A huge East

German tanker bore down upon us on a collision course. Hod gracefully and wisely ceded his right-of-way. The tanker, as it passed abeam, blew a courteous salute in appreciation. We hoisted main and mizzen, which we made good use of from time to time, while at others we had to drop the genoa and resort largely to engine as we coasted along between Tinos, Yioura and Siros. At the end of our journey we were able to shut off the engine and have a fine sail around the southern end of Rinia right up to the cove where we dropped our anchor, the same cove we had used once before. It is secluded and sheltered and has a sand beach. Swims, cocktails and champagne for dinner. Commodore Gardner had a very near miss in trying to shoot the cork through the small port-hole. His second attempt was a fizzle as the cork just plopped out.

During the night the wind could be heard blowing hard through the rigging, though so snug was the cove that we felt no motion. Sure enough, when we woke up on Sunday a meltemi was blowing, necessitating a change in our plans for a run to Samos. Instead we decided to visit Delos, which was just around the corner. On rounding the headland we were surprised and amused, but not altogether happy, to see five large tourist steamers anchored in the roads and a cluster of yachts tied up to the pier in the small inner harbor. Fortunately, Hod knew of a cove with a white sand beach about a half-mile as the crow flies from the ruins of the ancient city.

All the afterguard landed at the little beach shortly after 10 o'clock and proceeded by a devious route through fields and over stone walls (one of which collapsed on Laurie), up hillsides, and through thistles that made it hard on Jim and Henry, who wore shorts. By the time our paths brought us to the upper reaches we had walked and climbed a far greater distance than the crow would have flown. Here we seemed to diverge. Henry and Laurie headed for the top; Jimmy did also but stopped short of it; Mason went to the museum, and I branched off and sat at the cave of Cynthus admiring the magnificent view and watching the tourists being put back aboard their vessels. After giving the main mass of tourists an opportunity to depart, I started a very leisurely descent. Minot

espied me from higher up and signaled me to wait for him, for he was apparently having difficulty in descending. He reported that he had seen a remarkably pretty girl but could not imagine where Henry and Laurie were. We ambled down, stopping at various points of interest such as the House of Masks and Dionysus House, in both of which are some remarkable mosaics, finally ending up at the museum.

Not long thereafter, all three of our companions hove into view, each one wondering where the other had been and all pretty well pooped. It was then (as a matter of fact it had been earlier, when I was gazing at the view and hating the idea of clambering back over hill and dale and wall to *Velila*) that I conceived an astute, indeed a brilliant, idea of trying to charter a small boat to take us from the dock to *Velila*. The response to my suggestion in the eyes and words of my companions was touching to an extreme. An ouzo at the cafe was in order and then I set out to arrange matters, which I did with some difficulty. Back aboard *Velila* the swim was refreshing, as was our libation, and our luncheon even more delectable than usual. It continued to blow hard. Late in the afternoon we had a rip-snorting sail across to Mykonos, where we dropped anchor alongside a Greek-built schooner in a cove on the south coast just east of Orinos Bay. It was a new anchorage for me and far from the tourist-infested town. Only a few houses, but three tavernas and bathing houses.

We decided to make a long jump that night to the Fournoi Islands. The watches were myself and Giorgos 10 to 1; Lombard, Minot and Laughlin 1 to 4; and Fuller and Hammond 4 to 7, by which time we hoped to reach our destination.

It was not too easy getting out, though the night was clear. Hod took charge and as a matter of fact stayed with me almost the entire time. First we engined south far enough to clear a cape and then, hoisting the jib and mizzen, we headed for a light on a rock, really a small island, which we had to weather. At times we looked to be doing it easily, at others we were headed as the seas increased. Just as I thought we had it made, it became necessary to resort to

the engine. Even with this, it seemed an interminable time before we were by. To my great relief, in the last stages Hod took over and I found I had been wrestling with the wheel for two hours and twenty minutes—this on top of an hour stretch from Rinia to Mykonos. I had not realized the lapse of time or certainly I would have asked Giorgos to relieve me sooner. I was thankful to call the next watch. Sleep did not come to my rescue for some time. From there on, *Velila*, with slightly eased sheets, galloped on without too much motion. When I came on deck about 10 A.M. I found we were anchored in the choice cove on one of the Fournoi which I had picked out several years ago. The meltemi was still in full spate and williwaws from the steep hillside kept descending upon us, forcing Hod to put a line to the shore to balance the anchor and to keep us from yawing too much. Everyone was tired and the spot was charming, so we soon decided against pushing on to Samos. Instead we napped, swam, wrote postcards, and did a little laundry work. Mason, being full of energy, decided to try to swim to the beach at the head of the cove, holding his cane and sneakers in one hand while swimming on his back, but soon found he had bitten off more than he could chew. I was sure this would be the case and had not liked the idea of his trying, especially as the dinghy was on deck. In the afternoon the dinghy was put over and he, Henry and Laurie landed and climbed to the top of a ridge.

Cocktails were served below as it was blowing too hard on deck.

It blew hard all night and was blowing even harder in the morning, but we decided to make the twenty-five-mile run to Tigani Harbor, Samos, just the same. As we anticipated quite a buffeting, some of us took precautionary Dramamine and all put on foul-weather gear. The pills were not necessary but the foul-weather gear was at times. We powered along close to the Fournoi coast when the going was smoother, then set the staysail and headed directly across to Samos, finding the wind and sea conditions much better than expected; in fact both had moderated to such an extent that Hod said he thought the meltemi was over, but such was not wholly the case. On the way across, we passed by a small caique

under mainsail jib and engine going downwind, wallowing about and jibing from time to time. Around the cape the wind abated, changed, and then disappeared. At Hod's suggestion we dropped anchor for a swim and lunch in a most charming nook, hardly large enough to be dignified as a cove. A rock pile at the entrance served as a breakwater and the anchorage was just off a tiny white beach. In back of that the land rose abruptly up the sides of a cone-shaped hill capped by a grey granite-like peak sparsely freckled with low green bushes, then lower down a fringe of dark green pines gradually gave way to olive trees scattered or in orchards, and all sprouting from the tan-colored soil.

After a leisurely lunch we powered about eight miles to Tigani Harbor, finding that the wind was still whipping but not so fiercely as it had been in the morning. As we entered the harbor we saw the schooner *Carrina*, belonging to John Stanilands, an English friend of Hod's, and anchored nearby about 4 P.M.

The afterguard all went ashore, hired a taxi, and visited the famous aqueduct of Polycrates and then the ruins of a very famous temple, the Temple of Hera, where only one huge column remains standing, whereas in its prime there were thirty or more in the main temple alone.

Back in time for a swim and the usual. For dinner a delicious moussaka and a bottle of champagne to grace the reading by Lombard of his unique and amusing document anent Henry that he had read at Henry's golden wedding party.

The next day—alas!—"the Miseries" that had been threatening descended upon me and prevented me from joining in any activities or partaking of any food or wassail. The others hired a taxi and visited Port Vathi on the other side of the island, returning in time for a swim and lunch. After lunch Henry read us his intensely interesting paper describing some of his meetings with Churchill.

The afternoon was mostly concerned with taking on fuel and water. We then engined around the easterly end of Samos to a cove that Hod calls Cabot Cove, which I did not remember anchoring

in before but found reminiscent of the anchorage behind Rashat Island near Antalya.

It was too cool for even the hardest to take a swim.

Thursday, before 6 o'clock, Hod and the crew took *Velila* thirteen miles from Cabot Cove to an anchorage off the dock at Kusadasi, Turkey. Not too much protection but apparently greatly improved by a new breakwater on the westward end.

If at home, some of us at least would have been attending Harvard Commencement. Instead, all of us except Hod (I having recovered sufficiently to venture doing so) took off bright and early in a taxi for Ephesus. First we visited the Basilica of St. John, passing through the Gate of Persecution and seeing the Byzantine citadel rising above the basilica on the Acropolis. We were much impressed by the whole complex and its commanding situation. We then dropped down for a brief look at the imposing remains of the Mosque Isabey. Then winding up an excellent road (which provided many fine views and whose borders and adjacent hillsides abounded in wildflowers and shrubs—oleanders, broom, gorse, hollyhocks, poppies, and many others which we could not identify) we came to the House of the Virgin Mary, a shrine set in a quiet, lovely grove with a little chapel purportedly erected over the grave of the Virgin. The tradition that she lived for a time and died in Ephesus is an ancient one and pretty well authenticated but is vigorously disputed by those who believe she died in Jerusalem. On the way back we stopped at the southerly entrance of the new city of Ephesus, started by Lysimachus because the old one was cut off from trade by the silting-up of its harbor. Meanwhile the taxi went around to meet us at the northerly entrance. It was a carefully laid-out and magnificent city, second in size, at one time, only to Alexandria, having a stadium, temples, gymnasium, library, baths, concert hall, marketplace, anything you can imagine—even a magnificent brothel. No sense my trying to describe it beyond saying that it impressed me as much if not more than any ancient city ruins I have ever seen.

After lunch I took it easy aboard *Velila* while the others, including Hod, hired a chauffeur and car to visit the ruins at Miletus and Priene, crossing the delta of the Maeander River to do so.

During the afternoon a brisk northerly breeze, known as an "imbat," made our berth somewhat restless, so in spite of its dying down about 6 o'clock we decided to move our anchorage under the lee of the new breakwater. No sooner had we done this than we were hailed from the shore and Giorgos had to row in and bring out the chauffeur, a customs officer, and a representative of the Tourist Bureau—much talk, nobody understanding much, but it apparently had to do with our having paid the chauffeur instead of the Tourist Bureau. The payment was handed back rather ruefully by the chauffeur, the whole thing to be adjusted in the morning.

Minot had gotten word the previous day of the arrival of his first great-grandchild, but in deference to my enfeebled condition it was decided to postpone laying her hair with champagne until a later date.

All hands went ashore in the morning and strolled about Kusadasi's main street, buying postcards and stamps while Minot straightened things out with the Tourist Bureau. The government has apparently realized what a gold mine the tourist business is, and so is spending a lot of money (mostly our money, I expect) on improving roads and landing facilities, building or encouraging to be built modern motels, and sprucing up restaurants. Even in the main street they have gone in for the planting of shrubs and trees. Near the dock there was an old caravanserai which had fallen into ruin but was now being extensively restored.

By 10 o'clock we were under power on our way to a cove on the inside of Korman Island with clear skies and no wind. Here we had swims and luncheon. It was a lovely, lonely spot with no habitation to be seen. Indeed, all along the bare coast in the morning and afternoon there was practically no sign of habitation either ancient or modern. The coast is much indented, sometimes deeply, and the cliffs or hills rise abruptly and are very barren-looking, only partially covered with scrub growth of various sorts.

In the afternoon we continued along the lonely coast and dropped anchor at Port Sigacik in a truly memorable narrow nook with white sand beach. At one end, across a small bay, we could see some signs of habitation—a cultivated valley with fig and olive trees and a few small houses. Really a prize anchorage.

The next morning was as usual clear and bright. An early start, which I did not rouse myself for as there seemed to be plenty of eager beavers. When I did come on deck about 8 A.M. we stopped for a few minutes, the sea being calm, and had a swim, then on again. The crew had had a successful haul in their net, which they had set the night before, so we had some delicious small fish for breakfast, and there was a fangri, which Yannis had bought in Kusadasi, to look forward to for lunch. We were heading for Chios, where we hoped to be allowed to take on water without officially reentering Greece. This we accomplished, but of course we were not allowed to land. Still, it was a treat to see how skillfully Hod maneuvered us into a tight berth without the least bit of fuss, and the confinement afforded me an opportunity to do some laundry work.

We left Chios at about 10:30, hoisted mainsail and jib, and had the finest sort of sail back to the Turkish coast, dropping anchor in Ildir Bay near the site of ancient Erythrae and around the corner from the village of Ildir.

As soon as the hook was down, we were overboard for a swim and back on board again for ouzos, etc. It was then about 2:30. In the midst of our libation we saw a small boat approaching with three men in it, two of them soldiers, one with a rifle and one with a Sten. They came alongside and we handed them our papers, which they puzzled over and then wrote something. This accomplished, they left with smiles.

After lunch, Mason, Jim and Henry set forth on an archaeological expedition as there were a few signs of ancient walls. Laurie and I, after a decent interval, set forth in the outboard skiff to get a view of the village around the next point and of another anchorage around a second point. The village was a small one and had evi-

dently in fairly recent years been devastated by an earthquake, for the houses were either new or reconstructed from the remains of old ones. There was no sign of any seafaring activity although it was on the edge of a fine harbor with adjacent waters abounding in fish. It remained strictly agricultural. We found that the inner anchorage was a good one but on the whole not as attractive or sheltered as the spot we had chosen. Laurie and I returned to *Velila* and then we too went ashore to climb an adjacent hill and view such traces of ancient walls as were apparent. On returning to the ship we found Henry in distress because he had lost a pair of dark glasses, so he, with the kindly assistance of Mason and Laurie, returned to shore to retrace his steps in the hope of finding his glasses. Their efforts were alas! in vain, but they were more than ready for a plunge and cocktails. Minot and I, be it said, had shown restraint over and above our line of duty in refraining from making use of the *pago* (ice to us Greeks) before their return. An unusually good moussaka sufficed to justify the uncorking of a bottle of Cordon Rouge with which to drink the health of the great-granddaughter and her great-grandpappy.

All night long a meltemi whistled through the rigging, but our plough anchor merely dug deeper and held. It was still blowing hard in the morning, so we abandoned the idea of making an early start. However, about 11:30 we decided to start off but had only gone a short way before Hod found that the oil leak he had worked on the day before was still giving trouble. We engaged up under the lee of the shore and dropped anchor while he fixed it by some ingenious means which I am not competent to explain. Our troubles, or annoyances rather, were not quite over, for a problem developed in the anchor winch. This also he fixed and we were off once more, expecting some fairly heavy going as it was still blowing hard where we were anchored; instead, when we got out into a larger bay, the wind abated and the whitecaps ceased. This aspect changed again when we went through a fairly narrow channel and out into the Aegean proper—here there were whitecaps and it was blowing briskly right on our nose. The line between the

calm water and the whitecaps was a straight and narrow one. It was not really rough, so we were able to have our aperitifs and luncheon in comfort. Our luncheon aperitifs were, as in the past, not all the same. Jim and I would usually have an ouzo, Mason a rum drink, Laurie a Bloody Mary, and Henry what he called a Tom Collins but which we were apt to refer to as a Two-in-One or an Upside-Down Collins, for he just reversed the usual proportions of gin and soda. For luncheon we had a most artistically bedecked cold langouste molded in salad. Truly a chef's masterpiece.

After rounding Cape Kara our course changed, enabling us to set main, jib and mizzen. We had a good two-hour sail and then the wind poohed out, so we took in jib and mizzen and proceeded under power with the mainsail up. After a time the wind came up again from the northeast. We sailed under mainsail until it was time to approach the shore to find Canak Cove, which we had picked out on the chart as our objective. This was by no means easy, for the chart was difficult to read and it did not look as if there were any coves on the rugged shore. At last we entered what we thought must be Canak Cove, although it did not conform to the chart. We proceeded very cautiously and dropped anchor just behind a small promontory which seemed to provide adequate protection and did. There was much discussion as to whether or not we were in the right cove. Mason came up with the theory it was a cove called Yenifoca because of certain ruins which showed on the chart, and all hands agreed. It was a nice place to be and we were content to stay there. A few animals were to be seen and one or two people. During cocktails, which we had on deck although it was on the cool side, we witnessed a magnificent display put on by a bird that looked like a seagull in many ways but had the élan and aggressiveness of a hawk. What splendid swoops and spectacular dives; a fierce predator that always got its prey.

It blew hard during the night and was still blowing freshly in the morning as we engined out to backtrack in search of Canak Cove. It was puzzling, for nothing seemed to coincide with the chart. We cautiously entered one which from its position we felt sure

must be it although it too did not conform to the chart. We then hoisted main and jib and had a superb sail with a fresh breeze from the north which gradually backed to northwest. Across Candarli Bay is Mardalic Island, one of a group of small islands just off the coast, where we entered a small cove between two rocky promontories, anchoring very close to shore as the water was so deep. Here as usual a swim, etc. Shortly after lunch we hoisted sail and wafted down to the entrance of a narrow picturesque channel. It was like a lake and instead of grim cliffs it was surrounded by gently rolling hills well covered with olive groves and pines and carefully terraced fields. The problem was where to anchor, for in places it was eight to ten fathoms and then suddenly and abruptly we would come on a steep bank where there was less than eight feet. It was all so well protected that it did not matter much where we anchored but we had to find a spot where we could anchor and yet not run the risk of swinging onto a shallow bank. We finally were able to pick a spot that looked as if it would fill the bill and did. The name of this lovely haven was Badleml Harbor, and we dropped anchor there about 5:15.

It was indeed a superior place, perhaps the best we had anchored in, and that is high praise. After much effort Mason rigged the dinghy for a sail in order to explore the waters more carefully, but no sooner had this been accomplished than such wind as there was departed. There were more signs of life than usual, though we saw no village. A group of men and boys were hauling a net in to shore as we came in and others could be seen working in a tobacco field. Near us was a small group of buildings about which several fine-looking black donkeys were grazing.

Until it was time for a swim and refreshment we napped, read or wrote and after dinner sat on deck and looked at the brilliant stars.

That night the crew had more than ordinary success in spearing fish, so we had some scup-like fish fried for breakfast. Delicious! It was lucky we all liked fish, for we not only had it occasionally for breakfast but nearly always for lunch, usually cold, and not infre-

quently for dinner. A typical luncheon was cold fish, potatoes, string beans or okra, tomato salad, cheese and cherries. For dinner there was always a hot dish—moussaka, chicken, lamb or fish—with salad and a dessert.

At 6 A.M. we carefully powered out the south channel to Badlemi Harbor the way we had come in, not wishing to venture out the other entrance because of many shoals. Again it was clear and calm without being too hot. It was only a short run to Dikili, where we tied up to a new mole, stern to, near three large caiques. After breakfast all except Hod went ashore. To do so, although the distance was less than ten yards, we had to employ the services of a local boatman. A car was arranged for, and we drove to Pergamum (or Bergama if you wish) across the wide delta built up over the ages. Much work had been done, since we had been there last, and was still being done on the roads. It also appeared that the land was being more intensively cultivated. The part of the road that was being improved was very dusty. Arriving in Pergamum, we first visited the citadel and fortunately had it all to ourselves. Again I was greatly impressed by its commanding situation and impressive layout. On the way down we had a good view of the Roman basilica, then a brief visit to the museum before going over the ruins of the Asclepeion. Here they had fixed up the theater and apparently were using it for special performances.

We were back aboard *Velila* about 12:45, but further tedious delays with the officials did not permit us to leave for some time. When we did leave, it was only with great difficulty because of the wind direction, the smallness of the area in which to operate, and the shallowness of the water. Finally, after about four attempts, we squeaked by the mole and headed out to sea, where we stopped for a longed-for swim. Then with smooth sea and automatic steerer on, we powered twenty-five miles to Poroselenes Bay in the Mosko Islands, anchoring about 5:30 in the lee of Maden Island. Not the prettiest or snuggest of our anchorages but thoroughly adequate. A landing party, consisting of all but Hod and me, was formed to ascend a steep slope to get a close look at an old tower. It took

rather longer than they expected but did not deter them from having a hurried swim before cocktails.

After dinner, while we were sitting on deck, a boat with five men in it came alongside. We were sure that two or three of them would be soldiers who had come out to look at our papers. This proved not so. They were all fishermen and one of them was the shepherd the landing party had exchanged greetings with on their expedition. Laurie went down the companionway and proceeded to welcome them in masterly fashion, though of course they could not understand a word but could readily tell from his gestures and tone of voice that we were friendly. Having no cigarettes on board, for nobody smoked them including the crew, I gave them five small cigars and Hod gave them three fathom of rope, which delighted them.

Hod, Laurie and I were up at 4 A.M., as were Hammond and Laughlin for a few minutes. After powering cautiously out of Poroselenes Bay, our course set at 290° for Sivrice Bay Light seventeen miles away and automatic pilot functioning, I left Laurie and took to my bunk, returning shortly after 6 to relieve him. At Sivrice Light we altered course slightly to round Cape Baba. We were abeam the light about 7:30. There is a town there which at one time must have been well fortified, though it was hard to see the reason why, for it does not control any narrow waterway and has no harbor. We proceeded north along the Turkish coast against a light wind. The sea was smooth and the sky cloudless.

Later as we neared Bozcaada Island (Tenedos) the sea and wind both increased slightly. Soon in the distance we could make out the British war memorial monument near the tip of Gallipoli and later the French and the Turkish. It brought back keenly the agony of those days—the courage and the enormous losses on both sides. Had they acted sooner and commanded the heights sooner, would the Allies have had a victory instead of a disastrous defeat?

We passed close aboard the Turkish memorial, which seemed to me in its grim simplicity very appropriate. It is right on the edge of

a high headland at the entrance to the Dardanelles, a warning not to trifle with the Turk.

Proceeding against the three-knot current, we arrived off Canakkale shortly after 3 and were directed to an anchorage by the official launch. They then came alongside accompanied by a runner from the local travel agency who could speak some English. Poor Hod had to fill out innumerable documents before we were permitted to go ashore. The officers were not disagreeable, indeed were kind enough to put us ashore when their work was ended. We strolled about the town for an hour, spending an inordinate amount of time buying stamps and posting postcards. There was nothing to see. The town seemed clean and a good deal of work was being done in the way of building and refurbishing. We returned for a swim. On the hill facing us was a huge sign reading "March 18th 1915," the date when the Allies abandoned all effort to capture Gallipoli. Across the strait was another outline of a defiant Turkish soldier with lettering presumably recounting what happened. The sun set round and red behind the hills of Gallipoli.

By prearrangement a taxi met us at 9 o'clock the next day and took us to the ruins of Troy, about thirty miles distant. It was an attractive drive, part of the way winding up a heavily wooded mountainside. The arrival at Troy is unexpected and visually thoroughly uninspiring. I shall not attempt a description of the ruins except to say they are far more extensive and far more worthwhile seeing than I had expected. They are well marked by signs in Turkish and English telling to which of the Troys the ruins belong and what their original purpose was. It is pretty well established that there were nine Troys. The greatest inspiration, to me, was standing on the ramparts and gazing over the flat plain between them and the sea. There one could picture the chariots and clashes of arms, the challenges and defiances of the ancient heroes.

We were back about 12:30, but the departure papers and the rest took so long that we decided to remain at anchor for lunch, though we did not go in swimming. The water looked oily and

dirty. The current puzzled us, for it was sometimes running one way, sometimes another. I suspect this was because we were on the edge of a back eddy, so the direction varied as we swung either into it or out of it.

We upped anchor at 2:15 hoping to have a ten-mile sail to Morto Bay, but the breeze disappeared so we continued under power. The day before we had wondered at how few vessels we saw. Later that day and all the next there was a constant stream going and coming—mostly huge Russian tankers. All the way down we saw flock after flock after flock of low-flying black birds, nearly all heading north. They flew close to the water the way coot are apt to do and were not ducks but more like a large shore bird. They appeared to have some white or grey on the underside of their wings.

We dropped anchor in Morto Bay, which is a bight in the Gallipoli peninsula at the entrance to the Dardanelles about halfway between the Turkish monument and the French monument and cemetery. Our swim was an unusually refreshing one. The stream of vessels entering continued, hurrying to make their entry before the closing of the straits.

We had a good view of the well-kept French cemetery, dominated by its undistinguished-looking monument, and again watched the fiery exit of the sun—not a real sunset, just a rather rapid disappearance of a molten ball.

The champagne-cork marksmanship had on the whole been deplorable, but Laurie, who had eschewed cocktails because of a slight disorder, made a gallant try, perhaps an even closer miss than my opening shot the first night.

Another early start at 4 A.M. on a calm sea. Giorgos and I took the first watch, 4:30 to 5:30; Minot and Hammond the second, 5:30 to 6:30; and Lombard and Laughlin the last. I enjoy the dawn watch, especially if the weather is clear, for I love to see and feel the light gradually increase, the sky become suffused in pink, and finally see the golden rim of the sun peep over a range of hills and gradually inflate.

Our course took us close aboard the northern end of Imbros

Island. An adverse current of one and a half knots made us take longer to clear it than we had figured. The log registered over nineteen miles whereas the distance was fourteen and a half. Before breakfast we stopped for our morning swim and a little later for our daily, or twice-daily, radio chat with John Stanilands on his yacht, *Carrina*.

The western end of Samothrace is striking. Two- or three-thousand-foot mountains rise abruptly from the sea and cover all but a small portion of the island on the easterly end. There is no sign of a building except one little chapel perched on the sharp top of a minor peak. Near the eastern end the slopes become more gentle, permitting cultivated fields and olive groves. Although the descriptions of the harbor of Kamariotissa were far from encouraging, we decided, as it was very calm, to try and find a place to anchor which was not too deep. We rounded a long, low spit with a light on the end and headed in for a cluster of houses. The nearer we got the better it looked. There was a new mole or breakwater behind which there were ten or more large caiques, mostly fishing boats. The steep rocky beach was covered with smaller fishing boats and nets being hauled out to dry. A charming scene. The little village, with one or two grape-arbored tavernas fringing the beach, was surrounded by cultivated fields and the whole framed in by magnificent granite peaks—by far the most attractive village setting we had seen.

Hod went ashore and was able to get permission for us to land while he was working on the necessary papers. Not an easy job, for the young man in charge had very little experience and had never encountered a yacht entering from a foreign country. Hod had to do most of the work for him. Even so, he seemed to feel that we needed some sort of health clearance paper from Turkey. We were told that it would be possible to get a car to drive us to the ruins of the old city where the French found and appropriated the Winged Victory and where work of excavation is being carried on by New York University under the direction of Mrs. Carl Lehman. While waiting, we sat at a table sipping coffee and watching the slow-

motion activity of the waterfront. There was some hitch about the car, so we went back aboard *Velila* for a swim and lunch, having been promised a car at 3:30. This also gave us time for a nice siesta.

At the appointed hour we all, including Hod and a young man, climbed into our vehicle, a sort of bus which had been concocted from a jeep base. We drove along the shore for about five miles and then turned into a small grove. Here we first found a newly built hostel with a restaurant and rooms. Proceeding further, we came to another newly built stone building, which was primarily a museum and storehouse but also provided some rooms for the staff. The museum was very interesting and was made more so by one of the staff, a Mr. Shaw, whom we ran into. The small collection of gold jewelry was particularly interesting. We then followed a path which led up to the main ruins, including the niche where the Winged Victory once stood. These ruins were made more interesting by Mason's running into a young man named McCredie whom he knew as a former student at Harvard. Again I shall not attempt to describe what we saw and merely say that we were mightily impressed by the whole thing. It must have been a large city built on a group of hills sloping down to the nearby shore.

We were back in time to see the fishing boats go out, each large one towing a seine boat and several smaller boats with their acetylene lamps to attract the fish. In going out they deposited a certain amount of oil on the untroubled waters, necessitating our hoisting anchor and going out a few hundred yards into clear water for a much-desired swim.

We were all delighted with our day and with Samothrace and thought it outstanding in beauty and interest. The little fishing village with its nets and tavernas was to me reminiscent of Linaria on the island of Skyros.

Again we woke to a clear sky and smooth sea, a truly glassy one. The fishing caiques were late in coming in, so we were unable to get the fine fresh fish we had counted on. Our water supply had run out, but we were able to obtain sufficient for our needs in jerry cans. We were off at 9:30 after Hod had collected his papers and

telephoned to Dosia in Athens. There were no messages for anyone, implying good news or at least no really bad news.

Our course for Thasos was soon set and the automatic pilot put in charge. Shortly after noon we stopped for a swim. Henry encountered trouble in getting back to the ladder as *Velila* still had a little headway.

Thasos is unusual, not in its high peaks but because it is heavily wooded, giving it a most pleasing appearance. On arrival at the town of Potamia, after a thirty-six-mile run, we were directed to tie up at a buoy which had an attachment for both fuel and water.

There was little or no air stirring and it was very hot in spite of the awning. Disregarding this, Mason and Henry started out early in the afternoon to inspect all the old ruins. To do the job thoroughly they had to climb a steep peak. Jim, Laurie and I eschewed any action until later and did not attempt the peak. We visited the museum, which had some interesting pieces, and then strolled about trying to locate various places, more especially the Gate of Silenus, which has a rather erotic statue, or rather bas-relief, of Silenus. While we were strolling along, a car stopped and a pleasant voice, unmistakably American, asked if we would like a lift. The good Samaritan turned out to be Lieutenant Colonel Briggs of the Air Force, who was having a vacation with his wife and two teenage children. He took us at first for Englishmen until I told him we were all from Boston. His car was air-conditioned, making our little trip all the nicer. He drove us over to a wooded cove, as pretty as a picture, where there was a recently built hostelry consisting of thirty or forty attractive stone cottages, four rooms to a cottage, and a central building for dining purposes. He said it was very nice and clean and that he only paid twelve dollars a day for all his family and that this included two meals a day!

When we all were back aboard we moved out to where we would get more breeze and be more secluded. A fine swim, very fine cocktails, very, very fine dinner and some not-so-fine singing except for Hod.

Sunday, Jim said there had been a light rain during the night,

the first we had had. Smooth sea and some cloudiness, very light wind as we set our course for Mt. Athos, departing from off Cape Araxos about 10 o'clock. Both the sky and wind kept changing, and for a time we had a brisk westerly wind, so we set our mizzen and two headsails and changed our course for Vatopedi, one of the few places where it is possible to find bottom to anchor and the site of one of the finest of the monasteries. Our sail lasted about two hours and a half and then the wind died out and changed.

We dropped anchor about 4:30. Phillipos went ashore to obtain permission for us to land, which he obtained—with the proviso that we wear long trousers and shirts with long sleeves. The monastery is a striking group of buildings. The approach to it is up a wide cobbled walk, then through a gate into a courtyard, a sight even more striking than the view from the water. We were shown the main church, the refectory, and some of the treasures. All in all I liked it better than any I had seen before. At that time there were thirty-five monks, nearly all of them aged. There would seem to be room for a thousand or more. A fire the previous winter had gutted the interior of a wing of one of the buildings. It had been stopped from spreading by their telephoning to Kavalla and having a fire engine sent over on a boat. As it took over four hours to get it there, I do not see how they controlled the blaze.

Early next morning a large cruise ship came in and anchored outside of us. Only about fifteen people got off to look at the monastery. At 9:30 the secretary of Mt. Athos, who is second in command to the governor, came aboard accompanied by the doctor. The idea was that we would land at Iviron Monastery and drive up in the bus to Karyes (or Karyai), the capital, and get the necessary papers to visit any monastery on Mt. Athos, but it was so rough when we reached Iviron that it was all we could do to get the secretary and the doctor ashore. We said we would take the bus from Daphne, on the other side of the peninsula, the next day. We powered close along the coast, taking note of the Grand Lavra though it was too rough to land, and then noting other monasteries, sketes and hermits' huts until we reached the southerly end. As we went along

we had a fine view of granite-peaked Mt. Athos and could see many traces of snow in its gullies. The whole peninsula is heavily wooded and it is from this wood that the monasteries derive their revenue, each monastery being allotted certain portions. There is a lot of pine, also chestnut and other hardwoods. Once around Cape Akra-thos we hoisted sail, only to have the wind die out for a time, but after luncheon it freshened and we had a wonderful close-hauled sail across Singitikos Gulf, at times going eight and a half knots in a smooth sea, and dropped our anchor in Sikias Harbor, a picturesque little cove in which we had anchored on a previous trip. It consists of three or four tavernas and had a half-dozen fishing caiques at anchor. In the late afternoon we walked a short distance over a ridge and swam off a white sand beach in a lovely uninhabited cove. Before our swim Mason worked forty-five minutes to rig the sail on our skiff, in which he and Laurie, and later myself, had a sail. The dismantling was less difficult and there were more hands to help.

Our surroundings were so appealing to the eye that our happy hour lingered on longer than usual.

Early in the morning there was a heavy rain squall which caused us to either drag or shift our position in such a way as to briefly contact one of the caiques. Hod got up the anchor and powered across the harbor to seek better shelter. The rain did not last long and we were soon on our way across Singitikos Gulf to the mooring buoy at Daphne. The afterguard then landed and took the crowded bus over the mountains to Karyes, passing Xeropotamou monastery on the way, where some monks got off and others got on. Though not comfortable, it was an interesting ride—steep grades and many hairpin turns through heavily wooded country and over a 2,500-foot ridge. There were a vast number of chestnut trees, or so we thought them, in full bloom.

Karyes was unprepossessing and we were shunted about from police to town hall to the governor's residence, or rather Mason was, while the rest of us sat about the town square for about three hours. The only thing we saw was the central church. As it turned

out, we never did make use of our permits. We ran into an attractive young Englishman who with knapsack on back was going to walk the trails. We invited him to lunch with us at the little and only restaurant where the fare consisted of two kinds of beans, potatoes, tomato salad and cheese. We took the 1:30 bus back to Daphne. We then headed along the west coast, where Mason, Laurie and Henry visited the large Russian monastery, Panteleimonos, which Jim and I had visited before. At Docheiariou monastery Mason, Laurie and I went ashore. The monks were very affable. They were about to have a service, which we attended for a time. This gave it considerable atmosphere and made our visit worthwhile. The myth that not even hens were allowed on Mt. Athos was positively dispelled here, for there were a number of them, also some little pigs. (For some time our suspicions had been aroused by the number of cats and miscellaneous dogs.) At neither place were permits asked for.

We powered back to Daphne and tied up to the buoy, then swam and had cocktails and dinner. After dinner a big caique came alongside and with considerable shouting and commotion tied to our stern.

The great event of the day—indeed of the whole cruise, not to mention other cruises—was Minot's superlative demonstration of marksmanship in shooting a champagne cork direct from bottle through the small porthole.

At 2:30 in the morning, after several other caiques had joined the flotilla at the mooring buoy, considerable bumping ensued which did some minor damage to *Velila* and caused Hod to take her farther out and let her drift.

We had a swim and breakfast while drifting about and then powered in close to the shore where we had a good look at Simonopetra and Grigoriou monasteries and stopped off Dionysiou monastery where Mason, Laurie and I landed, not without some difficulty and risk. We were warmly greeted by the abbot and one of the monks who had been in America for many years, where he had done well in business and traveled abroad many times. He

came to the monastery in 1935; why, we did not find out. He was pathetically eager to talk to us and gave Laurie his sister's address in Atlanta and asked him to write to her. They showed us the church and the refectory but our chief memory is of this monk who loved America dearly.

Getting off was easier than landing. Once aboard, we powered very slowly close along the shore so that we could see the many sketes and individual hermitages, some of them only caves with small balconies clinging to precipitous cliffs. Amazing!

We had planned to stop at Lavra, the oldest and largest of the monasteries, but when we got there it was blowing too hard to attempt landing. We hoisted the forestaysail and turned off the engine and were going along finely for a few minutes until the unpredictable wind suddenly stopped, though behind and outside of us it was blowing freshly. We again resorted to engine and after lunch decided to land at Iviron if conditions were good. They were, so we dropped anchor and went ashore. It was about 2 P.M., so most of the monks were having a siesta. We were ushered up to a room by an attendant who brought us the usual ouzo, water, coffee and sweet honey cakes. He then showed us a parlor hung with pictures and indicated that was all. We prowled about a bit and got into the church, which was much like all the others with its large ornate candelabra lanterns, ikons and frescoes. There was a monk there who rather glowered at us. In fact we did not think we would have missed much if we had not gone there. Back on board we had a swim and then set off to the northwest end of the peninsula, rounding Cape Arapis and dropping anchor off a beach in Plati Cove. We had covered forty-six miles and made several stops.

In one of the several small fishing boats were a father and small son. As they came alongside, the boy looked so peaked that Minot gave him a bar of chocolate, which he tore open and devoured; Hod gave the father a fathom of rope. When we came on deck after dinner the moon was nearly full.

Thursday began overcast. After a swim we started off about 8

o'clock, eating breakfast underway. No chance to set a sail, but well before noon the clouds dispersed and we were again basking in familiar sunshine. We dropped anchor off a sand beach in a cove which gave shelter. We were looking forward to a swim, for by this time it was unusually hot and furthermore it was our last chance.

While coming to anchor I noticed a large white object which on closer examination proved to be a huge jellyfish. We then began to see many such objects and innumerable blue ones of a similar nature. This made swimming a bit precarious, so we had only hasty dips with scouts watching to warn of danger. The jellyfish, especially the blue ones, were quite beautiful.

After lunch we powered a few miles to Kavalla, where we tied up to the mole next to a rather dilapidated caique with a vivacious and shapely girl apparently in command. She was talking to everybody on the mole in several different languages, laughing and gay while going about various chores, also bantering the two or three workmen who were making an attempt to convert the old tub into a yacht. Later she made the mistake of diving into the foul and oily waters of the harbor, necessitating her hosing herself with fresh water from a nearby hydrant.

Kavalla is a thoroughly unprepossessing commercial port. In spite of the heat the others went ashore to wander about. I contented myself with sitting on deck under the awning, reading and watching the activities of the Nereid and her crew. Later that evening she told us that she and her husband, a bearded artist, were planning to cruise in the Mediterranean for two years. She said they were German, but she looked more southern, with black hair and shining white teeth. I think they might have had a pretty tough time if they ever did it.

After a very good dinner and three attempts at matching Jimmy's bull's-eye we sat on deck. The harbor at night, with lights dotted here and there, took on a softer and more mellow look. The Nereid brought out a guitar on which she strummed a bit, most inexpertly, but then a few attempts at songs on our part were equally inexpert.

I was sad the cruise was over, for it had been a thoroughly suc-

cessful one, but glad to have had the opportunity of spending three weeks with such delightful companions and the feeling that old friendships had deepened and new ones had been established.

Once again I marveled at Hod's accomplishments and how much everybody's comfort and enjoyment were due to his unceasing work, thoughts and friendliness.

“This Is Number Nine”

Recovery Cruise for G.P.G.

1969

NOBODY dreamt on January 9, 1969, and for many months thereafter, that not five months later I would be on my way for another cruise with Hod Fuller in Grecian waters, for on that date I was on the operating table at the Massachusetts General Hospital for seven hours (they tell me) undergoing open-heart surgery to replace a rapidly encrusting aortic valve with a new synthetic one. Yet on June 6, thanks to the extraordinary skill and constant care of the doctors and nurses comprising the heart surgical team, to the devotion of my wife, Rose, and our children and grandchildren, to the prayers and concern of numerous friends, to my own prayers and ardent desire to cruise again in the Aegean Sea, here I was boarding a Pan Am plane heading for Paris as an initial stop.

My strategy in getting the doctors and my wife to assent to my going was to suggest that I get some good doctor to go with me. This they accepted, and I was fortunate in signing up my young friend Curtis Prout and later, at his suggestion, getting Paul Fremont-Smith to fill in for the first part of the cruise. Two of the finest young doctors one could ask for and both experienced cruisers. No fault could be found with this arrangement, so off I went with Paul and my wife for a few days in Paris before winging to Athens on June 9, five months to the day since my operation.

John Finley, Henry Laughlin and Jim Minot soon joined us, and that evening we dined at the Fullers'. What a joy it was to see Hod and Dosia, attractive and cordial as always. It made me feel that my physical worries had faded and that I was actually once more embarked on an Aegean cruise with Hod.

On Wednesday, June 11, we taxied to Passalimani Harbor, where we found *Velila* tied by the stern to the dockside, so close that Minot could step aboard without walking a perilous plank.

It was a thrill for me to take the wheel as we got under way, not that there was any difficulty involved but because it was symbolical and justified my fervent hope and Hod's prediction in December that this was just what I would be doing come June.

We engined by eight United States warcraft, including a large carrier (all just returned from NATO naval maneuvers) on our way to clear Fleves Island. The sun was bright, the sea smooth and the wind moderate. We hoped it would freshen and give us a good slant for a sail as we headed for Port St. Nikolaos, Kea Island. This it did, and for a while we had a leisurely sail under main, mizzen and genoa. We passed Sounion, with its shiny white temple to Poseidon atop Cape Colonna, and then the southerly end of Makronisi Island.

Port St. Nikolaos was much as I remembered it—not spectacular but possessing great charm, especially the fringe of little white houses with gaily colored doors and shutters, all surrounded by flowers and vines in great profusion; nothing formal but just enough attention given them to prevent nature from running riot. A few figures to be seen and a caique hauled up on the shore to be repaired at leisure. This picturesque little group was at the head of the harbor on the starboard side; also on the starboard side near the entrance is a cove where we saw more houses and various commercial or industrial buildings and a hotel that was under construction. It is there that the island steamer stops. On the port side there is a combination lighthouse and church, then some old buildings in active use when Port St. Nikolaos was used as a coaling station before World War I, a large abandoned villa probably connected with the coaling station, then a few low sheds, a white church on a point, then a few small flower-bedecked villas, most of them not yet open for the summer.

Our swim before the "happy hour" was a thrill for me. It further proved that the cruise was really taking place and that I was there.

The water was salty and buoyant, its temperature 70 degrees. Perfect!

Also perfect the "Minot-made" cocktails and "round red Mr. Sun" hovering, then sinking rapidly through an island-made notch. The dinner, cooked by Yannis, likewise seemed perfect:

Potage
Poisson Frite
Salade
Beignets
Souffle au Miel

The second day of the cruise began with sunshine and a light wind. Since our previous visit to St. Nikolaos Cove, some Mycenaean ruins had been revealed. John, Paul and I decided to go ashore to have a look. What had been uncovered was there to see, except that it was surrounded by a padlocked wire fence. However, we fortunately ran into Dr. Caskey, who was in charge of the dig; in fact, he was its discoverer. He either knew or knew of John, and vice versa, which resulted in our having a most interesting time hearing about it and viewing the quantities of material, including a cup from Troy, that was housed in two or three sheds. Caskey told us that the best and most striking finds had not been brought back to the island after having been put away for safe-keeping during the winter. He said that they had enough material already to keep him busy studying and classifying it for the rest of his life, so they did not propose to do more digging. Most of the best things had come from one house, which had collapsed in the earthquake that destroyed the place. He told us that there was good evidence that the site had been used continuously for religious purposes for an extraordinary length of time; indeed, even now, there is the white church I mentioned, on the port side of the harbor, still in use.

Back aboard, we hove anchor and headed for Port Vasilikon on the southern side of Petali Island. The wind, though fair, was too light to fill the sails. Except for a few freighters and occasional

small fishing boats, there was not much traffic. We were on a collision course with a handsome white Danish steamer, and though we had the right-of-way we decided to cede it by making a circle and passing under her stern. She was as trig as a well-kept yacht.

Fig Tree Cove, our final objective for the day, is a perfect natural stadium, with no sign of life as we entered except the cheerful twittering of birds. A tiny white pillbox house at the water's edge, near a spring amidst fig trees, was the only structure. The bowl end of the stadium was brown and bare with an occasional tree or shrub but the sides, especially the left one as you enter, had many olive trees in healthy-looking condition.

We dropped anchor a short distance from shore about 4 o'clock. John and Paul were soon ashore, watching and listening to birds. The crew were searching for edible plants and marine life. Among their finds was a small hedgehog, which they brought back as a curiosity and possible mascot rather than as a succulent morsel. That night John Finley, who was sleeping on deck, was sure he felt the little animal trying to nestle alongside of him. Alas! in the morning the hedgehog was nowhere to be found.

Later in the afternoon a few figures appeared, including a couple of horses, dispelling some of the cove's remoteness but not its charm. The setting was still outstanding for the usual sequence of swim, cocktails and dinner that each of us had looked forward to. On deck later Paul displayed his talent by playing "Bonnie Charlie" and other tunes on his harmonica.

The next day started off overcast but cleared shortly after 9. The breeze was fair but again too light for sail, so we powered up Euripos Channel hoping to reach Chalkis at an auspicious time to go through the bridge. (It is always impossible to know well ahead just what time that will be.)

Ironically, a fine breeze sprang up about two miles before we entered the channel to Chalkis, too short a run to make it worthwhile to take down the awnings and hoist sail. We saw once again the remains of a Frankish fortress on the peak of a precipitous hill, also two towers farther along. A long, low spit reaches out to nar-

row the entrance. It is well covered with olive trees, with here and there clumps of dark cypress indicating the location of burial grounds. The appearance of the narrow entrance had remained vividly in my mind, as had a cove on the port side where we had anchored for the night on another cruise.

We thought we had arrived at exactly the right time, especially as soon after we anchored near the bridge the black ball was raised, indicating that we could go through. But the usual snafu occurred, the black ball was lowered, and we cooled our heels until 7:30 that evening.

The bridge opening had been doubled in width since we were here last, making it easy to pass through, then tie up on the other side to take on water right in front of two waterside restaurants. We finished our cocktails and had dinner with crêpes suzette for dessert, accompanied by a bottle of Cordon Rouge.

Immediately after dinner we cast off and made our way to Politika Bay, about seven miles to the north on Euboea, anchoring directly off a small taverna. The bay was just a crescent-like indentation. A fleet of fishermen formed a line of brilliant lights not far off the shore.

In the morning the hedgehog was discovered tucked away in the galley. The sky was heavily overcast, about as much as I ever remember. After breakfast we powered up Atalante Channel, still with heavy overcast and occasional light showers. Most of the time was spent below until we neared Likada Point and Likada Island. Likada is named for Lichas, or Likas, who brought the poisoned coat of Nessus to Heracles from his jealous wife Deianira, who mistakenly thought it would bring him back to her; instead it consumed him with fire. While dying, he had his son take his body to the top of nearby Mt. Oeta and burn it there on a funeral pyre.

Likada Point looks very fertile; it is low-lying but rolling. Jim and I immediately conceived the idea of forming a syndicate to build a golf course with clubhouse and surrounding cottages. We even selected a location for an airstrip. Our enthusiasm was somewhat dampened later by noticing on one hillside a development

started some years ago that had progressed no further than some bulldozed tracks for roads.

About 4 o'clock we dropped anchor in Vathykelos Cove, an almost circular cove with great charm. On entering we turned abruptly to starboard and anchored close in to shore near two small, gaily painted fishing boats. In this portion the entrance was closed off, providing perfect protection in all directions. Hod's pet name for the cove is Owl Cove, for every time he has been there owls have been seen or heard. This bit of knowledge inspired the birders to go ashore accompanied by Henry and me, but not for long, for the birders faded away from us and our noisy chatter as soon as they could.

Henry and I walked along a path to the head of the cove where there were two abandoned buildings, a small dock, several fishing boats, a beach, a band of sheep, and a woman in typically black costume twirling her distaff. We gathered flowers, of which there was a great variety sprinkled about: some strikingly large and beautiful purple thistles, small bright-colored poppies, wild carrot, euphorbia, thyme and others which with my limited knowledge I could not identify, but which are very common I am sure.

Back on deck, we watched with interest and amusement a fisherman going about in his boat giving resounding whacks on the water with a long-poled plumber's helper, hoping thereby to frighten fish into his net.

In spite of the morning's gloomy weather, the latter part of the day was so satisfactory, the swim so perfect, and our surroundings so pleasant that surprisingly we decided to have a bottle of Cordon Rouge with our dessert. Paul made a most unusual shot with the cork; it barely missed the porthole, then ricocheted through a larger upper porthole and landed on deck.

We lingered on deck until almost 10 P.M.!

Sunday was a really memorable day. Clear sky and fresh breeze. We departed at 9:30, powering up Oreos Channel. Our idea was to get a good slant and hoist sail. Of course the minute we started to do this the wind changed, completely spoiling our slant. We kept

on powering awhile longer, then hoisted main, staysail and jib, proceeding to have a magnificent beat until we could clear a point and enter Trikeri Channel leading past Argyronissa Island into the Gulf of Volos. Shortly thereafter the breeze deserted us. We turned on the engine and made our way to a tiny cove on the west side of Trikeri Island, a first time for me. No more perfect place for a swim could be asked for. The water was clear and about 69 degrees. For lunch we had a shrimp aspic, artistically decorated and receiving body from some almost pureed vegetables. It hardly seemed fair to destroy its beauty, but the brutal plunge having been taken there were no further regrets.

Siestas over, we made our way through the channel between the island and the mainland, passing by a small village on the outermost edge of the shore. It was here that an engagement took place during the Greek Revolution when a Greek vessel with paddle wheels and a 40 H.P. engine, captained by an Englishman, defied the shore batteries, heated up some cannonballs, and set fire to a large Turkish warcraft. We continued east across Volos Bay, viewing several likely-looking coves, then decided to investigate one near a prosperous-looking town. Here there were many choices, for it was more like a small bay with a number of subsidiary coves. We finally opted for one near an immaculately kept olive grove with several houses at the head of it. At a small dock were tied two small fishing boats and on the dock there were two large fish. All in all it appeared to be just the spot, and so it was, except for the eelgrass which made poor holding ground for the plough anchor, causing us to drag a bit during the night. Such a day naturally called for another dessert bottle. This time the eminent Professor Finley tried his hand as a bombardier and narrowly missed.

After dinner Paul got out his harmonica and gave us a treat with his old melodies and gallantly attempted with no little success (considering how little he had to go on) songs suggested by others.

Just the sort of day I had dreamed about in the hospital. Thanks be to God!

The next morning it was windy and a bit cool for the before-

breakfast swim. At 9 o'clock we hoisted anchor and inspected various other anchorages, nearly all of which had charm. We then ventured successfully to cross a sandbar with about ten feet of water on it and inspected several more alluring coves. After that, we powered against the wind to and through the Trikeri Island passage, then south to the entrance of Volos Bay, hoisting genoa and mizzen to coast along the high shores, dropping anchor after a short run under power off a small beach east of Platania Bay. After a swim and cocktails the wind changed, and the holding ground proving poor, we moved to better holding ground off a small village for luncheon and siestas.

From thence we wafted along the Skiathos channel under genoa alone until we reached Koukounarias Bay, where we found *Liley III*, a fine-looking black schooner, at anchor. The bay is a wide one, giving good protection from northerly winds but otherwise exposed. We anchored very close inshore off a tiny beach. At the head of the bay is a fine white sand beach, said to be one of the best in all the islands. A new hotel had been built on a cliff above the beach.

Henry acted as bombardier, but his best was not good enough.

After dinner *Liley III* sent over a launch inviting us aboard. All hands except Minot and me accepted. They returned having had a pleasant time and full of admiration for the yacht's appearance.

Tuesday, June 17, was a clear day with light easterly wind but sufficient to send us comfortably along under genoa until we rounded a cape and headed for the dock at Skiathos. We then had some gusts that drove us along at over eight knots. A French yacht under charter to an American was heading out at the same time. We rounded up under the lee of the small island at the harbor entrance, on which there is a girls' school, then tied up stern first to the town dock, leaving plenty of room for the island steamer which, with music blaring, was about to arrive.

We topped our tanks with water, Yannis bought supplies, and we strolled about. Hod telephoned Athens; happily there were no messages.

As the holding ground was poor, we adopted Hod's suggestion to try a sheltered spot he knew of under a high cliff on a nearby small island—Arkakion Island. Here we found perfect shelter with good holding ground and a nice view of a lighthouse, perched on a rocky island, over which swooped a number of falcons, or so the birders stated. On one cliff there were many swifts having a high old time sweeping about. An ideal place for our purposes which was named by Hod "Ouzo Cove."

We left about 4 and soon hoisted main and genoa, heading for Agonia Bay on the south coast of Skopelos Island. We proceeded in a dignified way until we had nearly reached our destination. Here we found a French yacht already at anchor, leaving us not much room to anchor. However, we did, just outside of her. She did not bother us in the least nor did we her as far as I know. Calling the spot a "bay" is not at all descriptive, as it is a narrow indentation, very Japanese-looking with its pines and rocks and an Oriental-looking taverna just above the beach. Artistically draped fishnets hung along the shore and fishing boats of various sizes were hauled up on the sand.

At dinner Paul again acted as bombardier and gained undying fame as the third man in history (Minot of course being the first) to send a champagne cork cleanly through the small porthole. He gained further stature by rendering a wide variety of songs and tunes on his harmonica, ending up by playing "Some Enchanted Evening." Indeed it *was* an enchanted evening: bright stars above in the sky and below their bright reflections in the smooth velvety sea. Looking up, I watched the mast and spreaders rocking gently across the sky. There were literally tears in my eyes as I thought how fortunate I was, as indeed we all were, to be there and able to enjoy the peace and beauty of our surroundings.

We left our anchorage about 6:30 A.M. and powered back to Skiathos Island, anchoring off a beach in Platania Bay within a few hundred yards of the helicopter field to await the arrival of my son George and Curtis Prout, who was replacing Paul Fremont-

Smith as "ship's surgeon." Paul departed, carrying the hedgehog for Dosia as a pet, but alas! it died soon after arrival in Athens. We hated to have Paul leave but welcomed George and Curt, who arrived about 11 o'clock. An immediate swim was in order, then lunch before returning to the town of Skiathos, where more supplies were obtained. We left about 4 o'clock, intending to return to the same cove on Skopelos Island where we had anchored the night before, but instead decided to try another cove on Skopelos not so far along. It was a gem—small and secure. At the entrance were pines and rocks as if put there to simulate a Japanese garden. On the shore of the cove were two small, attractive villas not yet open for the summer, some crumbled walls of former houses or sheds, and two men rowing about looking for octopus. Giorgos hauled in a large one of these queer-looking but tasty—what shall I say?—fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring.

The cove was a splendid introduction to Aegean cruising for Curt.

The next day, with a smooth sea, we made a brief stop at Skopelos on Skopelos Island, involving a three-mile walk for some. The town was uninteresting: A tree-shaded promenade along the waterfront with tavernas and shops, a large number of chairs and small tables available, but as usual little except small coffees and water seemed in demand. It is hard to figure how a taverna makes money. Two or three barbershops also purveyed postcards and trivial trinkets.

We at first thought of anchoring for a swim, but it was getting late and there was no place nearby that provided shelter and lee, so we powered along, eating lunch as we made our way through some lovely passages between the islands bare and bathed in mist. The entrance to our anchorage, Port Planedi, Pelagos Island, was an extremely narrow one leading to a commodious but to all intents and purposes landlocked cove surrounded by rugged hillsides bare of all growth except scrub bushes; no sign of buildings except for what looked like some sort of tumbledown corral, but

no goats or sheep to be seen. A welcome swim was first in order, then John, Curt and George were put ashore to walk and scramble along a ridge.

While they were ashore a yachty-looking caique, which proved to be a fisherman, anchored across the harbor and two small fishing boats soon followed. Just after the wanderers returned, one of these came alongside. There were two fishermen aboard and it soon appeared that both of them had injured hands, one slightly and the other rather badly. The latter was a handsome young man who submitted courageously to Curt Prout's ministrations which, careful though they were, could not help but be painful. The hand had been injured by the flywheel and had been puffed up and painful for two or three days. Curt's hurried diagnosis was fracture of three bones in the thumb and forefinger. He put on a splint and gave him some penicillin to take at regular intervals and advised him through interpreters to go to the hospital in Volos for X-rays. The young man was indeed lucky to have come alongside a yacht, let alone one with a doctor on board, in such a remote harbor.

Friday was overcast, with a mist almost heavy enough to be called a light fog anywhere except Maine. Light northeast air in the cove regrettably turned into southeast breeze, becoming stronger as time went on. I had elected to have us go to Skyros, feeling that it would be of great interest to those who had never been there before and also hoping for a favoring wind. Favoring it was not, and for a time we thought of turning around and heading north, but as we were able to make about six knots, we kept on. When we reached the lee of Skyros the sea moderated somewhat, while at the same time the wind coming off the cliffs increased, blowing thirty-eight knots at times. It was exciting for me to remember the approach so amazingly well: a sheer multicolored cliff just before we went through a very narrow channel, then across the bay to another narrow channel eighteen feet deep and eighteen yards wide, finally around the end of a little breakwater, dropping anchor well out to avoid fouling with other anchors, and

pulling our stern into the dock, a more ambitious affair than it had been when I was here before.

At 4 o'clock we hired the village car and drove across the island to the town of Skyros, a spectacular cluster of shining white houses clinging to the side of a steep peak topped by the ruins of an old church. The parking problem was solved long ago by the steepness of the incline and the narrowness of the paths and steps. John and Curt visited the ruined church, the rest of us poked about and made some purchases including some Chiquita Bananas (!) and a pair of pants for George. Before going home we all sat at a table under a pepper tree regaling ourselves with beer, coffee or orangeade, as the case might be.

Back aboard for a quick swim and the usual. George was bombardier; he nearly put the cork out the porthole but in such an unorthodox manner it would have been disallowed—he threw it!

A fine clear morning. The wind had continued to blow strongly from a southerly direction most of the night, so we looked forward to a grand sail to the north but, as not infrequently happens, the wind swung around to the north.

It blew so hard going across the bay and through the narrow passages that we gave serious thought to turning back, but we continued on, finding conditions not too bad. We got under the lee of Skantzoura Island and crept into a tiny slot not much wider than *Velila* was long. After the swim, we upped anchor, edged our way out, and drifted about while having our apéritifs and lunch. It was about this time a monk appeared, dressed in trousers, shirt, floppy straw hat and carrying a small basket. He gazed at us with some interest as he wandered along the rocks. He disappeared around the corner, then reappeared and threw something into the water. It turned out to be a seagull with its wings tied, and it was now our turn to gaze with interest. We never did see how he retrieved the gull, but soon the monk again appeared with his basket, dipped some water, then walked across a flat rock and emptied it.

This occurred several times. We had no idea what he was doing then nor do we now.

After lunch we powered for a while against a light northerly wind, then hoisted the main, foresail and jib, enabling us to sail in a dignified manner at about four knots until what little wind there was deserted us. We again resorted to power, coming through a narrow entrance into a bay between Alonissos and Peristeri islands. It was more like an inland body of water, for once in, the entrances appeared closed off. It looked to me as if there might be no cozy place to anchor. I was wrong, for in the northeast corner was a sweet one. There was a small building and a landing, two rather derelict-looking caiques drawn up on the beach, a marine railway of sorts, and, surprisingly, some sort of electrical apparatus on top of a well-supported metal pole. On the hillside above was what appeared to be a new house with red roof. George and Curt decided to go ashore to explore. They put their shoes, long trousers and camera on an inflated air mattress and swam it ashore. They reported back in time for cocktails well pleased with their expedition, in fact they announced their intention to go ashore in the early morning for another trip.

I must say that this anchorage was high up in the scale of superlatives, as were almost all we had been in. Once again it was new to me, as were Port Planedi on Pelagos Island and Port Panormos on Skopelos.

It was George's wedding anniversary, so it was most appropriate that he should have joined the company of immortals by making a clean shot through the porthole! I feared we might have to close the lists, as successful shots were getting alarmingly frequent. It may have had something to do with our giving our crew such frequent opportunities to test their skill, though I would have hated to diminish the opportunities in order to make success less frequent. A clear sky and waxing moon as we sat on deck.

Fine clear morning on Sunday, with brisk northwest wind causing whitecaps all over the bay. We wondered what it would be like outside. Certainly it would have been no tragedy to have had

to return. Nearing the northerly exit, we saw a large naval tug appearing round the corner with a huge crane in tow, not to mention three large barges. We hastened across their bow close in to shore to give them plenty of turning room, which such a string most certainly needed. It was quite a sight to see the powerful, gallant tug towing its quarter-mile of satellites at not less than eight knots.

Outside we found little wind and a confused, bobbly sea. By 2 P.M. the wind had freshened and gave us a sufficiently good slant to warrant hoisting main, foresail and jib. We then had nearly three hours under sail, clocking anywhere from five to eight knots. Unfortunately we could not quite weather the outer point and had to take in sail hurriedly just as a squall, coming from a dark cloud overhead, hit us. After rounding the point we came into a partially protected bay, in some corner of which I assumed we would anchor. I was not elated at the prospect, but Hod said not to worry, just keep on going. I then espied a small lighted beacon which I knew must indicate some sort of passage, though it looked like solid cliffs to me. Sure enough it did, for a narrow passage between high cliffs soon disclosed itself and then revealed a body of water about a mile in length and a quarter-mile wide. A real gem: poplar trees at one end, then a white sand beach, hillsides covered with olive trees, pines, fruit trees and patches of wheat. There were several good-sized caiques anchored at the northwest end, just off a taverna shaded by a spreading pepper tree, and there we also anchored, to be joined later by two more caiques seeking shelter for the night from the whipping wind. The name of this ideal spot is Port Koufos on the southwest end of the Sithonia Peninsula. It was another new anchorage for me and earned a high rating on my scale of anchorages.

By cocktail time the wind had moderated sufficiently to permit our enjoying them on deck and imbibing the beauty of our surroundings along with our ambrosia while the moon and stars became alight.

Another fine morning Monday with light southerly wind. Not long after breakfast all the afterguard, except Jim, whose activi-

ties were confined to *Velila*, were rowed to the taverna landing, where three young children were enjoying themselves catching small fish on a hook and line. We were greeted cordially by the proprietress, a woman of gigantic girth, and her family, so we decided to sit under the pepper tree and sip some coffee before walking on the road over a hill and down to the remains of an old fortress situated at one end of a white sand beach. We lingered on the way, examining the flora, while John had his eyes and ears alert for birds. He located a beautiful yellow-breasted one which at first he thought was some sort of finch but later identified as a black-headed bunting. We all had an opportunity to have a good look at the bunting through John's binoculars; he was indeed a handsome fellow.

Meanwhile Hod had taken *Velila* around by sea. As we were reaching the beach, she emerged around the fortress point and dropped anchor close to shore.

Just off the beach there was a cottage with a flower-bedecked tree beside it. I could not get close enough to really examine it; it looked to me like a Japanese silk tree (*Albizia julibrissin*) but I wondered how it came to be there.

John, Curt and George climbed about the ruins. Henry and I went aboard *Velila* and had a beer while admiring the shining white sand beach, which swept in a gentle crescent for four miles, interrupted only three times by small rocky promontories.

After a quick swim we powered along a coast that was studded with white sand beaches of varying lengths, any one of which would be a feature in other places. We crept into a little cove of attractive appearance next to a small island, Agia Eleni. On it was some sort of monument, and pitched among the stone pines, with which the island and adjacent shores were covered, was a camping tent. We had another swim, followed by the usual ouzos, lunch and siestas before heading about four miles along the coast to Marmarice, where we were told there was water available. It was hard to tell just where, but we concluded it was behind a large caique, with anchors out in all directions and a hawser to the shore,

that was waiting to be loaded. Before attempting to move close enough to get a hose aboard, we sent Giorgos in to ascertain if it was and, if so, whether there was a patch of sand on which to drop our anchor in the very restricted area. Water was available and he did discover a patch of sand, so in spite of the brisk wind blowing us on a lee shore we dropped anchor, then ran a line to the caique and pulled our stern as close as we could to her. The process of getting our hose connected, then running water through it to carry away any possible snail contamination, topping the tanks, and washing the decks took a long time. Some of our party went ashore to look about, mail postcards, and make small purchases. Someone brought back a blossom and a leaf from a tree similar to the one we had seen that morning. He was told it was a mimosa, but it made me all the more certain it was a Japanese silk tree. (On my return home and seeing a Japanese silk tree in bloom I was convinced of my identification.)

Marmarice was a larger town than we had expected. It had no particular charm but looked exceptionally prosperous with many new houses and much construction going on. The surrounding countryside was more fertile than we had been accustomed to. It was obviously not the place to anchor for the night, so we decided to look for an attractive spot somewhere along the coast to the south. We had hardly left Marmarice than Curt Prout said, "How about trying in there?" "Why not," said Hod. "It's close to the road, but I don't believe the trucks will keep us awake at night." And indeed they didn't, because there were no trucks, or if there were, we were sleeping too well. It was a cozy niche with clear water, surrounded by stone pines with higher up an orchard of some sort and cultivated fields. All along the shore there were signs of active and successful cultivation. The land for some distance along the shore belonged to John Carras, who appeared to be building a breakwater on a promontory farther along. The only "out" about our spot, which we named "Prout's Cove," was that it was hard to find good holding ground, so just in case of a northerly blow we ran a line ashore and made it fast to a tree—a good but unnecessary

precaution, for a fishhook would have held us. We were there in time for the usual, but by no means monotonous, routine of swim, cocktails and supper.

Once again the day began clear and fine though misty, if clear and misty can be reconciled.

We were under way by 9 o'clock, powering down the west coast of the Sithonian Peninsula against a light southerly breeze which changed direction to remain on our nose though we gradually were turning to the westward. We passed close aboard some forbidding-looking cliffs and soon could see the Holy Mountain rising majestic and mystical across Singitikos Gulf. Then, soon after rounding the southerly end of the cape, we made our way along the east coast and dropped anchor on a white-sanded bottom off a lovely white sand beach about a quarter-mile away from Cabot Cove, an old and familiar anchorage. It was an ideal spot. Soon after we got there a herd of cattle, ushered along by a cowherd, came down on the beach. Some of them were fine-looking animals with a good deal of Brahmin blood, we thought. They lay on the beach for a long time in the blazing sun, taking perhaps an occasional lick of salt water.

After our siestas we went around a headland to Cabot Cove to ascertain if there was fish available. We found a gay party going on at one of the tavernas but no fish.

The shore along the east coast of the peninsula was rather featureless until Hod piloted us through a very narrow entrance between two rocky ledges into a shallow bay, then wound between or along the shores of a number of low-lying but attractive islands. It was a sort of miniature "inland sea." Around every bend would appear a likely-looking cove but Hod showed no sign of turning in until we emerged briefly from this labyrinth only to round an outside island and then reenter another passage, turned a corner, and found ourselves virtually landlocked in a hurricane-proof placid cove. A huge heron could be readily discerned sedately pacing a beach. This cove had first been revealed by Ostrom Enders, a friend of Hod's who had walked over a hillside from another cove

the other side of the island, hence Enders Cove. Because of the numerous herons we thought "Heron Cove" would not be an inappropriate subsidiary appellation.

Need I say that nobody had a complaint to make—either legitimate or the reverse. Bombardier Laughlin missed an almost impossible shot from a wide angle but the bottle was opened and enjoyed just the same.

We departed rather regretfully at 9 o'clock from our cozy cove, receiving a farewell flap of the wings from our friend the heron. Then across the gulf to the purported and no doubt actual site of the Xerxes Canal, dug about 282 B.C. Here was a dock and a taverna. We dropped anchor and then all hands, including Minot, walked along what to us seemed the banks of the old canal. The land was fertile with here and there poplar groves and clumps of oleanders.

Back aboard, we made our way a short distance along the coast, dropping anchor off Pirgos, a small town with a wide beach dotted with bathers and umbrellas, a new hotel and an old ruined tower. After lunch Yannis went ashore for supplies and Curt to telephone his wife without success. The rest of us remained on board to read and/or siesta.

At 5 o'clock we powered across a few miles to Ammouliani Island, one of a small group. The cove was small but well protected from the prevailing southerly wind. A shore party of all but the three elders went ashore for a walk to a nearby village where they ran into a Greek who had spent most of his life in Somaliland. He spoke French well and told them when he returned from there he had searched all along the Greek coast looking for a place to live and had settled on Ammouliani Island and never regretted it.

The day had been for the most part a fine one with light breezes. At sunset it became overcast, which Hod thought might presage a change in the weather.

We made an early start—6:15—across to the Mt. Athos Peninsula to take advantage of the usually calm morning conditions so we could see and visit some of the monasteries. The sky was over-

cast and the wind light. Our first stop was off Docheiariou Monastery. We landed and at first were told by the monks we could not go in unless we had passes; but with the aid of Henry's Polaroid camera and because of their natural goodwill they relented and not only let us in but showed us about and offered us refreshment. Those who had never been in one of these extraordinary buildings were wide-eyed with amazement and delight.

The abbot took the trouble to put on some handsome vestments for Henry to take his picture. The result was good and he was delighted with it when Henry gave it to him.

Next we stopped at Panteleimonos, the large Russian monastery. Here we were allowed to take on water, but a soldier absolutely refused permission to enter. He told Hod he had no choice and that the reason for it was that there had been so many thefts. Hippies had descended upon them, abused their hospitality, eaten up their food, and stolen what they could get their hands on, even cutting paintings out of frames—not just one group of these locusts but a succession of them over the last two years.

The next stop after lunch was Dionysiou. Here John, Curt and George went ashore and had a most interesting time, as they ran into some sort of lay brother who had spent most of his life in the States.

Then we powered close to shore to get a good look at the sketes. The houses were small and in most improbable, if not impossible, places: on pinnacles or clinging to perpendicular cliffs, and caves in even more perilous positions.

The wind was light as we powered around the cape but the sea was disagreeably lumpy and rough and continued so along the east coast. We looked through our binoculars at still more monasteries.

Our destination for the night was to have been off the Vatopedi monastery where there was protection from a southerly wind and shoal enough to anchor. Long before reaching there, Hod reported that the barometer had been dropping rapidly. Sure enough, as we neared our destination an ominous black cloud appeared ahead. It

was obvious that we were in for a severe squall and we soon saw it coming in dead ahead, whipping up a vicious sea in no time. It also became obvious that we could not lie off the monastery, for we would have no protection. There were not many alternatives, the only one apparent from the chart being a cove some twelve miles ahead, not a pleasing project against such a wind and sea. Hod bethought himself of a little slot he had noticed before about a mile to the northwest of Vatopedi, well protected from such a wind if there was good holding and room to swing. We made our way there and found a small fishing boat with two men who had sought refuge also. At first it looked as if the bottom was all weed, but Giorgos spotted sand and we thankfully dropped the hook. Perfectly snug except for a slight roll. Later another larger fishing boat came in, as did two cargo caiques.

We called the cove (hardly more than a slot with a sand beach) "Fishermen's Refuge."

Only moderately overcast next day, with northerly breeze blowing. We powered back to Vatopedi monastery and anchored off it with the idea of visiting it if permitted. However, it looked as if landing in the skiff would be difficult and the probabilities were that we would not be admitted without a pass, so we upped anchor and powered back to the shelter of "Fishermen's Refuge." There we took the skiff aboard and secured everything on deck preparatory to hoisting sail, which we did under the lee of Cape Themonia, putting on mainsail and jib, and headed for the southern part of Thasos over thirty miles away. A splendid sail, and with the forestaysail added we were doing seven knots or better, sometimes as high as nine and a half, until nearly 1 o'clock, when the wind deserted us. We had lunch under way without discomfort. Shortly after three we dropped anchor in a well-sheltered cove with a small fishing village. A jim-dandy squall from the north hit us just as we were arriving—another lucky happenstance of finding shelter just in time! Had we been even a half-hour later we would have had some tough and disagreeable going. The wind kept blowing thirty to forty-five knots all afternoon.

Four of us went ashore to have a look at some ancient remains on a small promontory, clad with stone pines, which formed one side of the harbor. It was a bit reminiscent of Phaselis on the Turkish coast, where Alexander's army once wintered.

There was rubble covering much of the area. Some spots had been excavated, revealing a large sarcophagus and the remains of a temple of Apollo with two or three broken marble columns.

The weather was really chilly, so very, very different than it was on Thasos two or three years ago. There was no thought of cocktails on deck—too cold and much too windy. In spite of the wind, *Velila* was safe with a line ashore secured to a marble rock and the good plough anchor well embedded in the sand.

The one depressing note was that George was not feeling well and had a slight fever. It was too early for the ship's surgeon to diagnose the exact nature of the trouble. Possibly just the miseries that not infrequently afflict someone on such a trip. Certainly his behavior had been almost surprisingly circumspect.

Saturday found George looking better and the weather also. We had feared we might have to stay put, but conditions continued to improve, with the wind becoming southerly and the skies clearing, enabling us to depart after lunch for Samothrace some thirty-five miles away.

Before lunch John, Henry and Curt landed to take a walk—John to look for birds, the other two to climb and ramble. Later I landed and examined more carefully the site of the old city.

Our voyage under power was a smooth one, the atmosphere by far the clearest we had had. At one time we could see Mt. Athos, Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Tenedos, Limnos and part of the mainland. When we reached our destination we could still see the Holy Mountain, fifty-five miles away, rising majestically and shrouded with mist.

Aliki Cove seemed a hive of activity compared with my previous visit. The breakwater had been extended and the shore front widened. The mole was crowded with caiques and the harbor with a dredge and a large crane ready for further work.

As we approached, the sun was shining on the bare mountains and on the fields ripe with wheat growing at their base that ended in a long low spit forming protection for the harbor. We decided to anchor just inside the breakwater and not tie up to the mole, thus giving us more privacy and a better place for a dip. The setting of the sun and the simultaneous rising of the nearly full moon which we watched at cocktail time were sensational. The pale, almost ethereal, round moon, faint but distinct, showed itself from beneath the limb of a tall pine while the sun, round and red, sank slowly in the west in a cloudless sky. Though the whistle had blown, we lingered until the sun was swallowed by the sea in the vain hope we might see a *rayon vert*.

After dinner the moon was shining brightly. We sat on deck and were joined for a time by the customs officer (who was studying to be a lawyer and whom Hod had seen on other visits) and two of his friends. Because of linguistic difficulties the conversation was largely between Hod and the customs man.

Sunday was overcast and cool. We squeezed into the mole among the caiques to take on water and also to land to visit the ancient ruins where once stood the Victory of Samothrace. We had arranged for a bus to take us, but as it turned out we took the regular bus, which was just as good and cheaper. While looking at the museum on the site (incidentally a very well-arranged one) we met a nice young lady, Mrs. Coulter, who was studying there. She told us that Mr. McCredie, who was in charge of the "dig" and who had lived in Eliot House when in college and was therefore well known to John, would be along soon.

Those who had never been there before were mightily impressed by the beauty of the situation and the interest of the archaeological remains that have been revealed. I was equally impressed, though I had seen it all before, and was greatly pleased that I was able to climb about without the least distress.

George and I came down a little earlier and had a pleasant time sitting on the porch and having refreshments with Mrs. Coulter and an exceptionally attractive young lady, a Miss Williams, who was also a student there. Curt joined us for a few moments just be-

fore the bus appeared and because of Miss Williams was greatly annoyed that he had not arrived on the scene sooner.

Back to *Velila*, too late for a swim but not for ouzos, lunch and siesta. Later in the afternoon, although it was overcast and cool but with a smooth sea, we decided to try anchoring off a lonely beach that Hod had noticed several times in going by. As we neared our destination we noted a small chapel high, high up, perched in a niche. We wondered how it ever was built and if it ever was used. As we rounded a headland, just before reaching our lonely beach, what was our surprise to see eight boats either hauled up on the beach or at anchor, and on and near the beach about seventy or eighty people of all ages disporting themselves and evidently preparing to have a picnic under the full moon. There seemed to be two groups: one of twenty or more, the other of fifty or sixty. One group was gathered about under a spreading tree, or a group of trees that looked like one. A tepee was pitched nearby. Colored dresses and bathing suits hung to dry made it an ideal subject for a watercolor artist. The other group was on the middle beach. Both groups were gathering brush for building fires, for there was no driftwood as at home. Bark was being removed from long spits and chunks of lamb were being impaled on them preparatory to roasting. A priest in long robes moved about chatting with various people and helping collect branches. Phillipos went ashore and ascertained that it was not only a Sunday and a full moon but the name day of St. Peter and St. Paul, the patron saints of the chapel high above, and the priest was the priest in charge of it. As this celebration took place only once a year, we were lucky to have arrived on just the right day. We were amazed to note that there were several figures discernible through binoculars around the chapel we considered so inaccessible. During cocktails we watched with interest the young people dancing in formal circles and later we heard the strains of a fiddle and singing as the groups gathered around the fires. It was too bad that the sky was so overcast, that the moon was almost entirely hidden, and that the night was so cool. We wondered if the young children and grandparents were all going to spend the night there. They did.

The next day started off overcast threatening with rain. A number of the celebrants of the saints' day were to be seen around the chapel, others were beginning to gather things together preparatory to embarking on their return trip. Two young men were busy rounding up a donkey and a small horse to carry them and their musical instruments (a fiddle and a sort of glorified mandolin) over the mountains and home.

By 9 o'clock we were powering back along the coast heading for Thasos. Just before we reached the long spit at the end of Samothrace, a fine favorable breeze sprang up. When clear of the point we hoisted main and genoa, and then a little later mizzen, but when we were clear of the island the wind moderated and finally departed. To compensate in a measure for this the skies cleared. At 12:30 we stopped the engine and had a swim.

We dropped anchor off the town of Thasos about 3. John and Curt set off on a climb to inspect the ruins. Hod, Henry and I mailed postcards, bought stamps, and walked about inspecting some uncovered foundations and a bas-relief of peculiar interest.

Back on board we powered across the bay and anchored at the westerly end in time for a quick swim. Minot seemed fully recovered and George better. The moon, when it rose, was red as blood.

Tuesday was partially overcast with a light easterly wind. After morning dip and breakfast we went back to the town and anchored in the yacht basin while more supplies were being garnered by Yannis.

We then made our leisurely way to the eastward along the lovely wooded coast until we came to a charming cove, or bight, well protected from the wind, which by then had increased. Here we anchored close in to the beach and near two or three wood-choppers' huts. We saw only one man but could hear the tinkle of goat and cattle bells in the surrounding woods. In back of the beach was a small grove of fruit trees, everywhere else on the surrounding cliffs there was only pine. The energetic trio of Laughlin, Finley and Prout was soon ashore, climbing up the hillsides and wandering through the woods. A few blasts on our horn brought

them scurrying back in time for an unusually delightful dip, ouzos and lunch. It was sad to think it would be our last such occasion, but we were fortunate that it was in such an enchanting place.

It was not our last swim, for after our siesta we had one final dip before heading for Kavalla, where we tied up, stern to, near the water hydrant shortly before 7 o'clock.

The usual crowd of curious gathered around, so we decided to have our libations below. However, by the time they were prepared, the curious had departed, so we sat on deck and did the gazing ourselves. The chief interest, besides occasional strollers, was a milling crowd at one end of the quay watching what appeared to be a sort of basketball game. Perhaps it was, but we were not interested enough to go and see.

During dinner, appropriately accompanied by a popping cork or two, various ditties were sung and the appended verse read by its author, G.P.G., Jr.

After dinner some of the crew went to have a drink at a brilliantly lighted café at one end of the pier. I walked briskly, or fairly so, the whole length of the mole, noting the myriad caiques tied stern to all along the quay, the strollers, and the many cafés across the street, all of which seemed to be doing an active business.

Wednesday we took the bus from the airline office, which was directly across from where we were tied up. At the office I was weighed on the baggage scales and when the proper calculations to convert kilos into pounds had been made, it appeared (if they were "properly" made) that I had put on four or five most welcome pounds during the trip.

Shortly after our arrival at the airport Dosia appeared. After warmly greeting her we bade a sad farewell to her and Hod.

The cruise had meant much to me and I believe to Hod also, for no one could have been more tender in his solicitude for my well-being.

All in all it was, I think, for me the most idyllic cruise in Grecian and adjacent waters yet, and that is indeed high praise!

- V is for the Victory who stood atop a hill
though plundered from her prow
on view in Paris now
she wills the site a sense of conquest still
- E is for an Elegance that permeates the air
and for Essence somehow caught
through myths by mentor taught
we wonderingly to truth become the heir
- L is for a Litheful Languorous Laze
in which we spin out our libidinous days
L also is for Long-glass (a sort of a suture
that sews up the present while focusing future)
- I is the Intangible for which each strives
the royal star-fixed gift of myrrh
that mammon worship tends to blur
and blinds the Inner Eye that lights our lives
- L coincident with moonrise the Lowering of the sun
lest we forget that set and place
a glowing disc of red whose flaming crown
bright molten arms reached up for then dragged down
beneath the sea (without a trace) off Samothrace
- A as the Alpha of adventure now is ending
my smells and sounds and sights of Greece are blending

1. The single low lunged chug of caique
slicing its painted way
through silent waters to tend the nets
deep in a fishless bay
2. The exuberant view in every direction
from a climb above Peristeri cove
where a gold stubble field
cuts both sky and the sea
ranged by amethyst, pine-green and clove
3. A hut and a hearth that cling to the hem
of the all-seeing Holy Mountain
barely above the lip of the sea
and an oleander fountain
4. A chance at Herodotus when home at last
in a softly pine-lined slot
where the ominous cloud and its sudden snarl
are all at once forgot
5. The coolth of the giant sycamores
leaning over a cobbled road
that has forever been winding up
into another mode
purple with mulberry splotches
keeping its lonely watches
Through massive arch by sun-baked wall
by orange and pomegranate where waters fall
to iron gates holed through by Turkish shot
to enter into caverns that were not
but chapels of the ever-dead who live
in ritual that the taper and icon give
Past rows and rows of empty windows
that vacantly rim this roosting place
where a beard with hollow eyes and face
would solemnly appear to peer like this
then suddenly marten-like furtively "dis"
To lose and yet to find ourselves in time
incredibly atop the tower
where sweet coffee, a single fig and wine
prayers above the noise
were gently served by an old-young monk
from Decatur, Illinois.

ENVOI

In my father's house are many mansions, Hod
my joy again to stumble down
the paths you both have trod.

Though A's the beginning
It's far from the end
So here I reaffirm in choked-up paeon
My aim to anchor once again in your Aegean

To call his soul his own a man returns
to know again the things for which he yearns.

G. P. GARDNER, JR.
July 1969

"This Is Number Ten"

"Let's Do It All Again"

1970

NO sooner had the 1969 cruise on Hod Fuller's *Velila* ended (it being my ninth in Grecian and adjacent waters) than I began laying plans for 1970. It did not take long to sign up Jim Minot, Henry Laughlin and Mason Hammond, and our combined efforts persuaded Laurie Lombard to join us. This was a most satisfactory crew. For a time we thought we had gilded the lily by signing up John Lawrence, but at almost the last moment he found it impossible to join us.

My sixtieth reunion and Hod's fortieth at Harvard were to be celebrated in June, so the cruise was postponed by a week to enable us, if desired, to attend Commencement. As I am Chairman of the famous Class of 1910, it meant that there was much for me to do in the way of planning and preparation, and I was therefore particularly desirous of attending the festivities.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly as the time for Reunion and then departure approached when suddenly for no reason whatever I began to have muscle spasms in my back. It was no use trying to ignore them, so plans had to be somewhat changed, resulting in Henry, Laurie and myself being a few days late and joining *Velila* at Sounion.

Except for Yannis, the chef, Hod had a different crew this year. Our old friends the brothers Phillipos and Giorgos had to leave—one because of a bad back and the other because of ulcers, one or both of them returning to their home island, Meganisi in the Ionian Sea. To replace them he had two young Greek sailors, Nicos and Costa, both of them cheerful and active and hard to tell apart.

Besides them there was a steward, Paskalis, who spoke reasonably good English. He was a welcome addition and made things even more "cushy."

The day of our arrival was hot and the water inviting, so while the others swam I went down the companionway and splashed myself with healing salt water. Ouzos, etc., under the awning on deck, anchor up and a choice luncheon while under way. Afterwards I climbed into my bunk and the next thing I knew, nearly four hours later, we were dropping anchor in Fig Tree Cove, our old familiar anchorage on the island of Euboea not far from Port Buphalo. It was a bit too late for a swim but not for cocktails, chicken dinner, Rhodes wine and champagne.

Friday was clear and sunny as we left Fig Tree Cove and headed for Eretria under sail, which we carried until we were almost there. There is not much of a harbor but very considerable activity in landing barges which carry cars and people to and from the mainland. There were eight of them either tied up with bow on shore or in active duty. We apparently were a bit too close to their line of passage, especially as the wind had whipped up considerably, so we moved in closer to a small fleet of draggers.

In approaching Eretria I was on the lookout for an island belonging to the father of a boyfriend (and future husband) of our granddaughter Shura, my son George's daughter. There were only two small islands nearby, so I assumed it was the one which had a small white chapel on one end and a ruined tower on the other with many flowering shrubs showing in between.

After lunch the wind was blowing about thirty-five knots. A shore party consisting of all but Minot and me visited the site of ancient Eretria. On their return we headed for Chalkis Narrows and dropped anchor in a cove a few miles short of the Narrows called Megalo Vathi. The wind, which had been blowing hard, stilled completely, making it very pleasant for a swim or a splash and for sitting on deck and watching the full moon come galloping over the horizon. I forget the menu but needless to say it was good and I think was topped off by crêpes suzette.

Saturday was another clear fine day with northwest wind. Anchor up at 8:30. We proceeded to the Narrows to await the opening of the drawbridge, which is always unpredictable, for the turn and velocity of the current is always unpredictable. Fortunately we had not long to wait, slipping through about 9:30, and tying up at the mole on the other side, where we could take on water. We walked about the streets and accomplished various errands before casting off at 11:30 and powering up Euripos Channel against a strong wind. We had intended to find an anchorage among the islands near Likada Passage so we could visit the battle site of Thermopylae the next day, but the sky became black and ominous-looking, so we kept on through the passage, passing by the lovely point where the year before, Jim Minot and I had thought we wanted to build a golf course, a landing field, and all the necessary "fringe benefits" for a topnotch resort.

We were no sooner through the passage than the wind blew and the skies opened but all was peaceful again as we entered Vathykelos Cove (for which Hod's familiar name, it will be recalled, was Owl Cove because there are nearly always owls to be heard). We anchored close to shore, well sheltered from stormy blasts, next to two small fishing skiffs each with two men aboard and a small tarpaulin to partially cover them when it rained, which it proceeded to do. Later it cleared up sufficiently to permit having our cocktails on deck.

Sunday was a dismal-looking day to start, with intermittent rain. Only the hardy ventured to swim. We passed by some lovely scenery but it was difficult to fully appreciate it. About noon we anchored in Pegadi Cove off Pteleon Bay, where there was a small settlement. (Legend has it that Achilles left here for Troy.) The sun began to break through, making conditions ripe for a dip. Indeed, I ventured to do a little swimming myself. It felt fine and seemed as if it was going to do me good. At lunch we were greeted by the sight of a lavishly yet tastefully decorated cold langouste stuffed with colorful vegetable salad. It of course brought enthusiastic applause for Yannis and it tasted as good as it looked.

Siestas over, we powered along the shore up Volos Channel through a wine-dark, mirror-like sea. Looking ahead toward the hills I felt I had never seen such beauty of suffused light—faint pinks blending in with various shades of blue as if the gods had clothed the hills in a diaphanous dress. Not a ripple until we anchored about 5:30 in a roadstead off the village of Myizella, a neat, prosperous-looking settlement along the shore. The anchorage was not one to seek out but perfectly pleasant and convenient. On the bluffs nearby were two attractive, apparently newly built villas. Hod thought the smaller one belonged to the former French ambassador to Greece, James Bayenne, and the larger one to a wealthy Greek, Mr. Lascaris. Both villas were in active use.

Roast lamb with mashed potatoes and candied carrots, as well as zucchini, for dinner and, of course, a succulent tomato salad and a humble but choice bread pudding well larded with raisins. Henry seemed much aggrieved—what in a child one would call petulant—because no champagne made its appearance due to the hard-hearted Commodore's reluctance to have it become too commonplace.

On deck Fuller and Lombard mapped the skies.

Our hopes were high for a sail in Volos Gulf next day, for there appeared to be a breeze outside, but after a swim, breakfast, and a leisurely departure we found that the breeze had also departed. We drifted and powered around under a clear sky until we found ourselves anchored off a secluded beach, surrounded by olive trees, after having stopped at the nearby village of Melina for bread and vegetables.

The cove we anchored in is part of Port Vathoudi and is next door to the cove in which we had anchored the year before. The port is a really choice place, for there are a number of excellent anchorages.

The swim was delightful and the octopus pilaff perfection. After siestas and a walk ashore by Mason we slipped over the shallow bar, with more confidence than the year before, to view the various coves at the farther end of the port; very lovely, but I must confess

I did not wake up in time to see it all again. Still no wind, so we powered westward to Trikeri Island, taking a good look at the attractive little village where once a Greek paddle-wheel steamer, captained by an English volunteer, captured a Turkish war vessel.

Continuing around the northwest end of the island, we dropped anchor in very shallow water. On the banks of the cove were three houses, one of which appeared to be a summer residence. A line was taken ashore and tied to an ancient olive tree.

Cocktails on deck amidst the glow of an exceptionally lovely sunset. At dinner Henry's craving for champagne was at least partially satisfied. At bedtime there was a short sharp thunder squall.

Tuesday was once again clear, calm and fine. It was nearly 10 o'clock by the time we powered out into the Trikeri Channel, once again hoping for enough breeze to warrant hoisting sail. Mason read us the account in Herodotus of the sea battle of Artemision in 480 B.C., fought in nearby waters between the Greeks and Persians. We hoped to identify the particular spot where the Greek fleet lay and perhaps see some remains of the ruins shown on the chart. Cape Artemision is on the northeast tip of Euboea. We passed this and found anchorage in a cove on Pondiko Island, on which there is a lighthouse. In the cove we found a brightly colored caique at anchor and a tiny skiff on a mooring. It was a picturesque place for a swim and luncheon. After siestas we found that the caique had departed, so there must have been a crew aboard—which, if we had known, would have prevented having our swim "bare-arsed."

Just as we were leaving, a launch, evidently with the lighthouse keeper on board, came in and tied up at the mooring. We headed for Skiathos Island to spend the night, but the question arose of just where the Greek fleet lay and where the ruins were, and Laurie, with the able assistance of Henry, persuaded us to change our course and head for a beach on Euboea not far distant. Glad we were that we had been persuaded, for we found a charming anchorage in a cove guarded on one side by a small island with a tiny chapel perched on one end, and on the other side some low

cliffs rising above a beach, on which were scattered a taverna and several houses, two of which looked to be new. Small, brightly painted skiffs were moored near or pulled up on the shore.

Hod and all but Minot and me formed a shore party and apparently, after climbing over a ridge or two, did locate signs of ruins and got a look at a much larger beach which must have been the main fleet location. By the time they got back they were eager for a quick plunge and cooling cocktails.

Next morning, after a swim and breakfast, we bade goodbye to our cove and powered out into the Trikeri Channel where, encouraged by a light northerly breeze, we set genoa and mizzen, enabling us to creep peacefully along towards Skiathos Island, where we anchored off a little beach, not far from where we had said goodbye to Paul Fremont-Smith and welcomed Curt Prout and my son George the year before. It was really hot, so the swim was particularly welcome.

After siestas we powered a few miles to the town of Skiathos, where with some difficulty we topped the tanks. The little harbor was jam-packed with fishing boats and the island steamer.

We anchored in the northwest corner of the bay off two brightly lighted tavernas. Conversation on deck after dinner until the outlandishly late hour of 11 P.M.

Clear and fine again next day, as usual on the hazy side, but cooler than usual with a northerly breeze. We powered around the point, on which the girls' school is set, and dropped anchor near the town while Yannis went ashore for more supplies, including fresh fish and an octopus. By then there was a light breeze, so we set genoa and mizzen and sailed along at about six knots until we reached Port Panormos, where we rounded up off a beach where there were a number of bathers, an excursion launch, and a bus or two. We then went into an exceptionally attractive cove where we had anchored for a night the year before. There were the same two new-looking villas, on one of which work was being done, a small yacht at a mooring and a large caique. The water seemed especially fresh and invigorating, sufficiently so to stimulate me to climb up

the swimming ladder instead of the usual gangway in spite of my bad back which had continued to bother me.

During ouzos (it will be recalled that I always say "ouzos" to describe that relaxing time after swims and before lunch, in spite of the fact that some of the afterguard appeared to prefer other forms of refreshment such as bourbon or gin with lemon juice and soda) and after lunch the caique provided us with a most interesting and difficult operation performed by her crew of two men, one woman and two young girls. We learned that she had been at anchor there all winter and the object was to somehow raise her enormous anchor and fantastically heavy chain by manpower and totally inadequate tackle. Bit by bit by infinite effort and the help of a small donkey engine the huge chain was inched in until the anchor was cleared from the bottom sufficiently for them to ker-plunk, ker-plunk out with their one-lung diesel. We applauded their effort as they went by us and wondered why the owner had left her there so long and had come back without adequate tackle.

After siestas we moved along the coast to another cove we had used the year before—an attractive one with white beach, stone pines and rocks, but not as cozy. After our evening repast we sat on deck and watched a very vivid lightning display which extended over a wide area, but fortunately distant from us. However, later it poured and our night was a restless one.

Friday was overcast, cloudy and cool. By about 10:30 there was enough wind to warrant hoisting the genoa, main and forestaysail and still make good our course. The wind continued to freshen, so we took in the forestaysail and bowled along at eight knots. A very fine sail, though sufficiently rough to cause stomach uneasiness to some.

We had hoped to find shelter before reaching Port Linaria, our destination, but the williwaws coming down the mountainsides would not allow us to do so until we got into Linaria Bay itself. It was then well past our usual lunchtime, but that did not prevent us from having a quick dip, then an octopus pilaff for lunch. This was perhaps an unhappy choice for those who had felt a bit queasy

on the way. We anchored and tied up to the dock about 3 o'clock.

After short siestas Henry, Laurie and Mason set off for the town of Skyros where they really spread themselves on some embroidery.

At dinner I was the bombardier but the cork exploded out in a shower of champagne before I had even removed the wires. Spectacular but no soap.

A very early start—5:30 A.M.—the following day. There was a brisk northwest breeze and a rough sea outside. In the attempt to get the dinghy aboard, the line of the tackle broke, having been pretty well chafed by a worn block, so we had to tow it in spite of the risk of its swamping. Breakfast while under way, everyone having it at a different time and nobody lingering over it. After about six hours we tied up to the dock at Skopelos. Here Hod and the crew topped the water tanks and fixed the broken tackle while we strolled ashore, bought postcards and stamps as per usual. Mason and I tried to get into a small church which had the following refreshing notice on the door:

REQUESTED THE PIOUS CHRISTIANS ENTERING THE
HOLLY CHURCHES THE MEN WEAR LONG TROUSERS
THE WOMEN DECENT WOMEN CLOTHING

We had lunch aboard at the dock and departed under power, going by several smaller islands and then along the coast of Alonissos Island. On this island there are several villages, one of them on the very top of a high ridge, but no settlement of any kind on the shore, which is rocky except for two tiny beaches. There was an interesting little summer resort development, consisting of a cluster of small white cottages, a main building, two tennis courts and a beach with umbrellas and several Sailfish hauled up on the beach, but not much sign of any tourists.

We rounded the point and proceeded between Alonissos and Peristera Island and anchored in Vasiliko Cove, a tiny indentation in the northeast corner of a large, almost landlocked, bay.

Although it was 6:15 P.M. when we anchored, Henry and Laurie elected to climb up a ridge. They missed the path and found the

going much tougher than expected, and finally got separated, which resulted in much shouting and hallooing from *Velila* to try to get them together and back aboard for cocktails. It was too cool for a swim, except for Laurie, who swam out from the shore, and Henry, who arrived on board soaking with sweat. It was the same cove and the same ridge that Curt Prout and George had thought so much of the previous year.

Anticipating some rugged going, we hoisted the tender and lashed her on deck before departing at 9 o'clock the next morning. The sky was clear, the wind moderate but dead ahead and the sea lumpy.

On the nearly fifty-mile run to Port Koufos on the Sithonia Peninsula we never got a slant of wind to enable us to set any sail except for a short time the forestaysail for a steadying sail. Lunch under way, of course, which was enjoyed by all as the going was not as tough as we had feared.

The entrance to the virtually landlocked harbor was as striking as I had remembered it. The evening was calm and lovely, with a relaxed and subdued literary discussion on deck—in contrast to a rather raucous discussion of the atom bomb a night or two before.

Monday was clear and fine with a light southwest breeze. We left under power and headed up the peninsula towards Marmarice to take on water. By the time the tanks were filled it had breezed up considerably, so we decided to make our way to a cove two or three miles back, knowing it would provide perfect shelter. Although it was past our usual lunchtime the clear water and white sand bottom there looked so inviting we had a swim.

Soon after lunch, when most were “siesta-ing” and the sun was at its hottest, Mason decided to climb up to look at a villa that was being built on the tip-top of a high ridge. Later Lombard and Hod went ashore and walked up the road until nearly there.

The cove is ideal both to lie in and to swim in. My back was not quite so good but not bad enough to spoil the enjoyment of my swim. During cocktails we watched a caique come into the dock,

take on a large tractor, and depart. It was done with the minimum of effort. We could see the sunset. It was of course a lovely one.

Never a stiller morning and never more inviting water for our pre-breakfast bathe. We ate our breakfast under way as we powered along the west coast of the Sithonian Peninsula. A few coves but mostly a range of varying-shaped rolling hills, sparsely covered with green scrub and occasionally low pines with every once in a while a few scattered tall ones. Shortly after rounding the end we proceeded up the east coast until we dropped anchor off a white sand beach just short of the little settlement we refer to as Cabot Cove. The outlines of Mt. Athos across the gulf could just barely be made out because of the misty atmosphere.

We left at about 3 o'clock, having arrived shortly after 11, and powered out into Singitikos Gulf, where we set genoa and mizzen, gliding along peacefully at three to four knots. I tried to locate through my binoculars just where the piece of land was that a syndicate in which I was interested had once come near buying, but was unable to identify it.

We dropped sail and entered Dimitri Bay through a narrow entrance between rocks and found ourselves in as charming bit of territory as I know of anywhere. A large island, Diaporos, forms most of it and has many coves, each one seeming more attractive than the last. In one of these we saw a fair-sized power yacht at anchor. As we went by they got under way and followed us. We feared they would follow us into our pet anchorage, so slowed down, whereupon they did also—why we didn't know, for in a few minutes they sped up, waving as they went by us and happily heading in a different direction. It was nearly 7 when we dropped anchor in this choice and tranquil anchorage called by Hod either Enders or Heron Cove, the latter because of the many herons that frequent it. This time we saw none, but it is still one of the very top coves I know of anywhere. The sun disappeared round and red behind a high hill, while a range of hills to the south became more and more blue until they darkened.

The next morning *Velila* was under way at 5 o'clock to try and avoid a lumpy ride to Limnos Island, sixty-five miles to the eastward.

When I appeared, we had just reached the great headland of Mt. Athos. There were no clouds but a heavy mist which lightened as the sun rose higher. The weather was cool, as it had been so often on this cruise, with a very light northerly wind which faded out completely as we neared Limnos. So, as it was nearing lunch-time, we stopped the engine, swam, and had lunch as we slowly drifted on a placid sea. I said to Hod it seemed like one of the snuggest harbors we had ever been in! Lunch being over, we proceeded to Port Plati on Limnos Island. It is a fair-sized bay with a curving beach and low hills surrounding about three-quarters of it. The hills are brown and bare, reminiscent of the Cyclades. No green to be seen except for occasional groups of olive trees near the water's edge. There is a small village in one corner. The land looked so barren that it was hard to see how they could raise anything, yet near where we anchored there was a farm whereon at various times we saw sheep, goats, cows and chickens, and, as we found out the next day, considerable cotton is grown on the island as well as wheat and other crops.

Nobody bothered to get the dinghy off the deck to go ashore, so we all contented ourselves with reading, snoozing and watching what little activity went on in range of our binoculars. One caique-like yacht came in, waved to us, and anchored off the public bathing beach. They departed as we were having cocktails and we again exchanged greetings. This, I think, was only the fifth cruising yacht we had seen since we left Sounion and precious few if any steamers except ferries.

All in all, it was about as restful a day as one could possibly wish for.

After breakfast the next day we powered a few miles to the port of Kastron, so called, I assume, because of the remains of a Frankish fort high on a cliff at the entrance. We had planned to take on water, but not only did we find the dock so crowded with a steamer

and large fishermen that we could not get in near enough to the hydrant, we found out that even if we could, the hydrant was not working. Anyway, we tied up at the farther end of the dock. Mason went ashore immediately to climb up to the ruined fortress and visit the museum in the town. Hod, Henry and Laurie hired a car to take them across the island to have a look at Moudros Bay, where the British fleet once lay before Gallipoli; I strolled about the town. It is more of a place than it appears from the waterfront. Jim did not venture ashore. The Moudros party reported that in spite of the barren-looking hills around us, farther inland it appeared very fertile with many crops growing, including cotton.

When all hands were back on board we cast off, rounded the mole, and powered for about a mile against a strong head wind and anchored close inshore in the lee, near a very attractive resort development with a beach in active use just below it. Swims being over, we proceeded in a northerly direction against the still whipping wind and ate our lunch comfortably, as there was no sea due to the protection of the island. We fully expected to have a rough time of it when we passed the headland at the end of the island, so were more than pleased to find that, once clear, there was no wind and no sea. The wind had all been coming down the mountains. We headed for Ammos Beach on Samothrace, where we had lain the previous year and had found so many people celebrating the name day of St. Peter and St. Paul, the patron saints of the little chapel perched high, high up on the mountainside. This time there was only a small fishing craft with two men in it which soon departed. We dropped anchor about 6:30, just in time for a quick swim in cooler-than-usual water.

Samothrace is to my mind perhaps the most striking of all the Greek islands, with its range of mountains rising sheer from the sea to as high as 5,900 feet. These are not sere and brown like Limnos but are covered with evergreen trees or shrubs.

Henry was bombardier and gained great fame if not immortality by ricocheting the champagne cork through the porthole.

Friday we left our anchorage at 9 o'clock and almost imme-

diately set the genoa and mizzen to take advantage of a southeast breeze. This took us at a dignified four to five knots, enabling us to thoroughly enjoy the spectacular coast. Near the western end the land flattens out and ends in a long sandspit with a beacon on its tip. Rounding this, we tied up at the mole at Kamariotissa, where for a change there was ample room, and we immediately began to take on water.

Henry, Laurie, Mason and I hired a taxi to take us to the ruins of Paleopolis, figuring, as we had all been there before on one or more occasions, to be back in time for a swim and then lunch underway to Thasos, some forty-five miles away. We were back in time, but the water was flowing only in trickles, so it was nearly two-thirty before we could cast off, forcing us to forgo a swim and content ourselves with ouzos.

The voyage across was smooth, with only a zephyr of wind. The atmosphere was clearer than it had been, but not as clear as it was the previous year on the way from Thasos to Samothrace, when at one time we could see Mt. Athos, Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Limnos and part of the mainland. The only clouds we had seen for days were a small patch of cumulus flirting with the high peaks of Samothrace.

It was after seven before we anchored in Alikí Cove, one of the best of snug anchorages. Quick swims in much warmer water than usual, then cocktails while gazing at an olive grove covering the rocky hillsides on one hand and the stone pines covering the little peninsula on the other. It is amidst these pines that ancient remains are to be found.

Though Saturday was the Glorious Fourth, no firecrackers were to be heard. Swimming, of course, and then during the morning various shore parties inspecting the "digs." At one place they found a young French archaeologist with a hard-working crew digging up and marking remains of a sixth-century A.D. church, which hardly seemed worth the effort with far more ancient ruins nearby uncovered and covered. Back in time for a swim.

After lunch we powered along the lovely coast. Thasos is densely

forested all over the many high hills and mountains—not as spectacular as Samothrace but still spectacular and greener than almost any island in the Aegean. We passed by the vacation development we had seen before and noted that it was in active use and a number of new units had been added. We anchored in an artificial basin on the waterfront of the town of Thasos, a colorful and active resort. Yannis went ashore for supplies and we then retraced our steps, going back beyond the development, and anchored with a stern line to an olive tree in a delightful cove surrounded by wooded hillsides with a small white beach and a grove of fruit trees just back of it. The only life to be seen was a fisherman and his young son in a skiff attending their nets. Nestled in one corner was a cluster of five or six tiny cabins, too small it would appear for human habitation, but apparently not, for the man told Hod they were occupied at times in winter by fishermen from nearby small villages who in summer worked in the tobacco fields or factories around Kavalla. He said that in winter it was a good place to get octopus. In the huts the fishermen stored their gear and lived while they were working.

No better place for a swim while inhaling the strong aroma of pines. At dinner Laurie Lombard joined the immortals by scoring a clean bull's-eye—most appropriate on the Fourth of July.

Sunday proved another cloudless day with light wind. At 9:30 we headed for the main town. To our great surprise, when around the point, we encountered a heavy swell, so heavy that one wave rolled Henry and his deck chair over, and the air scoop in Mason's stateroom, which had not been removed, scooped up buckets of water, filling up his dress suitcase, which was open, very badly wetting the manuscript of the book he was writing, etc. Except for that, we arrived safely and anchored again in the man-made harbor. The town was gay and active—visitors arriving in frequent ferries, two beaches crowded with bathers, shops wide open and restaurants lining the entire waterfront, some full, some empty. We wondered why there should be such a contrast, for the restaurants looked much the same.

We had hoped for newspapers, which had been promised for the day, but none appeared. We strolled about, Laurie and Henry climbing up to the ancient theater and Mason visiting the museum. Even so, we were back in our choice cove—which we named Woodcutters Cove—for another swim and lunch.

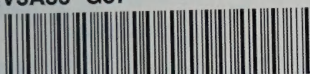
At 3 P.M. we upped anchor and headed for the area around Kavalla under power after a futile attempt to make use of our sails. It was extraordinary how often there was no breeze and, if there was, it always seemed to be dead ahead. Arriving on the coast, we searched for a suitable anchorage near Kavalla. Finding none, we stopped momentarily for a swim and then made our way to Port Eleftherai (named by us Jellyfish Bay when we were last there because of the masses of big white and blue jellyfish we saw) where we knew there was good holding ground. No jellyfish to be seen this time as we anchored off the ruins of a Roman fort. The surrounding country was well cultivated and lush, while in the background, blue with haze, stretched peak after peak of high mountains. A charming place, but to call it snug would be a misnomer.

Two bottles of champagne, songs and a towering soufflé were the features of our last dinner aboard.

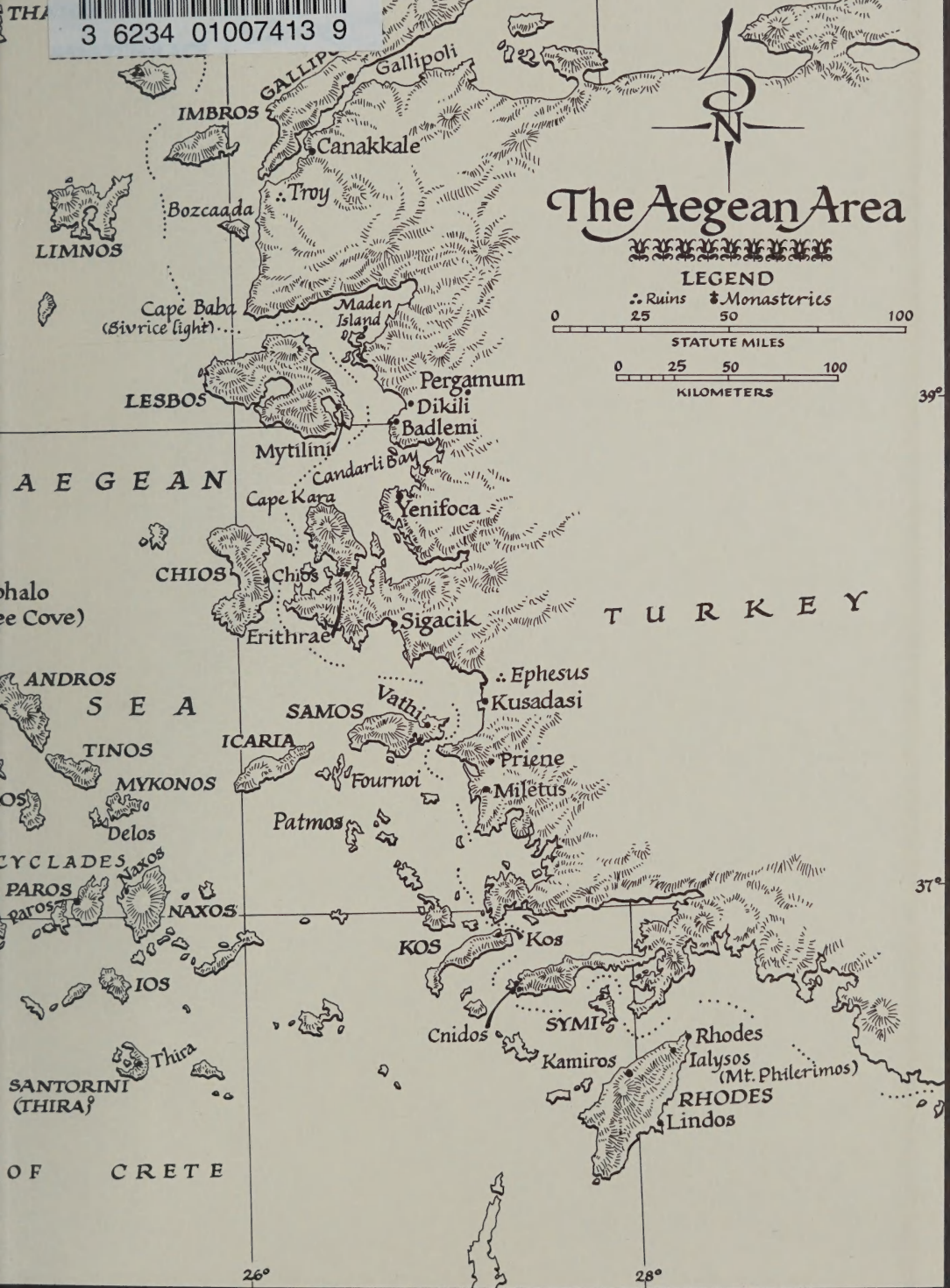
Monday, July 6, we enjoyed a final swim and breakfast, then proceeded to dock at Kavalla, where all of us more or less finished our packing in time for ouzos and lunch. Shortly after, all of us and our belongings, with Hod accompanying us, piled into two taxis to be driven to the airport. There we had a brief visit with Dosia when she arrived, pretty as ever, in the plane in which we were to fly to Athens a few moments later.

The usual "tear bedimmed my eye" when I bade goodbye to Hod and realized how much my cruises with him had meant to me over the years, how lucky I had been, and how much happiness and health I owed to his skill and care, especially on these last two or three cruises when, for various reasons, I had needed a little mothering. Never again was I to cruise with him and boon companions on *Velila*, for he sold her not long thereafter.

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Hard ale : cruising foreign
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The Aegean Area

LEGEND

• Ruins ⚡ Monasteries

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KILOMETERS

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zation on which our own is so largely based, vivid reminders of the time of Christ. Hod Fuller's concern for his companions transforms these attributes into poignant experiences."

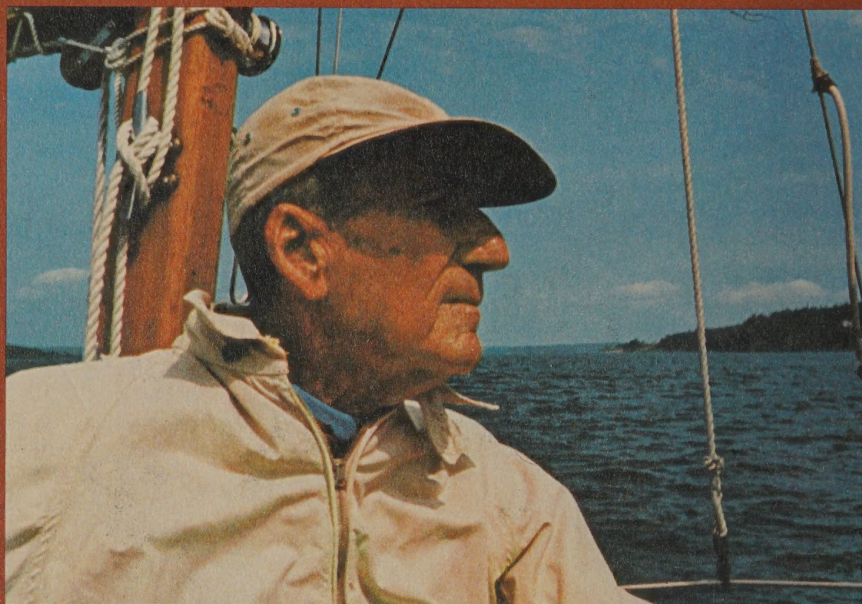
Peabo was to make ten cruises with Hod—"Number Nine" begun just five months after he had undergone open-heart surgery!

An indefatigable sightseer, Peabo leads the reader through marketplaces and monasteries, temples and tavernas, freely sharing his fund of classical Greek history, literature, and mythology and his keen eye for colorful detail. Back aboard Hod's boat, a refreshing swim, leisurely cocktails, and a memorable meal preface an exhilarating sail to the next glimpse of life and history in this ancient archipelago.

Seven of G. Peabody Gardner's Greek cruises, as well as the Baltic cruise, are gathered together in *Hard Alee*. Related in his inimitable and engaging conversational style, these armchair voyages will appeal not only to sailors but to all who find delight in discovering intriguing, out-of-the-way places in a distant land. The Foreword by the distinguished classicist Mason Hammond, a frequent and valued companion on these cruises, adds a graceful commemoration of their long friendship.

Illustrated with photographs

Endpaper map designed by Samuel H. Bryant



PHOTOGRAPH BY MADELEINE RUSHTON

G. PEABODY GARDNER graduated from St. Mark's School and in 1910 cum laude from Harvard College. While an undergraduate, he won ten major letters in four different sports, an achievement equaled by only one other athlete since, and in addition was chairman of the Student Council, undergraduate head of the Harvard Union, and president of the Hasty Pudding Club, in whose theatrical productions he played leading roles.

Following his graduation, he traveled extensively in the Orient, returning to become secretary to President Lowell and secretary to the Harvard Corporation. Thereafter, he embarked on a long and varied career in finance and business as chairman of his own investment management firm and director of numerous corporations. His charitable activities were equally broad-ranging. He was president of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, a trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston, St. Mark's School, the Massachusetts Humane Society, and several other organizations.

From boyhood, he was an enthusiastic sailor, and remained an active yachtsman until his death in September, 1976, at the age of eighty-eight.